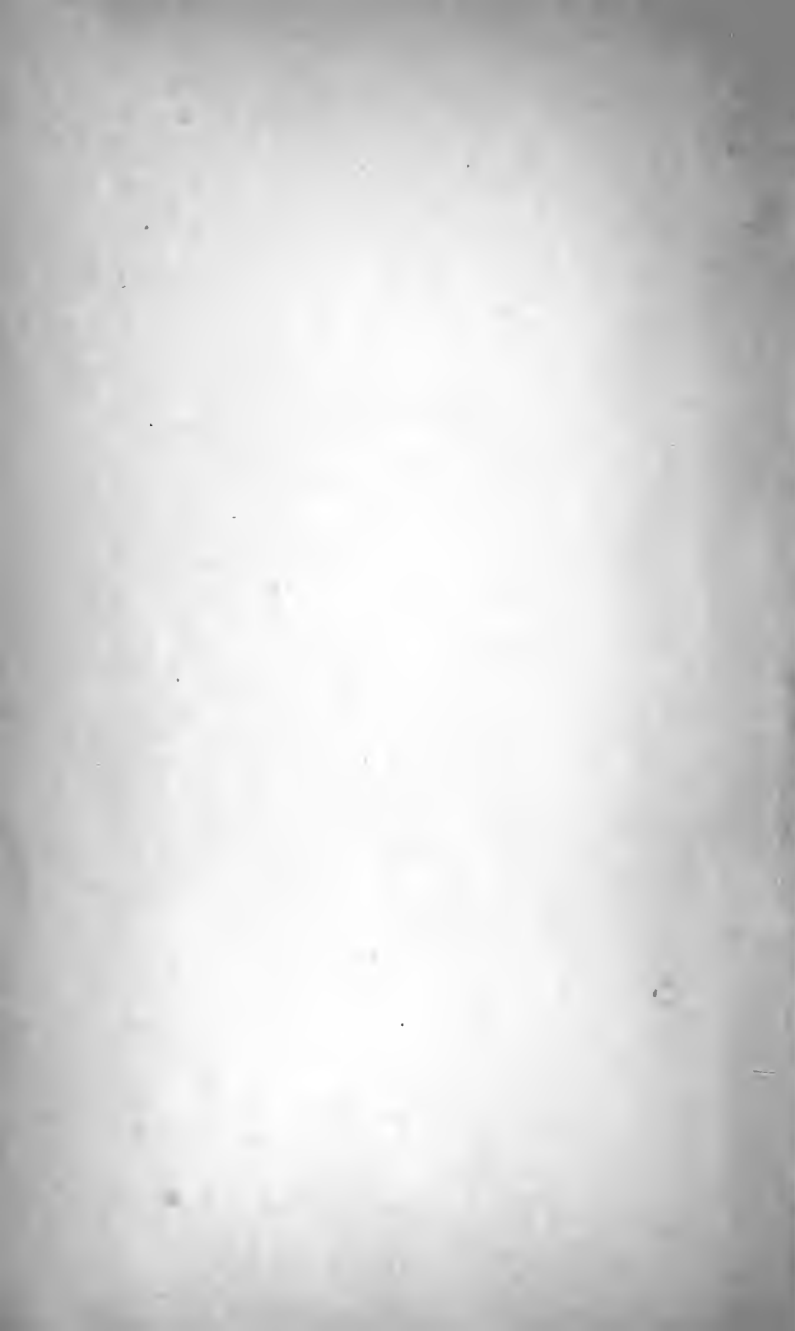




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Shakespeare's Works

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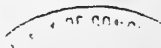
SHAKESPEARE'S  
KING HENRY THE EIGHTH  
AND  
THE TEMPEST

PREPARED FOR  
*INDIANA TEACHERS' READING CIRCLE*

BY  
EMMA MONT. McRAE

WITH  
INTRODUCTION AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

BY  
REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.



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## P R E F A C E.



IN the preparation of this book a definite purpose has been kept in view. The editor has endeavored to give an introduction to the study of the greatest English poet. No attempt has been made to make a contribution to the great body of critical Shakespearian knowledge or to direct a study of the poet on the technical side. It is suggested that a study of Shakespeare's style will well repay the most untiring effort. In fact it is not possible to get the full import of what the dramas reveal without seeing the beauty of the form in which they are expressed. Form and substance are so closely allied that the true artist must reveal truth in beauty. The truth side — the side which by its teaching leads to right living — when it finds a lodgment in the heart, pervades the whole being as the beauty of holiness. Such a dissection of the form as shall endanger the possession of both truth and beauty is certainly to be avoided. The student should be led, above all, to study the poet's real work, and the spirit in which it is done; then he will understand Sidney Lanier's fine words about the highest art:

"He who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him, he is not yet the great artist."

If this book shall lead its readers to pursue the study of Shakespeare with a reverent desire to make the greatest writings of secular literature a real means of culture, then its purpose will have been happily served.

EMMA MONT. McRAE.

PURDUE UNIVERSITY, 1895.

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## SKETCH OF SHAKESPEARE'S LIFE.

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THE lineage of William Shakespeare, on the paternal side, has not been traced further back than his grandfather. The name, which in its composition smacks of brave old knighthood and chivalry, was frequent in Warwickshire from an early period.

The father of our poet was John Shakespeare, who is found living at Stratford-on-Avon in 1552. He was most likely a native of Snitterfield, a village three miles from Stratford; as we find a Richard Shakespeare living there in 1550, and occupying a house and land owned by Robert Arden, the maternal grandfather of our poet. This appears from a deed executed July 17, 1550, in which Robert Arden conveyed certain lands and tenements in Snitterfield, described as being "now in the tenure of one Richard Shakespeare," to be held in trust for three daughters "after the death of Robert and Agnes Arden."

An entry in a Court Roll, dated April, 1552, ascertains that John Shakespeare was living in Stratford at that time. And an entry in the Bailiff's Court, dated June, 1556, describes him as "John Shakespeare, of Stratford in the county of Warwick, *glover*." In 1558, the same John Shakespeare, and four others, one of whom was Francis Burbadge, then at the head of the corporation, were fined four pence each "for not keeping their gutters clean."

We have seen that in June, 1556, John Shakespeare was termed a glover. In November of the same year he is found bringing an action against one of his neighbors for unjustly detaining a quantity of barley ; which naturally infers him to have been more or less engaged in agricultural pursuits. It appears that at a later period agriculture was his main pursuit, if not his only one ; for the town records show that in 1564 he was paid three shillings for a piece of timber ; and we find him described in 1575 as a "yeoman." Rowe gives a tradition of his having been "a considerable dealer in wool." It is no-wise unlikely that such may have been the case. The modern divisions of labor and trade were then little known and less regarded ; several kinds of business being often carried on together, which are now kept distinct ; and we have special proof that gloves and wool were apt to be united as articles of trade.

I must next trace, briefly, the career of John Shakespeare as a public officer in the Stratford corporation. After holding several minor offices, he was in 1558, and again in 1559, chosen one of the four constables. In 1561, he was a second time made one of the four affeers, whose duty it was to determine the fines for such offences as had no penalties prescribed by statute. The same year, 1561, he was chosen one of the chamberlains of the borough, a very responsible office, which he held two years. Advancing steadily in the public confidence, he became an alderman in 1565 ; and in 1568 was elected Bailiff, the highest honor the corporation could bestow. He held this office a year. The series of local honors conferred upon him ended with his being chosen head-



alderman in 1571; which office also he held a year. The rule being "once an alderman always an alderman," unless positive action were taken to the contrary, he retained that office till 1586, when, for persevering non-attendance at the meetings, he was deprived of his gown.

John Shakespeare's good fortune seems to have reached its height about the year 1575, after which time we meet with many clear tokens of his decline. It is not improbable that his affairs may have got embarrassed from his having too many irons in the fire. The registry of the Court of Record, from 1555 to 1595, has a large number of entries respecting him, which show him to have been engaged in a great variety of transactions, and to have had more litigation on his hands than would now be thought either creditable or safe. But, notwithstanding his decline of fortune, we have proofs as late as 1592 that he still retained the confidence and esteem of his fellow-citizens. From that time forward, his affairs were doubtless taken care of by one who, as we shall see hereafter, was much interested not to let them suffer, and also well able to keep them in good trim. He was buried September 8, 1601; so that, supposing him to have reached his majority when first heard of in 1552, he must have passed the age of threescore and ten.

On the maternal side, our poet's lineage was of a higher rank, and may be traced further back. His mother was Mary Arden, a name redolent of old poetry and romance. The family of Arden was among the most ancient in Warwickshire. Their history, as given by Dugdale, spreads over six centuries. Sir John Arden was squire of the body to Henry the Seventh; and he had

a nephew, the son of a younger brother, who was page of the bedchamber to the same monarch. These were at that time places of considerable service and responsibility; and both the uncle and the nephew were liberally rewarded by their royal master. By conveyances dated in December, 1519, it appears that Robert Arden then became the owner of houses and land in Snitterfield. Other purchases by him of lands and houses are recorded from time to time. The poet's maternal grandfather, also named Robert, died in 1556. In his will, dated November 24, and proved December 17, of that year, he makes special bequests to his "youngest daughter Mary," and also appoints her and another daughter, named Alice, "full executors of this my last will and testament." On the whole, it is evident enough that he was a man of good landed estate. Both he and Richard Shakespeare appear to have been of that honest and substantial old English yeomanry, from whose better-than-royal stock and lineage the great Poet of Nature might most fitly fetch his life and being. Of the poet's grandmother on either side we know nothing whatever.

Mary Arden was the youngest of seven children, all of them daughters. The exact time of her marriage is uncertain, no registry of it having been found. She was not married at the date of her father's will, November, 1556. Joan, the first-born of John and Mary Shakespeare, was baptized in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon, September 15, 1558. We have seen that at this time John Shakespeare was well established and thriving in business, and was making good headway in the confidence of the Stratfordians, being one of the constables of the

borough. On the 2d of December, 1562, while he was chamberlain, his second child was christened Margaret. On the 26th of April, 1564, was baptized "William, son of John Shakespeare." The birth is commonly thought to have taken place on the 23d, it being then the usual custom to present infants at the font the third day after their birth; but we have no certain information whether it was observed on this august occasion. We have seen that throughout the following summer the destroyer was busy in Stratford, making fearful spoil of her sons and daughters; but it spared the babe on whose life hung the fate of English literature. Other children were added to the family, to the number of eight, several of them dying in the meantime. On the 28th of September, 1571, soon after the father became head-alderman, a fourth daughter was baptized Anne. Hitherto the parish register has known him only as John Shakespeare: in this case it designates him "*Master* Shakespeare." Whether *Master* was a token of honor not extended to any thing under an ex-bailiff, does not appear; but in all cases after this the name is written with that significant prefix.

Nothing further is heard of Mrs. Mary Shakespeare till her death in 1608. On the 9th of September, that year, the parish register notes the burial of "Mary Shakespeare, widow," her husband having died seven years before. That she had in a special degree the confidence and affection of her father, is apparent from the treatment she received in his will. It would be very gratifying, no doubt, perhaps very instructive also, to be let into the domestic life and character of the poet's mother. That both her nature and her discipline entered largely into

his composition, and had much to do in making him what he was, can hardly be questioned. Whatsoever of woman's beauty and sweetness and wisdom was expressed in her life and manners could not but be caught and repeated in his susceptible and fertile mind. He must have grown familiar with the noblest parts of womanhood somewhere; and I can scarce conceive how he should have learned them so well, but that the light and glory of them beamed upon him from his mother. At the time of her death, the poet was in his forty-fifth year, and had already produced those mighty works which were to fill the world with his fame. For some years she must in all likelihood have been more or less under his care and protection; as her age, at the time of her death, could not well have been less than seventy.

And here I am minded to notice a point which, it seems to me, has been somewhat overworked within the last few years. Gervinus, the German critic, thinks—and our Mr. White agrees with him—that Shakespeare acquired all his best ideas of womanhood after he went to London, and conversed with the ladies of the city. And in support of this notion they cite the fact—for such it is—that the women of his later plays are much superior to those of his earlier ones. But are not the *men* of his later plays quite as much superior to the men of his first? Are not his later plays as much better *every way*, as in respect of the female characters? The truth seems to be, that Shakespeare saw more of great and good in both man and woman, as he became older and knew them better; for he was full of intellectual righteousness in this as in other things. And in this matter it may with something of

special fitness be said that a man finds what he brings with him the faculty for finding. Shakespeare's mind did not stay on the surface of things. Probably there never was a man more alive to the presence of humble, modest worth. And to his keen yet kindly eye the plain-thoughted women of his native Stratford may well have been as pure, as sweet, as lovely, as rich in all the inward graces which he delighted to unfold in his female characters, as any thing he afterwards found among the fine ladies of the metropolis; albeit I mean no disparagement to these latter; for the poet was by the best of all rights a gentleman, and the ladies who pleased him in London doubtless had sense and womanhood enough to recognize him as such. At all events, it is reasonable to suppose that the foundations of his mind were laid before he left Stratford, and that the gatherings of the boy's eye and heart were the germs of the man's thoughts.

We have seen our poet springing from what may be justly termed the best vein of old English life. At the time of his birth, his parents, considering the purchases previously made by the father, and the portion inherited by the mother, must have been tolerably well off. Malone, reckoning only the bequests specified in her father's will, estimated Mary Shakespeare's fortune to be not less than £110. Later researches have brought to light considerable items of property that were unknown to Malone. Supposing her fortune to have been as good as £150 then, it would go nearly if not quite as far as \$5000 in our time. So that the poet passed his boyhood in just about that medium state between poverty and riches which is accounted most favorable to health of body and mind.

At the time when his father became High-Bailiff the poet was in his fifth year; old enough to understand something of what would be said and done in the home of an English magistrate, and to take more or less interest in the duties, the hospitalities, and perhaps the gayeties incident to the headship of the borough. It would seem that the poet came honestly by his inclination to the Drama. During his term of office, John Shakespeare is found acting in his public capacity as a patron of the stage. The chamberlain's accounts show that twice in the course of that year money was paid to different companies of players; and these are the earliest notices we have of theatrical performances in that ancient town. The Bailiff and his son William were most likely present at those performances. From that time forward, all through the poet's youth, probably no year passed without similar exhibitions at Stratford. In 1572, however, an act was passed for restraining itinerant players, whereby, unless they could show a patent under the great seal, they became liable to be proceeded against as vagabonds, for performing without a license from the local authorities. Nevertheless, the chamberlain's accounts show that between 1569 and 1587 no less than ten distinct companies performed at Stratford under the patronage of the corporation. In 1587, five of those companies are found performing there; and within the period just mentioned the Earl of Leicester's men are noted on three several occasions as receiving money from the town treasury. In May, 1574, the Earl of Leicester obtained a patent under the great seal, enabling his players, James Burbadge and four others, to exercise their art in any part

of the kingdom except London. In 1587, this company became "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants"; and we shall in due time find Shakespeare belonging to it. James Burbadge was the father of Richard Burbadge, the greatest actor of that age. The family was most likely from Warwickshire, and perhaps from Stratford, as we have already met with the name in that town. Such were the opportunities our embryo poet had for catching the first rudiments of the art in which he afterwards displayed such learned mastery.

The forecited accounts have an entry, in 1564, of two shillings "paid for defacing image in the chapel." Even then the excesses generated out of the Reformation were invading such towns as Stratford, and waging a "crusade against the harmless monuments of the ancient belief; no exercise of taste being suffered to interfere with what was considered a religious duty." In these exhibitions of strolling players this spirit found matter, no doubt, more deserving of its hostility. While the poet was yet a boy, a bitter war of books and pamphlets had begun against plays and players; and the Stratford records inform us of divers attempts to suppress them in that town; but the issue proves that the Stratfordians were not easily beaten from that sort of entertainment, in which they evidently took great delight.

We have seen that both John and Mary Shakespeare, instead of writing their names, were so far disciples of Jack Cade as to use the more primitive way of making their mark. It nowise follows from this that they could not read; neither have we any certain evidence that they could. Be this as it may, there was no good reason why

their children should not be able to say, "I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name." A Free-School had been founded at Stratford by Thomas Jolyffe in the reign of Edward the Fourth. In 1553, King Edward the Sixth granted a charter, giving it a legal being, with legal rights and duties, under the name of "The King's New School of Stratford-upon-Avon." What particular course or method of instruction was used there, we have no certain knowledge; but it was probably much the same as that used in other like schools of that period; which included the elementary branches of English, and also the rudiments of classical learning.

Here it was, no doubt, that Shakespeare acquired the "small Latin and less Greek" which Ben Jonson accords to him. What was "small" learning in the eyes of such a scholar as Jonson, may yet have been something handsome in itself; and his remark may fairly imply that the poet had at least the regular free-school education of the time. Honorably ambitious, as his father seems to have been, of being somebody, it is not unlikely that he may have prized learning the more for being himself without it. William was his oldest son; when his tide of fortune began to ebb, the poet was in his fourteenth year, and, from his native qualities of mind, we cannot doubt that, up to that time at least, "all the learnings that his *town* could make him the receiver of he took, as we do air, fast as 'twas ministered, and in his spring became a harvest."

The gleanings of tradition apart, the first knowledge that has reached us of the poet, after his baptism, has reference to his marriage. Rowe tells us that "he thought fit to marry while he was very young," and that "his wife



was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford." These statements are borne out by later disclosures. The marriage took place in the fall of 1582, when the poet was in his nineteenth year. On the 28th of November, that year, Fulk Sandels and John Richardson subscribed a bond whereby they became liable in the sum of £40, to be forfeited to the Bishop of Worcester in case there should be found any lawful impediment to the marriage of William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, of Stratford; the object being to procure such a dispensation from the Bishop as would authorize the ceremony after once publishing the banns. The original bond is preserved at Worcester, with the marks and seals of the two bondsmen affixed, and also bearing a seal with the initials R. H., as if to show that some legal representative of the bride's father, Richard Hathaway, was present and consenting to the act. There was nothing peculiar in the transaction; the bond is just the same as was usually given in such cases, and several others like it are to be seen at the office of the Worcester registry.

The parish books all about Stratford and Worcester have been ransacked, but no record of the marriage has been discovered. The probability is, that the ceremony took place in some one of the neighboring parishes where the registers of that period have not been preserved.

Anne Hathaway was of Shottery, a pleasant village situate within an easy walk of Stratford, and belonging to the same parish. No record of her baptism has come to light, but the baptismal register of Stratford did not begin till 1558. She died on the 6th of August, 1623, and the

inscription on her monument gives her age as sixty-seven years. Her birth, therefore, must have been in 1556, eight years before that of her husband.

From certain precepts, dated in 1566, and lately found among the papers of the Stratford Court of Record, it appears that the relations between John Shakespeare and Richard Hathaway were of a very friendly sort. Hathaway's will was made September 1, 1581, and proved July 19, 1582, which shows him to have died a few months before the marriage of his daughter Anne. The will makes good what Rowe says of his being "a substantial yeoman." He appoints Fulk Sandals one of the supervisors of his will, and among the witnesses to it is the name of William Gilbert, then curate of Stratford. One item of the will is: "I owe unto Thomas Whittington, my shepherd, £4 6s. 8d." Whittington died in 1601; and in his will he gives and bequeaths "unto the poor people of Stratford 40s. that is in the hand of Anne Shakespeare, wife unto Mr. William Shakespeare." The careful old shepherd had doubtless placed the money in Anne Shakespeare's hand for safe keeping, she being a person in whom he had confidence.

The poet's match was evidently a love-match: whether the love was of that kind which forms the best pledge of wedded happiness, is another question. It is not unlikely that the marriage may have been preceded by the ancient ceremony of troth-plight, or *handfast*, as it was sometimes called; like that which almost takes place between Florizel and Perdita in *The Winter's Tale*, and quite takes place between Olivia and Sebastian in *Twelfth Night*. The custom of troth-plight was much used in

that age, and for a long time after. In some places it had the force and effect of an actual marriage. Serious evils, however, sometimes grew out of it; and the Church of England did wisely, no doubt, in uniting the troth-plight and the marriage in one and the same ceremony. Whether such solemn betrothment had or had not taken place between William Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway, it is certain from the parish register that they had a daughter, Susanna, baptized on the 26th of May, 1583.

Some of the poet's later biographers and critics have supposed he was not happy in his marriage. Certain passages of his plays, especially the charming dialogue between the Duke and the disguised Viola in Act II., scene 4, of *Twelfth Night*, have been cited as involving some reference to the poet's own case, or as having been suggested by what himself had experienced of the evils resulting from the wedlock of persons "misgraffed in respect of years." There was never any thing but sheer conjecture for this notion. Rowe mentions nothing of the kind; and we may be sure that his candor would not have spared the poet, had tradition offered him any such matter. As for the passages in question, I know no reason for excepting them from the acknowledged purity and disinterestedness of the poet's representations; where nothing is more remarkable, or more generally commended, than his singular aloofness of self, his perfect freedom from every thing bordering upon egotism.

On the 2d of February, 1585, two more children, twins, were christened in the parish church as "Hamnet and Judith, son and daughter to William Shakespeare." We hear of no more children being added to the family. I

must again so far anticipate as to observe that the son Hamnet was buried in August, 1596, being then in his twelfth year. This is the first severe home-stroke known to have lighted on the poet.

Tradition has been busy with the probable causes of Shakespeare's going upon the stage. Several causes have been assigned; such as, first, a natural inclination to poetry and acting; second, a deer-stealing frolic, which resulted in making Stratford too hot for him; third, the pecuniary embarrassments of his father. It is not unlikely that all these causes, and perhaps others, may have concurred in prompting the step.

For the first, we have the testimony of Aubrey, who was at Stratford probably about the year 1680. He was an arrant and inveterate hunter after anecdotes, and seems to have caught up, without sifting, whatever quaint or curious matter came in his way. So that no great reliance can attach to what he says, unless it is sustained by other authority. But in this case his words sound like truth, and are supported by all the likelihoods that can grow from what we should presume to have been the poet's natural turn of mind. "This William," says he, "being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess, about eighteen, and was an actor in one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. He began early to make essays in dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well. He was a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men daily wherever they came."

This natural inclination, fed by the frequent theatrical performances at Stratford, would go far, if not suffice of itself, to account for the poet's subsequent course of life. Before 1586, no doubt, he was well acquainted with some of the players, with whom we shall hereafter find him associated. In their exhibitions, rude as these were, he could not but have been a greedy spectator and an apt scholar. Thomas Greene, a fellow-townsmen of his, was already one of their number. All this might not indeed be enough to draw him away from Stratford ; but when other reasons came, if others there were, for leaving, these circumstances would hold out to him an easy and natural access and invitation to the stage. Nor is there any extravagance in supposing that, by 1586, he may have taken some part as actor or writer, perhaps both, in the performances of the company which he afterwards joined.

The deer-stealing matter as given by Rowe is as follows : That Shakespeare fell into the company of some wild fellows who were in the habit of stealing deer, and who drew him into robbing a park owned by Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. That, being prosecuted for this, he lampooned Sir Thomas in some bitter verses ; which made the Knight so sharp after him, that he had to steal himself off and take shelter in London.

Several have attempted to refute this story ; but the main substance of it stands approved by too much strength of credible tradition to be easily overthrown. And it is certain from public records that the Lucys had great power at Stratford, and were not seldom engaged in disputes with the corporation. Mr. Halliwell met with

an old record entitled "the names of them that made the riot upon Master Thomas Lucy, Esquire." Thirty-five inhabitants of Stratford, chiefly tradespeople, are named in the list, but no Shakespeare among them.

In writing biography, special-pleading is not good ; and I would fain avoid trying to make the poet out any better than he was. Little as we know about him, it is evident enough that he had his frailties, and ran into divers faults, both as a poet and as a man. And when we hear him confessing, as in a passage already quoted, "Most true it is, that I have looked on truth askance and strangely," we may be sure he was but too conscious of things that needed to be forgiven ; and that he was as far as any one from wishing his faults to pass for virtues. Deer-stealing, however, was then a kind of fashionable sport, and whatever might be its legal character, it was not morally regarded as involving any criminality or disgrace. So that the whole thing may be justly treated as a mere youthful frolic, wherein there might indeed be some indiscretion, and a deal of vexation to the person robbed, but no stain on the party engaged in it.

The precise time of the poet's leaving Stratford is not known ; but we cannot well set it down as later than 1586. His children Hamnet and Judith were born, as I have said, in the early part of 1585 ; and for several years before that time his father's affairs were drooping. The prosecutions of Sir Thomas Lucy, added to his father's straitness of means, may well have made him desirous of quitting Stratford ; while the meeting of inclination and opportunity in his acquaintance with the players may have determined him where to go, and what to do.

The company were already in a course of thrift; the demand for their labors was growing; and he might well see, in their fellowship, a chance of retrieving, as he did retrieve, his father's fortune.

Of course there need be no question that Shakespeare held at first a subordinate rank in the theatre. Dowdal, writing in 1693, tells us "he was received into the play-house as a servitor," which probably means that he started as an apprentice to some actor of standing,—a thing not unusual at the time. It will readily be believed that he could not be in such a place long without recommending himself to a higher one. As for the well-known story of his being reduced to the extremity of "picking up a little money by taking care of the gentlemen's horses that came to the play," I cannot perceive the slightest likelihood of truth in it. The first we hear of it is in *The Lives of the Poets*, written by a Scotchman named Shiels, and published under the name of Cibber, in 1753. The story is there said to have passed through Rowe in coming to the writer. If so, then Rowe must have discredited it, else, surely, he would not have omitted so remarkable a passage. Be that as it may, the station which the poet's family had long held at Stratford, and the fact of his having influential friends at hand from Warwickshire, are enough to stamp it as an arrant fiction.

We have seen that the company of Burbadge and his fellows held a patent under the great seal, and in 1587 took the title of "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants." Eleven years before this time, in 1576, they had started the Blackfriars Theatre, so named from a monastery that had formerly stood on or near the same ground. Hitherto

the several bands of players had made use of halls, or temporary erections in the streets or the inn-yards, stages being set up, and the spectators standing below, or occupying galleries about the open space. In 1577, two other playhouses were in operation; and still others sprang up from time to time. The Blackfriars and some others were without the limits of the corporation, in what were called "the Liberties." The Mayor and Aldermen of London were from the first decidedly hostile to all such establishments, and did their best to exclude them the City and Liberties; but the Court, many of the chief nobility, and, which was still more, the common people favored them. The whole mind indeed of Puritanism was utterly down on stage-plays of all sorts and in every shape. But it did not go to work the right way: it should have stopped off the demand for them. This, however, it could not do; for the drama was at that time, as it long had been, an intense national passion: the people would have plays, and could not be converted from the love of them.

From what we shall presently see, it would be unreasonable not to suppose that by the year 1590 the poet was well started in his dramatic career; and that the effect of his cunning labors was beginning even then to be felt by his senior fellows in that line. Allowing him to have entered the theatre in 1586, when he was twenty-two years of age, he must have made good use of his time, and worked onwards with surprising speed, during those four years; though whether he got ahead more by his acting or his writing we have no certain knowledge. In tragic parts none of the company could shine beside the younger Burbadge; while Greene, and still more Kempe,



another of the band, left small chance of distinction in comic parts. Aubrey, as before quoted, tells us that Shakespeare "was a handsome, well-shaped man," which is no slight matter on the stage; and adds, "He did act exceedingly well." Rowe "could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*." But this part, to be fairly dealt with, requires an actor of no mean powers; and as Burbadge is known to have played the Prince, we may presume that "the Majesty of buried Denmark" would not be cast upon very inferior hands. That the poet was master of the theory of acting, and could tell, none better, how the thing ought to be done, is evident enough from Hamlet's instructions to the players. But it nowise follows that he could perform his own instructions.

It has been quite too common to speak of Shakespeare as a miracle of spontaneous genius, who did his best things by force of instinct, not of art; and that, consequently, he was nowise indebted to time and experience for the reach and power which his dramas display. This is an "old fond paradox" which seems to have originated with those who could not conceive how any man could acquire intellectual skill without scholastic advantages; forgetting, apparently, that several things, if not more, may be learned in the school of Nature, provided one have an eye to read her "open secrets" without "the spectacles of books." This notion has vitiated a good deal of Shakesperian criticism. Rowe had something of it. "Art," says he, "had so little, and Nature so large a share in what Shakespeare did, that, for aught I know,

the performances of his youth were the best." I think decidedly otherwise; and have grounds for doing so which Rowe had not, in what has since been done towards ascertaining the chronology of the poet's plays.

Aubrey tells us that Shakespeare "was wont to go to his native country once a year." We now have better authority than Aubrey for believing that the poet's heart was in "his native country" all the while. No sooner is he well established at London, and in receipt of funds to spare from the demands of business, than we find him making liberal investments amidst the scenes of his youth. Some years ago, Mr. Halliwell discovered in the Chapter-House, Westminster, a document which ascertains that in the spring of 1597 Shakespeare bought of William Underhill, for the sum of £60, the establishment called "New Place," described as consisting of "one mesuage, two barns, and two gardens, with their appurtenances." This was one of the best dwelling-houses in Stratford, and was situate in one of the best parts of the town. Early in the sixteenth century it was owned by the Cloptons, and called "the great house." It was in one of the gardens belonging to this house that the poet was believed to have planted a mulberry-tree. New Place remained in the hands of Shakespeare and his heirs till the Restoration, when it was repurchased by the Clopton family. In the spring of 1742, Garrick, Macklin, and Delane were entertained there by Sir Hugh Clopton, under the poet's mulberry-tree. About 1752, the place was sold to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, who, falling out with the Stratford authorities in some matter of rates, demolished the house, and cut down the tree; for

which his memory has been visited with exemplary retribution.

We have other tokens of the poet's thrift about this time. One of these is a curious letter, dated January 24, 1598, and written by Abraham Sturley, an alderman of Stratford, to his brother-in-law, Richard Quiney, who was then in London on business for himself and others. Sturley, it seems, had learned that "our countryman, Mr. Shakespeare," had money to invest, and so was for having him urged to buy up certain tithes at Stratford, on the ground that such a purchase "would advance him indeed, and would do us much good"; the meaning of which is, that the Stratford people were in want of money, and were looking to Shakespeare for a supply.

Shakespeare was now decidedly at the head of the English Drama; moreover, he had found it a low, foul, disreputable thing, chiefly in the hands of profligate adventurers, and he had lifted it out of the mire, breathed strength and sweetness into it, and made it clean, fair, and honorable, a structure all alive with beauty and honest delectation. Such being the case, his standing was naturally firm and secure; he had little cause to fear rivalry; he could well afford to be generous; and any play that had his approval would be likely to pass. Ben Jonson, whose name has a peculiar right to be coupled with his, was ten years younger than he, and was working with that learned and sinewy diligence which marked his character. We have it on the sound authority of Rowe, that Shakespeare lent a helping hand to honest Ben, and on an occasion that does credit to them both. "Mr. Jonson," says he, "who was at that

time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted ; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him, with an ill-natured answer that it would be of no service to their company, when Shakespeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something in it so well, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public."

Some attempts have been made to impugn this account, but the result of them all has been rather to confirm it. How nobly the poet's gentle and judicious act of kindness was remembered, is shown by Jonson's superb verses, prefixed to the folio of 1623 ; enough of themselves to confer an immortality both on the writer and on the subject of them.

In 1599, we find a coat of arms granted to John Shakespeare, by the Heralds' College, in London. The grant was made, no doubt, at the instance of his son William. The matter is involved in a good deal of perplexity ; the claims of the son being confounded with those of the father, in order, apparently, that out of the two together might be made a good, or at least a plausible case. Our poet, the son of a glover, or a yeoman, had evidently set his heart on being heralded into a gentleman ; and, as his profession of actor stood in the way, the application was made in his father's name. The thing was started as early as 1596, but so much question was had, so many difficulties raised, concerning it, that the poet was three years in working it through. To be

sure, such heraldic gentry was of little worth in itself, and the poet knew this well enough ; but then it assured a certain very desirable social standing, and therefore, as an aspiring member of society, he was right in seeking it.

The great Queen died on the 24th of March, 1603. We have abundant proof that she was, both by her presence and her purse, a frequent and steady patron of the drama, especially as its interests were represented by "the Lord Chamberlain's servants." Everybody, no doubt, has heard the tradition of her having been so taken with Falstaff in *King Henry the Fourth*, that she requested the poet to continue the character through another play, and to represent him in love ; whereupon he wrote *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Whatever embellishments may have been added, there is nothing incredible in the substance of the tradition ; while the approved taste and judgment of this female king, in matters of literature and art, give it strong likelihoods of truth.

Elizabeth knew how to unbend in such noble delectations without abating her dignity as a queen, or forgetting her duty as the mother of her people. If the patronage of King James fell below hers in wisdom, it was certainly not lacking in warmth. One of his first acts, after reaching London, was to order out a warrant from the Privy Seal for the issuing of a patent under the Great Seal, whereby the Lord Chamberlain's players were taken into his immediate patronage under the title of "The King's Servants." The instrument names nine players, and Shakespeare stands second in the list. Nor did the King's patent prove a mere barren honor ; many in-

stances of the company's playing at the Court, and being well paid for it, are on record.

The poet evidently was, as indeed from the nature of his position he could not but be, very desirous of withdrawing from the stage ; and had long cherished, apparently, a design of doing so. In several passages of his Sonnets, he expresses, in very strong and even pathetic language, his intense dislike of the business, and his grief at being compelled to pursue it. At what time he carried into effect his purpose of retirement is not precisely known ; nor can I stay to trace out the argument on that point. The probability is, that he ceased to be an actor in the summer of 1604. The preceding year, 1603, Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* was brought out at the Blackfriars, and one of the parts was sustained by Shakespeare. After this we have no note of his appearance on the stage ; and there are certain traditions inferring the contrary.

In 1603, an edition of *Hamlet* was published, though very different from the present form of the play. The next year, 1604, the finished *Hamlet* was published ; the title-page containing the words, "enlarged to almost as much again as it was." Of *Measure for Measure* we have no well-authenticated notice during the poet's life ; though there is a record, which has been received as authentic, of its having been acted at Court on the 26th of December, 1604. That record, however, has lately been discredited. Of *Timon of Athens* and *Julius Caesar* we have no express contemporary notice at all, authentic or otherwise. Nor have we any of *Troilus and Cressida* till 1609, in which year a stolen edition of it was published. Nevertheless, I have no doubt that these plays were all written,

though perhaps not all in their present shape, before the close of 1604. Reckoning, then, the four last named, we have twenty-eight of the plays written when the poet was forty years of age, and had probably been at the work about eighteen years. Time has indeed left few traces of the process; but what a magnificent treasure of results! If Shakespeare had done no more, he would have stood the greatest intellect of the world. How all alive must those eighteen years have been with intense and varied exertion! His quick discernment, his masterly tact, his grace of manners, his practical judgment, and his fertility of expedients, would needs make him the soul of the establishment; doubtless the light of his eye and the life of his hand were in all its movements and plans. Besides, the compass and accuracy of information displayed in his writings prove him to have been, for that age, a careful and voluminous student of books. Portions of classical and of continental literature were accessible to him in translations. Nor are we without strong reasons for believing that, in addition to his "small Latin and less Greek," he found or made time to form a tolerable reading acquaintance with Italian and French. Chaucer, too, "the day-star," and Spenser, "the sunrise," of English poetry, were pouring their beauty round his walks. From all these, and from the growing richness and abundance of contemporary literature, his all-gifted and all-grasping mind no doubt greedily took in and quickly digested whatever was adapted to please his taste, or enrich his intellect, or assist his art.

The poet kept up his interest in the affairs of the company, and spent more or less of his time in London, after

ceasing to be an actor. We have several subsequent notices of his being in the metropolis on business, one of which is a deed of conveyance, executed in March, 1613, and transferring to him and three others a house with a small piece of land for £140; £80 being paid down, and the rest left on bond and mortgage. The deed bears the poet's signature, which shows him to have been in London at the time. The vicar, from whose *Diary* I have already quoted, notes further that Shakespeare "frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days he lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year." That the writer's information was in all points literally correct, is not likely; but there is no doubt that the poet continued to write for the stage after his retirement from it.

It would seem that after the year 1609, or thereabouts, the poet's reputation did not mount any higher during his life. A new generation of dramatists was then rising into favor, who, with some excellences derived from him, united gross vices of their own, which however, were well adapted to captivate the popular mind. Moreover, King James himself, notwithstanding his liberality of patronage, was essentially a man of loose morals and low tastes; and his taking to Shakespeare at first probably grew more from the public voice, or perhaps from Southampton's influence, than from his own preference. Before the poet's death, we may trace the beginnings of that corruption which, rather stimulated than discouraged by Puritan bigotry and fanaticism, reached its height some seventy years later; though its course was for a while retarded by King Charles the First, who, whatever else may be



said of him, was unquestionably a man of as high and elegant tastes in literature and art as England could boast of in his time.

Shakespeare, however, was by no means so little appreciated in his time as later generations have mainly supposed. No man of that age was held in higher regard for his intellectual gifts; none drew forth more or stronger tributes of applause. Kings, princes, lords, gentlemen, and, what is probably still better, common people, all united in paying homage to his transcendent genius. The noble lines, already referred to, of Ben Jonson,—than whom few men, perhaps none, ever knew better how to judge and how to write on such a theme,—indicate how he struck the scholarship of the age. And from the scattered notices of his contemporaries we get, withal, a very complete and very exalted idea of his personal character as a man; although, to be sure, they yield us few facts in regard to his personal history or his actual course of life. How dearly he was held by those who knew him best, is well shown by a passage of Ben Jonson, written long after the poet's death, and not published till 1640. Honest Ben had been charged with malevolence towards him, and he repelled the charge thus: "I lov'd the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions."

I cannot dwell much on the particulars of the poet's latter years; a few, however, must be added touching his family.

On the 5th of June, 1607, his eldest daughter, Susanna, then in her twenty-fifth year, was married to Mr. John

Hall, of Stratford, styled "gentleman" in the parish register, and afterwards a practising physician of good standing. The February following, Shakespeare became a grandfather; Elizabeth, the first and only child of John and Susanna Hall, being baptized the 17th of that month. It is supposed, and apparently with good reason, that Dr. Hall and his wife lived in the same house with the poet; she was evidently deep in her father's heart; she is said to have had something of his mind and temper; the house was large enough for them all; nor are there wanting signs of entire affection between Mrs. Hall and her mother. Add to all this the poet's manifest fondness for children, and his gentle and affable disposition, and we have the elements of a happy family and a cheerful home, such as might well render a good-natured man impatient of the stage.

Of the moral and religious tenor of domestic life at New Place we are not permitted to know: at a later period the Shakespeares seem to have been not a little distinguished for works of piety and charity.

On the 10th of February, 1616, the poet saw his youngest daughter, Judith, married to Thomas Quiney, of Stratford, vintner and wine-merchant, whose father had been High-Bailiff of the town. From the way Shakespeare mentions this daughter's marriage portion in his will, which was made the 25th of March following, it is evident that he gave his sanction to the match. Which may be cited as argument that he had not himself experienced any such evils, as some have alleged, from the woman being older than the man; for his daughter had four years the start of her husband, she

being at the time of her marriage thirty-one and he twenty-seven.

Shakespeare was still in the meridian of life. There was no special cause, that we know of, why he might not live many years longer. It were vain to conjecture what he would have done, had more years been given him; possibly, instead of augmenting his legacy to us, he would have recalled and suppressed more or less of what he had written as our inheritance. For the last two or three years, at least, he seems to have left his pen unused; as if, his own ends once achieved, he set no value on that mighty sceptre with which he since sways so large a portion of mankind. That the motives and ambitions of authorship had little to do in the generation of his works, is evident from the serene carelessness with which he left them to shift for themselves; tossing these wonderful treasures from him as if he thought them good for nothing but to serve the hour. Still, to us, in our ignorance, his life cannot but seem too short. For aught we know, Providence, in its wisdom, may have ruled not to allow the example of a man so gifted living to himself.

Be that as it may, William Shakespeare departed this life on the 23d of April, 1616. Two days after, his remains were buried beneath the chancel of Trinity Church, in Stratford. The burial took place on the day before the anniversary of his baptism; and it has been commonly believed that his death fell on the anniversary of his birth. If so, he had just entered his fifty-third year.

The poet's will bears date March 25, 1616. I must notice one item of it: "I give unto my wife the second best bed, with the furniture." As this is the only men-

tion made of her, the circumstance was for a long time regarded as betraying a strange indifference, or something worse, on the testator's part, towards his wife. And on this has hung the main argument that the union was not a happy one. We owe to Mr. Knight an explanation of the matter, which is so simple and decisive, that we can but wonder it was not hit upon before. Shakespeare's property was mostly freehold; and in all this the widow had what is called the right of dower fully secured to her by the ordinary operation of English law. The poet was lawyer enough to know this. As for "the second-best bed," this was doubtless the very thing which a loving and beloved wife would naturally prize above any other article of furniture in the establishment.

From the foregoing sketch it appears that the materials for a biography of Shakespeare are scanty indeed, and, withal, rather dry. Nevertheless, there is enough, I think, to show, that in all the common dealings of life he was eminently gentle, candid, upright, and judicious; open-hearted, genial, and sweet, in his social intercourses; among his companions and friends, full of playful wit and sprightly grace; kind to the faults of others, severe to his own; quick to discern and acknowledge merit in another, modest and slow in finding it in himself: while in the smooth and happy marriage, which he seems to have realized, of the highest poetry and art with systematic and successful prudence in business affairs, we have an example of compact and well-rounded practical manhood, such as may justly engage our admiration and respect.

I have spoken somewhat as to the motive and purpose of his intellectual labor. It was in and for the theatre

that his multitudinous genius was developed, and his works produced; there fortune, or rather Providence, had cast his lot. Doubtless it was his nature, in whatever he undertook, to do his best. As an honest and true man, he would, if possible, make the temple of the drama a noble, a beautiful, and glorious place; and it was while working quietly and unobtrusively in furtherance of this end, — building better than he knew, — that he proved himself the greatest, wisest, sweetest of men.

### Shakespeare's Home and Heritage.

WARWICKSHIRE was the middle shire of the Midland district of England, — the heart of England. Through it passed the two great Roman roads, meeting in the center called High Cross. The shire was divided into two unequal parts by the winding Avon, — the one to the northward being the district of Arden, the "Forest of Arden," the other the open country, the rich, fertile pasture lands of Feldon, separated from the shires of Oxford and Northampton by a line of beautiful hills.

In the poet's time much of the wooded part of the original Arden had been converted into cultivated fields, and yet a sufficiently dense wood remained to give to him the beautiful setting of "As you Like It." The free idyllic life into which he sends Rosalind, Celia, the banished duke, and Orlando was revealed to himself as he wandered through the forest of his native shire. The Feldon country, too, had charms for the growing poet in its blossoming meadows and babbling streams, and the groups of stately trees that sheltered the happy herds

and flocks. These trees, these meadows, these streams, these grazing herds greeted the child, the lad, made themselves a part of his being, and still across three hundred years bear their messages of fresh, ever-renewing life to every lover of the poet whom they helped to make.

From the Roman times down Warwickshire had been rich in history and heroic traditions. Within or near its borders had been fought many a battle, and perhaps Shakespeare in his boyhood heard them all "fought o'er again" in story. Notable people, sovereigns and high dignitaries visited Stratford and the neighboring villages. The pageants and splendid entertainments given in their honor may well have awakened in the heart of the boy that glow of patriotism which made him later a most loyal subject of a great nation.

In this town of Stratford with its wide streets and low, gable-roofed wood-and-plaster houses with their gardens, Shakespeare saw much of life. At the great Rother Market, where the horned cattle were brought for sale, he had an opportunity to study the ploughmen and drovers who had come up from the Feldon country. In another part of the village corn and other country produce were sold. These markets were the centers of interest and to them the people of Stratford still resort upon their annual fair days, at which times the custom still prevails of having in Rother Market a barbecue. Shakespeare undoubtedly loved this Warwickshire country with its quiet, beautiful landscapes, this cheery Stratford, this gently flowing river, these historic scenes, the grand and simple folk. The folk lore, the fairy tales, the

every-day life of his ever-cherished home helped to make him what he became.

Of course it is impossible to account for or explain great genius. But some of the forces which operate upon it and direct it are usually discoverable, and a knowledge of Shakespeare's home and origin helps us to understand his character. That which means most in his work is his *right* thinking — the rightness of his view. We have seen that his environment was such as to make him feel the lightness, the airiness, the beauty of life. We can see that nature lavished upon him her tranquil, beautiful treasures; we can see that the manners and ways of men became known to him. All of these influences contribute to rightness of thinking and doing. Then we can only surmise how much the poet owed to his father and mother. The father, John Shakespeare, was unlettered, but seems to have been nobly endowed. He was high-minded, intelligent, and active, and reached distinction in his own shire. In 1557 he married Mary Arden, the daughter of a wealthy and highly respectable Warwickshire farmer; in 1568 he became High Bailiff of Stratford. Then until 1577 he seems to have been prosperous, but after that time the fortunes of the family declined and it took the best efforts of the poet's life to make them good again. Perhaps John Shakespeare was fond of the drama, for some of the earliest plays known to have been given in Stratford were performed when he was High Bailiff, and they must have had his sanction. But conjecture is easy and dangerous. Of Mary Arden, the poet's mother, very little is known. She lived the plain country life of the Warwickshire people, and, like her

husband, she could not write. But these facts did not imply what they would to-day. She was of good birth and breeding; her family had long been honorable. We may, therefore, believe her to have been a woman of loveliness, dignity, and strength, — the worthy inspiration of the poet's highest ideals. Perhaps it is true that the best traits in Shakespeare were inherited from the Ardens. But of all this we have not knowledge enough to speak.

About Shakespeare's own character we can be surer, for those who knew him best always praised him for two qualities — gentleness and honor. He seems to have been scrupulously careful to be honest in his dealings. Amid all the temptations of his London career he kept steadily in mind the accumulation of a fortune which would place himself and his family in an independent financial position. He must have had power of self-control to have led this thrifty life, surrounded as he was by the thriftless set of actors who were his contemporaries. He shared their Bohemian excesses without giving himself up to them, and when he had earned his fortune he chose to leave the city and spend his last years quietly at Stratford.

### **History of the Drama down to Shakespeare's Time.**

THE essential characteristic of the drama, as the word implies, is action. In a play, man is represented as in action, as putting into concrete form the struggles of his nature as he comes in contact with other beings, or with institutions. The drama is the highest form of literary art. At least it is more elaborate in structure than any



other kind of expression, and more direct in its appeal to the will.

To England belongs the honor of having been the first country to develop a national drama in modern times. When reference is made to the periods of great dramatic literature, it is usual to think of the classic, the English, and the Spanish dramas, but it is to be remembered that both India and China had produced a national drama of very high character.

The Indian drama began probably as early as the third century B.C. It has such literary excellence as to place it in the same rank with any produced, save the very best. It may even be doubted whether the best dramatic literature of other nations equals for refinement and the indication of genuine culture the drama of the Indian masters. They did not represent the life of the people, but reflected the thought of the literary class, expressing in their work all that was finest in Hindu religion and civilization.

The Chinese drama like the Hindu arose from a union of the arts of dancing and of singing. Its origin is variously dated from 580 A.D. to 720 A.D. A lofty ideal of morality, as an essential aim, was cherished by the Chinese, but in practice there was often a great descent from the avowed aim of making every drama have both a moral and a meaning.

Japan, while having a form of amusement called the drama, has made no contribution worthy to be called dramatic literature. The drama of the Orient, though replete with much that is artistic in treatment and lofty in sentiment, is essentially different from that body of

literature which is the product of that golden age of Greek art which is made glorious by the names of Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides in tragedy, and Aristophanes in comedy (499-380 B.C.)

The classical drama was founded upon and closely connected with the national religion. The origin of tragedy and comedy together with the significance attaching to each as understood by the Greeks is of very great interest. Plato defines tragedy as an imitation of the noblest life. The deeds and sufferings of heroes were the themes of Greek tragedy. Comedy was characterized by the comic element and was the vehicle of bitterest irony and ridicule. Much of the wit of the plays of Aristophanes is lost upon the modern reader, because the things towards which the shafts of ridicule are directed are not understood as they were considered in Greece, the land of their origin. And yet, so great is the art of these old Greeks as to reveal even to the modern mind that elusive element of mirth, and also to impress one with the grandeur and solemnity of the great tragedies which are the expression of the deepest religious sentiments of the Greeks. Both their tragedies and their comedies express truth that is universal and that finds a response in the heart of man in all ages.

The Greek drama was essentially different on the one hand from that of the other early nations, and on the other hand from that of modern times. It stands out as the great artistic product which has been regarded as the standard of excellence. It is not possible to consider here its inner character and to contrast it with the English. That would lead us far into the study of the

differences between Hellenism and Christianity, between ancient and modern life. In its outward form the Greek drama differs from the English by its *chorus* and by its observance of the *three unities*. The function of the chorus was varied. Greek drama was a combination of Lyric odes and Dramatic episodes, the former sung by the chorus, and the latter presented by actors. In the earliest times there was only one actor, but the number was afterwards increased to three or four. The chorus took part, at times, in the dialogue of the episodes. It was also used to bring to the knowledge of the audience anything which was outside the action and to comment on the meaning of the whole. The strict adherence to the unities made such use of the chorus essential.

The three unities are those of Time, Space, and Action. Unity of Time meant that the drama must be confined in its representation to just so much as could be brought within the limit of one day; events outside of this limit were often narrated. Unity of Space meant a single place for the entire action shown. Unity of Action meant oneness of story. In the Greek drama the plot had to be single; no underplot, no combination of stories was allowed.

The Greek theatre as an institution was supported by the state and was for the benefit of the whole people. The structures in which these classical plays were represented were very different from the rude theatres of Shakespeare's England. They were of large proportions, open to the sky for the most part, and true to the art spirit of Athens, their marble colonnades and their

finely chiselled statues of the Greek deities made the theatres objects of rarest beauty.

Rome had a national drama, but it was borrowed, for the most part, from the Greeks. Its greatest names are those of Plautus and Terence, who imitated in Latin the second or later comedy of the Greeks. The tragedies of Seneca, written in the early days of the Empire, had considerable influence on the modern drama. When the Christian religion came to be the acknowledged faith of the Roman Empire the theatre received its death blow. The Church condemned the stage at this time, but later there was a revival of the drama in the service of religion in the form of dramatic representations of scenes drawn from the Bible history and from the legends of Christian saints. These had their origin in the liturgy of the Christian Church.

The mediæval Christian drama is divided into three classes, the *mysteries*, *miracles*, and *moralities*. The mysteries deal with scriptural events only, the Nativity, the Passion, and the Resurrection being the chief themes. The Passion Play which is given every ten years at Oberammergau is the one remaining *mystery* surviving from the middle ages. This play serves the original purpose of a religious festival. The *miracle* play was drawn from the legends of the saints of the Church. The *moralities* were allegories in which the vices and virtues became the characters. These religious and moral dramas were similar in Italy, Spain, Germany, France, and England. The term "mystery" was used in France, but not originally in England, to designate the plays founded upon Bible history. The *miracles* included, in England,

the themes of the *mysteries*. These primitive representations were placed upon movable platforms and thus taken from place to place. In the *moralities* the Devil and his attendant, the Vice, were always given a prominent place. The Vice is believed to have been of English origin. He was usually dressed in the habit of a fool, and it is probable that the Vice may have originated from the character of the court fool, or jester. There are four series of English *mysteries* that have been preserved. By series is meant a number of plays carrying the sacred narrative through from the Creation. Many series doubtless were produced, but these four are all that have been preserved. They are the Chester Plays; the Coventry Plays; the Towneley Plays; the York Plays. The *mysteries* were originally performed by priests, but gradually the acting passed out of the hands of priests into the hands of the common people, that is of the guilds or trades.<sup>1</sup> In the time of Henry VIII. the *moralities* came to their greatest prominence. They became the vehicle of conflicting opinions upon the political and religious questions of that time.

The transition from the *moralities* to the modern drama was gradually made by means of the chronicle histories and the interludes. There had been a demand for a relief from the serious, solemn teaching of the religious and moral drama, and so between the parts of the *miracles* and the *moralities* there had been introduced short plays

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Skeat explains the name *mystery* by reference to the Latin *ministerium*, "mystery plays, so called because acted by craftsmen." But it is just as likely that the name comes from the fact that the *mysteries* of the Christian religion were presented.

which contained representations of historical characters and real personages, thus placing alongside the abstractions an element of interest in the form of real human beings. While the sacred drama was flourishing, profane subjects were not often treated, but interludes are known as early as the reign of Edward I. In the work of John Heywood, who wrote under Henry VIII. we can see how these led up to the modern comedy. Real men and women took the place of the abstractions of the moralities. Character-painting began, and plots were developed; thus the elements of the later comedy were provided. For his part in this development Heywood deserves a prominent place in the history of the English drama.

The revival of learning, and especially the study of the classical drama, which formed a prominent part of the study of the scholars of the new era, did much to change the character of the literature produced for the stage. Italy was the first among the modern nations to show the results of the Renaissance, but she did not develop a drama that takes rank with the best. It was left to Spain among the Romance peoples and to England among Germanic to produce a great national dramatic literature at a relatively early date.

"Ralph Roister Doister," by Nicholas Udall, performed before 1551, is the first English comedy. This play shows the influence of classical models. It leaves the allegories of the moralities and enters the field of actual life. "Gorboduc" is the first tragedy written in English. It is fashioned after Seneca, but shows native elements. It does not observe the unity of time, and thus violates one of the characteristic requirements of the classical drama.

So fixed had become the belief that the unities of time and space must be observed that any violation of them was regarded even by the best scholars of England as one not to be allowed.

Early in the history of the development of the modern English drama there was introduced a very important element in the form of chronicle history. The traditions of national history were worked into a series of rude compositions which were later to furnish the master dramatist with materials for the great series of English historical dramas.

Among the immediate predecessors of Shakespeare the names of Kyd, Lyly, Greene, Peele, Nash, Lodge, and Marlowe are significant. John Lyly's service to English literature was a contribution of real value. He adopted the innovation of writing plays in prose and gave the first example of sprightly dialogue. Marlowe was by far the greatest of the predecessors of Shakespeare. His treatment of the Faust legend in his "Dr. Faustus" gives him high rank, and his masterpiece, "Edward II." places him as preëminently superior to all his contemporaries. These dramatists lived in stirring times and their works reflect the times. During the Wars of the Roses literature and civilization had declined in England, and of course dramatic development was checked. In the sixteenth century quiet returned, and progress was once more possible. The whole nation burst into new life, and the highest expression of this life is in the works of the dramatists.

In the brilliant court of Henry VIII. theatrical amusements and masques played a prominent part, but here a

new danger arose, that of foreign models being followed to the extent of checking the growth of the native dramatic literature which had its roots in the life of the English people. In France, for instance, the classical models gained such precedence that they became the dominating influence. Though plays modeled on Plautus, Terence, Euripides and Seneca were frequently produced in the reigns of both Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, yet the strong healthy spirit of independence forbade that the native dramatic elements should be ignored. The cultivated classes admired the brilliancy and learning of these dramas based upon the three unities. The native English drama, while ignoring the tenets of the classical drama, was nevertheless much improved by the kind of imitation which really did give to it a certain unmistakable finish.

The boldness with which Shakespeare violated artistic laws in presenting within one short drama many years and widely distant places, brought the severest criticism upon his work. He was declared to be utterly devoid of artistic sense. But the critics lost sight of the fact that, notwithstanding the poet does bring together persons and events belonging to different centuries, though he does present an entirely impossible geography, he is always true when dealing with man, his passions, his virtues, his vices.

The theatre became involved in bitter controversy in 1589, which led to a stopping of stage plays. There was an attempt to make the stage a means of dealing out the bitterest political invective. This tended toward the degradation of both plays and players. In 1594 the London players were divided into two companies, the



Lord Chamberlain's and the Lord Admiral's, which alone received licenses. These were directed by respectable men.

To the Lord Chamberlain's Company, which moved to the Globe on the Bankside, in 1599, Shakespeare and Richard Burbage, believed to be the greatest of the Elizabethan actors, belonged. These early theatres were rude in the extreme. Nothing in the way of scenery and other accessories aided the Elizabethan dramatists. The parts of women were played by boys and continued to be until the period of the Restoration drama, 1660, as no woman was allowed in the theatre unless masked.

The playhouses of this period were of the plainest, most uninviting sort, but we must conclude that what was lacking in stage setting and in the general equipment of the Elizabethan theatre was more than compensated for in the excellence of the Elizabethan actors. Shakespeare's advice to the players in "Hamlet" furnishes sufficient evidence that very high ideals of the actor's art characterized the period. It is difficult to imagine a boy doing justice to some of the immortal women of Shakespeare, and yet by a careful training they may have become able to give fair representations. The theatre was adapted to conventions of strolling players. The pit at least was open to the sky: there was no scenery, in the modern sense of the word, there being not even a curtain. The fashionable part of the audience sat in chairs on either side of the stage, smoking and eating and, if they saw fit, railing at the performance. The costumes were of the prevailing fashion, no attempt being made by stage appointments or dress to represent to the eye the real

picture of the play being presented. It is by no means sure, however, that these conditions are to be considered unfavorable to the drama. A demand was made upon the imagination of both poet and spectator, and both met the demand.

But what made this age and its Shakespeare? The Renaissance had brought to England, as it had brought to Continental Europe, new life. The best of the old life had come with its treasures. These were counted over, this old life was re-lived. The best products of the civilization of that race were transplanted and took root on English soil. The art of printing had made the classical literature a possible possession to the many. Books were multiplied, and so the accumulated thought of the past became the heritage of the people. England had finished her Hundred Years' War, she had lost her continental possessions and had commenced her own free, national life; so that through her losses the individual national development became a possibility. Elizabeth's reign was a period of peace, thus providing a time favorable for the growth of literature. The voyages of discovery and exploration had awakened a spirit of adventure. The queen had given much encouragement to literature and had shown special interest in dramatic representation. The chivalric devotion of the English people to their virgin queen had nurtured a tendency toward emphasizing the picturesque elements in the English life of the times.

When the age of Elizabeth is studied in comparison with other periods, even superficially, it is easily discerned that no other age in the history of the English people has

possessed so many conditions favorable to the production of a great literature. When every source of the greatness of the age has been made clear; when everything known about the man Shakespeare has been carefully gleaned; we still wait for an answer to our query, "How came this Shakespeare to be so great?" We have reached the limit of our ability to measure him. Spiritual products elude the grasp; genius is inexplicable.

### **The Historical Plays.**

SHAKESPEARE shows most wonderful power in the delineation of individual and domestic life. This alone would have made him one of the greatest poets of any age; but when, in addition to this, he possesses marvelous power in perceiving and interpreting the inner truths of great political and national movements, he at once transcends all others in the scope of his genius.

Some of the closest students have declared that from his historical plays they have learned more of English history than from all other sources. Of course this does not mean that the plays represent anything that can be called scholarly research. Unlike Ben Jonson, who scrupulously followed classical originals for many of the speeches in his Roman plays, Shakespeare usually did not go beyond Plutarch for his ancient history, or Holinshed for his modern. But he caught the spirit and significance of the historic movements, and wove the series of events into an artistic whole in such a way that the product is both history and poetry — history in that it deals with the narration of concrete facts; poetry in that it idealizes the substance and discloses the real truth that underlies it.

In the drama of individual life the poet is true to the ethical principle, that the deed returns upon the doer. In the broader field of political action the deed means more, it goes far beyond the narrow circle of the individual life. No man can live to himself alone, but every one, however narrow his circle of influence, stands charged with grave responsibility. When a man's deeds control the fate of thousands there is proportionately greater good or evil resulting. The poet had a broad field in the great historical movements which he chose for dramatic representation, to teach the great lessons to be drawn from national growth and decay. It matters not whether he seized upon these great periods in Roman and English history because of their dramatic and artistic elements as serving his purpose best, or whether he meant to teach great ethical lessons drawn from the lives of two great nations. Both the artistic and the ethical are present in the dramas, and it is unimportant what the poet meant to do, if only we can interpret the message which he really brings. His exact purpose has been, and will doubtless remain, a matter for dispute. On the one side we have the opinion of Ulrici,<sup>1</sup> who suggests that in the "Roman cycle of plays he brings before us the political life and the history of the progress of the Roman people (the basis of modern political life) in all its essential movements; 'Coriolanus' give us the contests between the plebeians and patricians and the progressive development of the republic; 'Julius Caesar,' the last, fruitless struggles of the dying republic with the rise of the new monarchical form of government; 'Antony and Cleopatra,' the downfall of

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*. English translation. p. 348.

the oligarchy and the nature of the empire; 'Titus Andronicus,' the inevitable decay of the ancient spirit and position of the Roman empire, in face of the Germanic nations, and the new principle of life which the latter introduced into the political history of Europe. For although 'Titus Andronicus' is not one of the actual historical dramas, it may, nevertheless, to some extent, be included among them here, inasmuch as it is semi-historical in so far as it represents, not indeed any real actions and characters, but still a definite period in an historical coloring, and therefore its interpretation is to be found only in the character of the epoch. The whole cycle shows us the lofty power and virtue of a mighty empire, of a great nation, but also its deep, tragic decay. However, the tragic pathos cannot produce its full effect here; for, as in the case of every separate tragedy, the tragic fate of the hero finds its compensation in the new life which arises thence to the whole nation, so the cycle closes in a truly historical spirit by gently pointing to the new glory of European humanity, which was to be developed within the sphere of the Germanic family of nations."

Dowden,<sup>1</sup> on the other hand, speaking of the same cycle of plays, gives far less weight to their political teachings. He says: "Important, however, as the political significance doubtless is, there is something more important; whether at any time Shakespeare was concerned as deeply about corporate life, ecclesiastical, political, or even national, as he was about the life and destiny of the individual man, may well be questioned. But at this time the

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare's Mind and Art*, p. 277.

play of social forces certainly did not engage his imagination with exclusive or supreme interest. The struggle of patrician and plebeian is not the subject of 'Coriolanus,' and the tragedy resolves itself by no solution of that political problem. Primarily, the tragedy is that of an individual soul."

The second series of chronicle-histories consists of the ten dramas founded upon English history. They begin with "King John" and end with "Henry VIII." They were written at widely different times, and the reigns were not taken up in chronological order. In some of them Shakespeare appears to have been only a collaborator; others are old plays recast and touched up; in others still we have some of the poet's best and most characteristic work. It is probably useless, therefore, to seek for a consistent method or purpose throughout the cycle.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.





## KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.



### Historical Basis of "Henry VIII."

HENRY VIII. came to the throne at the age of eighteen richly endowed with good looks, with great energy, with a bright mind, fully in sympathy with the New Learning. The rival houses of York and Lancaster were happily united in himself. He was heir to enormous wealth, and dispensed favors with such liberality as to draw to himself those whom he cared to attract, while he at the same time dealt mercilessly with those who had largely created his material power. He was hailed with the wildest joy by his people, and certainly no sovereign ever ascended the English throne with more brilliant promise of a glorious reign. This young king, possessed of great possibilities, came to the throne at a time the like of which had never before existed. Great movements were at work in society, great changes were preparing. Distant discoveries were revealing a new world. The voyagers brought home stories of new lands, peopled by new races, and the air was full of new life and eagerness. For several generations the Renaissance on one side, and the religious Reformation on the other, had been gathering strength in England, and influencing the national life. Social and moral reforms were set forth in books like More's "Utopia"; English scholars went to Italy to

study under the Greek masters who had fled from Constantinople ; a new learning and a new religion were developing side by side.

Green,<sup>1</sup> speaking of this whole movement, says : " But from the first it was manifest that the revival of letters would take a turn in England very different from the turn it had taken in Italy, a tone less literary, less largely human, but more moral, more religious, more practical in its bearings both upon society and politics. The awakening of a rational Christianity, whether in England or in the Teutonic world at large, began with the Italian studies of John Colet; and the vigor and earnestness of Colet were the best proof of the strength with which the new movement was to affect English religion. He came back to Oxford utterly untouched by the Platonic mysticism or the semi-serious infidelity which characterized the group of scholars round Lorenzo the Magnificent. He was hardly more influenced by their literary enthusiasm. The knowledge of Greek seems to have had one almost exclusive end for him, and this was a religious end. Greek was the key by which he could unlock the Gospels and the New Testament, and in these he thought that he could find a new religious standing-ground. It was this resolve of Colet to fling aside the traditional dogmas of his day, and to discover a rational and practical religion in the Gospels themselves, which gave its peculiar stamp to the theology of the Renaissance."

This John Colet was born in London in 1466, and educated at Oxford. His lectures no doubt contributed to the Reformation which came in the following genera-

<sup>1</sup> *A Shorter History of the English People*, chap. VI, p. 304.

tion. He was an intimate friend of Erasmus and of Sir Thomas More. He stood for the simplest interpretation of the Christian religion. He cared not for the disputations relative to dogma, but declared that he found in the life and sayings of Christ all that was necessary for a rational faith.

The little group of English scholars who had thought and worked, who had ushered in the dawn of a new day, were rejoiced at the accession of Henry VIII. Small encouragement had been received at the hand of his father, but they hoped for much from the new king. He was really in sympathy with the new order. Colet had the support of Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, and also of the king himself. The educational reform began in the founding by Colet of his Grammar School alongside St. Paul's, of which he was dean. The movement spread until it touched the universities. Every department of education felt the new life. New methods were introduced. New grammars were prepared, and the antiquated ways were laid aside.

We may turn now from social conditions to explain the political relations of the young king. Henry VII., the father of Henry VIII., cherished enmity toward France, but was afraid to stand unaided against her, and so sought to form an alliance with Spain. This was brought about by securing the marriage of his eldest son, Arthur, to Catharine of Arragon, the daughter of the Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella. Arthur lived but five months after the marriage. It was desired by both Ferdinand and Henry VII. that the families be reunited by marrying the young Prince Henry, who was

but twelve years old, to Catharine. It was unlawful for one to marry his brother's wife, and so a dispensation was sought from the Pope, and reluctantly granted. Then a little later Henry VII. came to feel that in order that he might remain in a safe position with reference to both France and Spain, he must oppose the union. So, when the prince was fourteen years of age, he was required to disavow by formal act the obligations contracted in his name. The king's father had fallen ill and the queen had died, and the king had come to look upon these misfortunes as indications of the displeasure of Heaven, concerning his action relative to the betrothal of his son to his brother's widow. But when, four years later, the prince succeeded to the throne, he consummated the marriage. This union seemed to be a happy one for a period of fifteen years, when there appeared among the ladies of his court Anne Boleyn, a beautiful young woman. With her advent, scruples about his marriage to Catharine seem to have taken possession of the king. There had arisen doubt about the succession to the crown. Of the children born to Henry VIII. and Catharine but one survived, and that one the delicate girl, Princess Mary. There had been a question about the legitimacy of the marriage in the first place, and then the facts that all the boys born to the royal pair had died, that no woman had ever sat upon the English throne, and that the precedent was against permitting it, — all these threw additional discredit on the union. It is, no doubt, true that there did exist among the English people a dread of having a time come when there might arise a question as to the succession. The country had suffered

from the terrible Wars of the Roses too much not to contemplate with dismay the danger of another conflict of rival claimants to the throne. It is but fair to state that some legitimate reasons did exist sufficient to bring some unrest to the mind of the king, but it is not likely that a man of his imperious will would have yielded to these fears had not the personal charms of Anne Boleyn fascinated the sensual monarch. Catharine, six years his senior, had lost the charm of youth, and no longer was sufficiently attractive to hold the heart of her royal husband. He was a sensual, vain, despotic man, but he was still possessed of some qualities of character that made him a powerful ruler. He never lost the good will of his subjects. He seems to have had that rare insight which made him able to estimate accurately the state of public opinion, and the tact to yield to it while really leading it. But in his demand for a divorce he disregarded the outraged feelings of his people, and acted in utter defiance of their real will. After granting a dispensation to allow the marriage, and, in view of the Catholic doctrine against divorce in general, the Church would have stultified itself by granting Henry VIII. a divorce from Queen Catharine.

Thomas Wolsey, who had risen from the lower walks in life, had become the power behind the throne. King Henry VIII. had affiliated with those of lower rank than himself, and had treated those of high birth with much harshness. He could best serve his purposes by curbing the ambition of those who by right of birth dared to thwart his desires, and by making those who served him the creatures of his caprice. Wolsey was a strong, un-

scrupulous man who served his king, but always with an eye to serving himself. He was Henry's chief minister, and had been honored by the bestowal of the cardinal's hat; with ambition still unsatisfied, he coveted the papal chair. So Wolsey favored the divorce, in the hope of forming by the marriage of the king to a French princess an alliance which would help on his personal ends. The learned men of the Church, on the other hand, declared the divorce unrighteous, and Charles V., the nephew of Catharine, opposed it. In these perplexing circumstances the Pope could only refuse to grant it, and Wolsey, in spite of his diplomacy, failed to gain his purpose.

Catharine, with all the proud dignity of her Castilian blood, persistently refused to consent to anything which would even suggest that she had not been the true and lawful wife of the king. The Catharine of history was not remarkable either for intelligence or beauty. Though the daughter of Isabella, renowned for her beauty, Catharine did not inherit the physical charms of her mother. She is reported to have been self-willed and somewhat arrogant, but simple and earnest in her ways, possessed of rare judgment, and withal thoroughly religious; and she is said to have led a most devotedly pious life. When but sixteen years old she had left her native land to come to England as the bride of the young Prince Arthur, and through all the years of her residence in a foreign country, while she had been the faithful wife, practicing with the greatest integrity the housewifely virtues, she remained true to the political interests of Spain, and greatly admired her nephew, Charles V., Emperor of Germany, who was a powerful rival of her hus-

band. Henry, though repeatedly unfaithful to his marriage vows, had still been cherished by the wronged queen. But when it came to a question as to her being his lawful wife, then she arose in all the power of her proud, wronged womanhood and declared that she would not submit.

Henry had inherited a coarse, selfish nature from his father and many conditions came into his life which tended to develop the unscrupulous, tyrannical side of his character. He had acquired an unusual degree of knowledge in a wide range of subjects. He was the victim of the most abject flattery, and few could have been more willing subjects to its wiles. His will, always imperious, grew to the most gigantic proportions. When the Pope, Clement VII., had dared to cross his royal will, Henry took unto himself prerogatives that a man of less daring would have hesitated long before assuming. The king had become wrought up to the highest pitch of resentment by the many subterfuges employed to dispose of the vexed question of the divorce. The Pope had consented to the trial of the case by a commission of legates in England, and just at the time when Henry was most hopeful of a decision in his favor the commission was adjourned and the case called to the Pope's tribunal at Rome. This delay and manifest evasion on the part of the Pope greatly angered the king; and his anger fell upon Cardinal Wolsey, for managing affairs so as to subject him to these repeated humiliations, too grievous to be borne by one of his temper. Wolsey's fall resulted. Wolsey had done all that mortal man could do to foster the despotic will of his sovereign, and sadly enough fell a

victim to his own doing. One follower of Wolsey remained true to him, and through his darkest hours ministered to the needs of the fallen man. This man was Thomas Cromwell. He became a most potent factor in the momentous years that followed the downfall of the great Cardinal. Notwithstanding he had stood as the friend of Wolsey, he came into the good graces of the king.

Parliament had declared that there should be no further appeals to the Papal Court. The Pope threatened the king with excommunication if he did not restore Catharine to her place as queen. At last Henry formed a secret union with Anne Boleyn. Cranmer, who had succeeded Warham as the Archbishop of Canterbury, had been an ardent supporter of the king in his purpose to secure a divorce. Proceedings in Cranmer's court at once began and resulted in the declaration that the marriage with Catharine was invalid. Cranmer a short time after crowned Anne Boleyn Queen of England in place of the deposed Catharine.

It was Cromwell's supreme aim to raise the king to absolute authority on the ruins of every rival power within the realm. So he boldly suggested to Henry that he take the matter of the divorce into his own hands, that he declare the marriage void by the exercise of his own supremacy. This struck Henry as being the solution to his problem, and the "Act of Supremacy" was the result. It was ordered that the king "shall be taken, accepted, and reputed, the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England, and shall have and enjoy annexed and united to the Imperial Crown of this



realm as well the title and state thereof as all the honors, jurisdictions, authorities, immunities, profits, and commodities to the said dignity belonging, with full power to visit, repress, redress, reform, and amend all such errors, heresies, abuses, contempts and enormities, which by any manner of spiritual authority or jurisdiction might or may lawfully be reformed." Schaff in an article on the Church of England says: "The Church of England dates its existence as a national body, independent of the papal see, from the passage of the Act of Supremacy (1534) and received its distinctive doctrinal character at the adoption of the forty-two articles in the reign of Edward VI. (subsequently reduced to thirty-nine under Elizabeth) and the approval of the Book of Common Prayer."

Dr. Schaff in this quotation states the time at which the English Church became independent of the Roman See. It is not to be understood that the English Church had not existed before this time. Much discussion has arisen as to just what was the nature of the change in the Church at the time of Henry VIII. It is certainly important to note in this connection that the English Church had existed centuries before this period. St. Augustine of Canterbury (A.D. 596) writes of the Church of England long before England as a state existed. Bede, the historian, in his life of St. Augustine, written in the eighth century, uses the same term, "Church of England."

In "Magna Charta" (A.D. 1215) it is provided that the Church of England is to retain its ancient rights and liberties inviolate. The English Church before the Reformation was governed by its own Canon Law, though it was subject to the Pope of Rome. It is maintained not

only that the Church of England dates its origin from apostolic times, but also that its doctrines were originally apostolic doctrines and that the reformers of the sixteenth century meant a return to the pure, simple faith upon which the Church had been founded.

The rupture from Rome in England was not, in the first instance, the product of the protest of religious principle against ecclesiastical abuse, however widely prevalent reform sentiments were among all classes. It was a political necessity to which Henry VIII. resorted in order to accomplish and to justify his divorce from Catharine and his marriage with Anne Boleyn. When in the next year Henry formally took the title of "On earth Supreme Head of the Church of England," and soon after Cromwell took the post of Vicar-General of the king in all ecclesiastical matters, new significance was given to the step that had been taken. Cromwell was not a priest but a layman, and therefore his elevation was full of meaning. It is believed that Henry's taking this title did not signify that he meant to be independent of Rome, but it did mean that the clergymen were ever after to be under his rule, and subject to his dictates.

In the earlier changes which the king made, in the contest about the Pope's jurisdiction, in the reform of the Church courts, in the narrowing of the province of the clergy, the people had stood by him, but when it became evident that the clergy were to be compelled to become mere slaves, to be completely under the will of the king, when the monasteries were suppressed, then the people failed to support the reform movement. The

monasteries had early shown antagonism to the New Learning as well as to the king in his attitude toward the Roman See. So these were the first to feel the resentment of Henry and his chief adviser, Cromwell. The last step was taken by Cromwell when he claimed for the crown the right to dictate the form of faith and doctrine to be held and taught throughout the land. Erasmus, Colet, and the other reformers had hope that a reformation would come through the instrumentalities of increasing education and piety; but Cromwell determined to compel the acceptance of a new faith by the arbitrary power of the crown. Henry himself drew up the Articles of Religion. In these were retained some of the old doctrines of the Roman Church, but the thought of the reformers found no small place in the expression of the new creed.

In the foregoing brief sketch it has been the aim to give a glimpse of the age and the chief characters which form the basis of Shakespeare's drama, "Henry VIII.," in order that the poet's conception may be compared with the events and characters of history.

#### Suggestions for the Study of "Henry VIII."

THE question of most vital interest at the very beginning of the study of a piece of literature is, "How can I make this contribute most to my culture?" What others have seen in a drama, for instance, is of comparatively little value except as it helps us to see for ourselves the truth contained therein. Nothing will take the place of a persistent study of the thing itself. When much study

has been bestowed upon the piece of literature with the earnest purpose of interpreting the author's message as it appeals to our own souls, then it is very profitable to seek to know what it has meant to others.

An author is most fairly judged by the work that he has done, but in order to understand his work we need to know something about his age and his personal life. As a preparation, then, for the study of Shakespeare a knowledge of his age with its dramatic elements, its peculiar characteristics, is essential. He was the creature of his age as he became its voice. Shakespeare could not have been Shakespeare in any other than the Elizabethan age. We need to know not only the times which made him and which he helped to make, but also the man himself. It is helpful to know at least so much of Shakespeare's life as will disclose the fibre of the man. Nothing can better unfold the man than the work he has done, but when we find unmistakable evidence on every page of his work that the nature that prompted such sentiments coincides with the whole conduct of his life so far as it is known, then is knowledge doubly sure.

It is painful to note the undue emphasis often placed upon such episodes in the life of Shakespeare as the deer-stealing. Such a boyish escapade has no significance in measuring the real man. That kind of biography which dwells unduly upon the foibles and weaknesses of its subject misses its purpose. The effort should be to see the soul of the man as revealed in his life. We believe that it is not possible for the message the poet bears to be better than the man. If we are fair, we shall judge every production as a

work of art, as an expression of the divine, whatever be the life of the artist, but we shall find that no very good thing comes out of a very bad heart. All artists are human and subject to human frailties, but how unfair to judge their work by the worst act of their lives! Then we would recommend such a study of the times and life of the author as shall give the clearest setting to his work.

As the next step in the study of this historical play, we need to understand the authentic history of the period. The more complete this study of the period can be, the more ready will one be to measure the real value of the view given by the poet. The poet doubtless gives the more accurate picture of the time, as a rule, but if one has mastered the outline of events as they really did occur then certainly can the spirit pervading all be the more fully grasped. If one knows the conditions in England upon Henry's accession, if one understands the character of the king and his attitude toward the movements of his time, it is possible more clearly to see the poet's method and purpose.

After this preparation, the careful study of the play may properly begin. Frequent readings of the play with the purpose of getting a clear connected view of the whole are valuable. This connected view logically precedes an analysis of the different parts. The student should pay constant attention to the exact meaning of the text, and make faithful use of all of the explanatory notes in some good edition. When the narrative is well in mind, it is helpful, as a second step, to write it out in connected form. Let this reading and writing be done without the aid of

critical comments or characterizations made by others. Let it be an independent study, the aim of which shall be to obtain a mastery over the technical outline of the story told. In studying this narrative, violations of the historical record should be observed, such as the placing of the birth of Elizabeth after the death of Queen Catharine. The purpose of the poet is best served by giving a formal legitimacy to the birth of the great queen during whose reign Shakespeare lived. Had Elizabeth's birth been represented as occurring when it actually did, before the death of Catharine, it would have been an offense against the artistic sense.

About thirty years have passed since the period presented in the drama of Richard III. The time of Henry VII. was not included in the series of plays for a very obvious reason. The period did not contain the dramatic elements which would appeal to the poet, who, it must be remembered, wrote primarily for the stage. This fact will explain many things otherwise difficult to understand. The reign of Henry VII. was a sort of transition period, as it were, a time of healing the nation's wounds after the long, cruel experience in the reign of Richard III. We have then, in the play of "Henry VIII.," the end of the series, significant in this, that it is the culmination of the period of which it is a part and the beginning of a new order.

The play opens twelve years after the accession of Henry VIII. The year 1521, in which it begins, is memorable as the year in which Henry received from the Pope the title "Defender of the Faith," because of his celebrated book against Luther and his heretical

doctrines. It is equally remarkable that the drama ends in the very year, 1533, in which the English Parliament cut loose from the authority of the Pope forever. The picture of Henry is a much more favorable one than could have been given had the succeeding years of his life been included in the drama. It is well to remember that the Henry of history is seen in view of all his monstrous deeds, for which it is not possible for even the most ardent admirer to apologize, while the Henry of the drama is seen in the most significant period of his life as the author of far-reaching changes.

In the opening scene of Act I. we have the central figure in the Duke of Buckingham, who stands as the representative of the nobility. Under the houses of York and Lancaster, the nobility had meant a very different power from what is in this new era. Here Buckingham, Norfolk, Abergavenny, are assuming the old attitude and conspiring to maintain the authority of the nobles. As they have seen their power diminishing they have become aware that Wolsey, whom they naturally regard as a man unworthy of the position into which he has come, is steadily depriving them of their prerogatives. These nobles have been in France, where they have seen the magnificent pageant afforded by the gorgeous preparations made for the meeting of Henry VIII. and Francis I., the king of France, upon that ever-memorable "Field of the Cloth of Gold." By these extravagances the nobles had been impoverished beyond endurance.

Buckingham and Wolsey are the leaders of opposing parties, the latter in favor of the alliance with France, and the former opposed to it. Wolsey feels that his own

advancement must be gained by getting rid of Buckingham and breaking down the power of the nobles.

In the second scene is given an introduction to Catharine which reveals her as having not only the good of the subjects at heart, but also the full confidence of the king. When the king says to her,

Arise, and take place by us ; half your suit  
Never name to us ; you have half our power ;  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;  
Repeat your will, and take it,

he speaks to a wife whom he respects and loves. When she makes her plea for the removal of the exactions from which the people are suffering, Catharine dares to say plainly that the cardinal is reproached, and follows this by the expression of the tenderest regret that the king has not escaped criticism. Following this appeal comes a word in behalf of Buckingham.

All the shrewdness of Wolsey is not sufficient to counteract the influence of the queen in the matter of the taxes. In Wolsey is seen at once the characteristic which dominates his career. He turns to his own advantage the willingness of the king to heed the grievance which is the burden of Catharine's plea : —

*Wolsey* (aside to the secretary). A word with you :  
Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
Of the King's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons  
Hardly conceive of me ; let it be noised  
That through our intercession this revokement  
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding.

In the remaining scenes in the first act the chief interest is in the picture of the gay guests at the cardinal's



banquet and the introduction of the fascinating Anne Boleyn to the susceptible king.

In treating the fate of Buckingham, the poet is true to the spirit of the time. The Duke, though intellectually in harmony with the new era, still belonged to the old order in his feelings toward the altered status of the nobles. He had contempt for Wolsey, and not being unacquainted with such methods as the cardinal used so effectively, he fell a victim to his own schemes to thwart the intentions of Wolsey. There is little in Buckingham's character, as disclosed by the poet, to awaken admiration. In his closing speeches there is a spirit of the disappointed man, but not of the man who is able to rise above his misfortunes. The burden of his thought expresses itself in the form of a wail, directed toward those whom he has befriended. His is not the attitude of a great man. He is willing to forgive, but he does not rise above the thought of his betrayal and wretchedness. He recounts his honors, and then laments his losses, and so yields to his fate.

After the fate of Buckingham has been decided, comes the conflict between Catharine and Wolsey. The king is a tool in the hands of Wolsey, but a very willing one, it seems. When the poet introduces the subject of the divorce, it is done in the most adroit way. The two factors in the cause of Henry's demand are both suggested, and yet, with such delicacy that though the effect of the charms of Anne Boleyn upon the king is mentioned first, yet the question of the conscience of the king regarding the legitimacy of his marriage is not made subordinate. The prime mover is the cardinal, who, having

removed the representation of the troublesome nobility to the end of satisfying his own ambition, now boldly plans the divorce of the king and his marriage to the French princess.

In the third scene of Act II. is given the first glimpse of the character of Anne Boleyn. She seems capable of seeing, at least intellectually, the threatened wrong to the queen. It seems from the replies of the Old Lady that she believes the words of Anne out of harmony with her real desires. It is not, however, at all probable that Anne does not to an extent feel the great and terrible wrong which is coming upon the great queen.

When the Old Lady says,

Alas, poor lady!  
She is a stranger now again,

and Anne replies,

So much the more  
Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow,

she is revealing a heart capable of feeling. But when so short a time after this she accepts, at the hands of the king, the title and emoluments of "Marchioness of Pembroke," she shows the strength of her ambition, which so easily overcomes her impulsive sympathy for the queen.

In the court scene in the Hall of Black-Friars, Catharine rises in her dignity and refuses to have Wolsey for her judge. She charges him with being her most malicious foe. Wolsey is chagrined by Catharine's

accusation, and proceeds to ask that the king free him from the charge of having suggested to him the cause for divorce. In reply the king sets forth at length the cause of his scruples.

The queen having appealed to the Pope and then retired, refusing to return, the court is adjourned. The king is vexed with the delay of the cardinals and wishes for the absent Cranmer.

The opening scene of the third act is the finest part of the whole drama. That interview of Catharine with the cardinals is the scene in which the great strength of the queen shows itself. Ever conscious of her weakness, and yet as confident in the righteousness of her cause, she copes well with the cunning of the wily cardinals. All through the picture which Shakespeare gives of Catharine she is shown to be the wife — the wife first, and afterwards the queen : —

*Wolsey.*

Peace to your Highness.

*Catharine.* Your graces find me here part of a housewife :

I would be all, against the worst may happen.

What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

When Wolsey asks her to withdraw to a private room for their conference, she replies :

Speak it here ;

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,

Deserves a corner : would all other women

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !

My lords, I care not — so much I am happy

Above a number — if my actions

Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,

Envy and base opinion set against 'em,

I know my life so even. If your business

Do seek me out, and that way I am wife in,

Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

In this protest against secret proceedings she is revealed as adhering with the utmost tenacity to fair and open dealing. In no part of the drama does the poet present her as having done or said anything out of harmony with this keynote of her character. Her fearlessness and faith in her reply to Wolsey when he has assured her of the correctness of the advice of Campeius is characterized by the sublimity of tone which belongs to the expression of a heroic soul:—

Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin :  
Is this your Christian counsel? out upon ye!  
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a Judge  
That no king can corrupt.

The crushing sorrow of her heart finds utterance in almost prophetic words when she says:

The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,  
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;  
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye;  
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?  
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries;  
I have more charity: but say, I warn'd ye;  
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

In the closing speech to the cardinals is seen the poor queen in a most human and especially in a most womanly way showing that the love she still bears the king is so overpowering her as to make her even express humility in the presence of those deservedly hated cardinals.

The discovery of the cardinal's letter to the Pope has begun the breach between the king and the cardinal. This is the more easily accomplished since the king has

grown impatient of delay, and, of course, is inclined to charge it to the bad management of Wolsey. Wolsey is about to see the "spleeny Lutheran," Anne Boleyn, take the place of the queen, which he had hoped to fill by one who would prove of advantage to himself.

As soon as Wolsey becomes aware of the king's anger and its cause, he at once foresees the end : —

I've touched the highest point of all my greatness;  
And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

Surrey thrusts upon the unwilling ears of the cardinal a recital of the wrongs committed by him — how he had robbed the land of noble Buckingham; how he had sent Surrey to Ireland thus to remove his aid; how he had gleaned all the land's wealth into his own hands by extortion. Then follows a statement of the charges made as reasons for the demand that he render up the Great Seal.

The poet has put into the mouth of Wolsey himself the most fitting words with which to express the cause of his downfall : —

I have ventured  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many Summers in a sea of glory;  
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me; and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.

His soul has come to itself when he uses these words :

Why, well;  
 Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell,  
 I know myself now; and I feel within me  
 A peace above all earthly dignities,  
 A still and quiet conscience.

He hears with the utmost calmness of the choice of his successor, Sir Thomas More, and of the appointment of Cranmer as archbishop of Canterbury. In his reference to Anne's public recognition as queen he gives the key to what he considers his fatal error in opposing the king's passion for her :—

There was the weight that pull'd me down.

This Wolsey, guilty as he knows himself to have been, of tyranny, deceit, duplicity, and a long catalogue of wrong doings, yet has come to a genuine repentance. This last speech to Cromwell is the expression of a sincerely repentant heart. The small soul breaks down beneath a load of disappointment and suffering, but the great soul bears and grows stronger by reason of the struggle. Wolsey had never approached such greatness as now finds utterance in these last words to Cromwell:

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the King;  
 And,—pr'ythee, lead me in:  
 There take an inventory of all I have,  
 To the last penny; 'tis the King's! my robe,  
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all

I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my King, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

The fourth act opens with the description of the gorgeous coronation scene with the beautiful new queen as the supreme object in all eyes. There appears, wearing his new honors, Thomas Cromwell, already master of the jewelhouse, and member of the Privy Council.

Then follows the touching scene in the closing hours of Catharine's life. Through all her failing physical strength, she still preserves the same dignity of character and resents any suggestion that she is other than the true Queen of the Realm. When the messenger addresses her as "your Grace" she at once resents this insult and demands that she be addressed as becomes her rank, "Your Highness." This has by some been thought a weakness in her character, but it seems to be truly admirable. Had she ever admitted to herself or to any one else that she could be stripped of her honor as a wife and queen, she would have lost the one thing which compels respect.

The gentleness, love, and devout piety shown in her closing message to the king complete the beautiful character of the queen. Her mother heart cherished the darling daughter and so a last appeal is made to the father :

A little

To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,  
Heaven knows how dearly.

Then in her very last words again she speaks in that strain of lofty dignity :

When I'm dead, good wench,  
Let me be used with honour; strew me over  
With maiden flowers that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,  
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd yet like  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
I can no more.

Catharine was loving, gentle, religious, and withal high-spirited, and held tenaciously to her rights as wife. Had she been willing to be divorced, to give her assent to have her marriage declared void, her child branded as illegitimate for state reasons she might have been a better queen from the standpoint of the state, but she would have lost much of the charm which her character possessed, as she, refusing to be unqueen'd, is seen clinging with true wifely devotion to an unworthy husband. She is more womanly, even if it be maintained that she is not so queenly. She appeals to our love and admiration as a woman, and we feel that out of her long sorrow she went to a fuller realization of true life and its supremest duties.

In the closing act, the birth of Elizabeth occurs, followed by the baptismal festival in which Cranmer as Archbishop of Canterbury officiates. So in this scene, the great Elizabeth is made the center of interest. Amid the brilliant reign of the great queen, all ablaze with the glory of a new time, the dramatist could well predict the splendor of her reign and make the words of Cranmer full of meaning :

Let me speak, Sir,  
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant — Heaven still move about her! —  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness.



In reviewing the play as a whole the most interesting question to the student of literature is, "What is its significance? What purpose is served by this representation of historical events?"

From the standpoint of the ethical significance it seems that the evil element has triumphed, the good become tragic. The king after all his perfidy is blest by the birth of a coveted daughter. The play ends in the most auspicious way, for the king; but the good queen, who stands for the best in life, goes down amid the wreck of ruin wrought by the wicked passion of the king. Has the highest purpose of art been served when evil thus triumphs? It may well be doubted. It would be fruitless to spend one's time in trying to discover what the poet meant by this closing drama of his great Historical Series. We can find in it the triumph of a principle, that of the freeing of England from foreign domination in Church and State. That Henry was the instrument of this important change which meant so much in the history of England does not contradict the truth of life, that out of evil motives and evil deeds, good is made to come. The poet is true to his instinct when he makes the interest of the play cluster about Catharine. The halo that settles about her head is the finest tribute that could be paid to the religion for which she stands. The play is worthy of study if for nothing else than the fine portraits of Wolsey and Catharine; it is worthy of study also because it sets forth the culmination of a period of national development, the period in which England passed from the life of the middle ages into that of the modern world.

Not until the play has been studied in some such way

as is here suggested will the use of commentaries be profitable. When the reader has sufficient knowledge to form intelligent independent opinions, then will a study of the characterizations and interpretations given by others be of real value. To consult them earlier would be often to substitute ready-made opinions for original thought. In addition to the interpretation of the thought and teaching of the piece of literature, the study of form is of great value. But this minute examination of form should come second, since a critical view of anything naturally succeeds the broad, general view of the subject. What is said is of far more importance than the way in which it is said. The unconscious effect of beautiful form will make itself a great factor in one's estimate of the thought revealed. The effect is in danger of being marred by too minute inquiry into how it is brought about. Still a study of style is important, especially as a means of attaining a power of expressing one's own thoughts in terms that are clear, forcible, and beautiful. By observing closely the elements of a masterly style one is able to recognize something of the sources of power; yet, when one has recounted the beauties of Shakespeare's style, and, at the same time, pointed out his faulty figures of speech and his anachronisms, one is led to wonder how it is that greatness seems to transcend all law and become a law unto itself.

If the study of Shakespeare's form leads one to note the striking passages and to study them till they come to be a real possession, then has a most valuable addition to one's knowledge been made. A critical study of the meter, the uses made of prose and verse, the relation of

the opening scenes to the theme of the drama, the rise and decline — if there be such — in the author's genius, the internal evidence of the work of Shakespeare as distinguished from the work of others,—all these things are of value in a later study of the poet. They are never valueless ; but, if choice must be made, that kind of study which makes the greatest return in the way of the more practical side of living is to be placed first.

The study of " Henry VIII." will not have served its entire purpose unless it create a desire to begin with " King John " and to study the English historical plays in their chronological order, thus securing a connected view not only of the history of this greatest epoch, but more than this, catching the spirit that the poet reveals as the one vitalizing force which made the epoch what it was.



## INTRODUCTION.<sup>1</sup>

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### History of the Play.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH was undoubtedly among the latest of the Poet's writing: Mr. Grant White thinks it was the very last; nor am I aware of any thing that can be soundly alleged against that opinion. The play was never printed till in the folio of 1623. It is first heard of in connection with the burning of the Globe theatre, on the 29th of June, 1613: at least I am fully satisfied that this is the piece which was on the stage at that time. Howes the chronicler, recording the event some time after it occurred, speaks of "the house being filled with people to behold the play of *Henry the Eighth*." And we have a letter from Thomas Lorkin to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated "London, this last of June," with the following: "No longer since than yesterday, while Burbage's company were acting at the Globe the play of *Henry the Eighth*, and there shooting off certain chambers in way of triumph, the fire catched, and fastened upon the thatch of the house, and there burned so furiously, as it consumed the whole house." But the most particular account is in a letter from Sir Henry Wotton to his nephew, dated July 2, 1613: "Now, to let matters of State sleep, I will entertain you at the present with what happened this week at the Bankside. The King's Players had a new play called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces in the reign of Henry the Eighth, which was set forth with

<sup>1</sup> From Hudson's *School Shakespeare*.

many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty. Now King Henry making a masque at the Cardinal Wolsey's house, and certain cannons being shot off at his entry, some of the paper or other stuff wherewith one of them was stopped did light on the thatch, where, being thought at first but an idle smoke, and their eyes being more attentive to the show, it kindled inwardly, and ran round like a train, consuming within less than an hour the whole house to the very ground. This was the fatal period of that virtuous fabric ; wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks."

Some of the circumstances here specified clearly point to the play which has come down to us as Shakespeare's. Sir Henry, to be sure, speaks of the piece by the title "*All is True*"; but the other two authorities describe it as "the play of *Henry the Eighth*." And it is worth noting that Lorkin, in stating the cause of the fire, uses the very word, *chambers*, which is used in the original stage-direction of the play. So that the discrepancies in regard to the name infer no more than that the play then had a double title, as many other plays also had. And the name used by Sir Henry is unequivocally referred to in the Prologue, the whole argument of which turns upon the quality of the piece as being *true*. Then too the whole play, as regards the kind of interest sought to be awakened, is strictly correspondent with what the Prologue claims in that behalf : a scrupulous fidelity to Fact is manifestly the law of the piece ; as if the author had here undertaken to set forth a drama made up emphatically of "chosen truth," insomuch that it might justly bear the significant title *All is True*.

The piece in performance at the burning of the Globe theatre is described by Wotton as *a new play* ; and it will

hardly be questioned that he knew well what he was saying. The internal evidence of the piece itself all draws to the same conclusion as to the time of writing. In that part of Cranmer's prophecy which refers to King James, we have these lines :

Wherever the bright Sun of heaven shall shine,  
The honour and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations : he shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him.

On a portrait of King James once owned by Lord Bacon, the King is styled *Imperii Atlantici Conditor*. And all agree that the first allusion in the lines just quoted is to the founding of the colony in Virginia, the charter of which was renewed in 1612, the chief settlement named Jamestown, and a lottery opened in aid of the colonists. The last part of the quotation probably refers to the marriage of the King's daughter Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine, which took place in February, 1613. The marriage was a theme of intense joy and high anticipations to the English people, as it seemed to knit them up with the Protestant interest of Germany ; anticipations destined indeed to a sad reverse in the calamities that fell upon the Elector's House. Concurrent with these notes of seeming allusion to passing events, are the style, language, and versification ; in which respects it is hardly distinguishable from *Coriolanus* and the other plays known to have been of the Poet's latest period.

All which considered, I am quite at a loss why so many editors and critics should have questioned whether Shakespeare's drama were the one in performance at the burning of the Globe theatre. They have done this partly under the assumption that Shakespeare's play could not have been *new*

at that time. But I cannot find such assumption at all sustained by any arguments they have produced. It is true, a piece described as "The Interlude of King Henry the Eighth" was entered at the Stationers' in February, 1605. There is, however, no good reason for ascribing this piece to Shakespeare : on the contrary, there is ample reason for supposing it to have been a play by Samuel Rowley, entitled "When you see me you know me, or the famous chronicle history of King Henry the Eighth," and published in 1605.

Some, again, urge that Shakespeare's play must have been written before the death of Elizabeth, which was in March, 1603. This is done on the ground that the Poet would not have been likely to glorify her reign so largely after her death. And because it is still less likely that during her life he would have glorified so highly the reign of her successor, therefore resort is had to the theory, that in 1613 the play was revived under a new title, which led Wotton to think it a new play, and that the Prologue was then written, and the passage referring to James interpolated. But all this is sheer conjecture, and is directly refuted by the Prologue itself, which clearly supposes the forthcoming play to be then in performance for the first time, and the nature and plan of it to be wholly unknown to the audience : to tell the people they were not about to hear

A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,

had been flat impertinence in case of a play that had been on the stage several years before. As to the passage touching James, I can perceive no such signs as have been alleged of its being an after-insertion : the awkwardness of connection,



which has been affirmed as betraying a second hand or a second time, is altogether imaginary: the lines knit in as smoothly and as logically with the context, before and after, as any other lines in the speech.

Nor can I discover any indications of the play's having been written with any special thought of pleasing Elizabeth. The design, so far as she is concerned, seems much rather to have been to please the people, by whom she was all-beloved during her life, and, if possible, still more so when, after the lapse of a few years, her prudence, her courage, and her magnanimity save where her female jealousies were touched, had been set off by the blunders and infirmities of her successor. For it is well known that the popular feeling ran back so strongly to her government, that James had no way but to fall in with the current, notwithstanding the strong causes which he had, both public and personal, to execrate her memory. The play has an evident making in with this feeling, unsolicitous, generally, of what would have been likely to make in, and sometimes boldly adventurous of what would have been sure to make out, with the object of it. Such an appreciative delineation of the meek and honourable sorrows of Catharine, so nobly proud, yet in that pride so gentle and true-hearted; her dignified submission, wherein her rights as a woman and a wife are firmly and sweetly asserted, yet the sharpest eye cannot detect the least swerving from duty; her brave and eloquent sympathy with the plundered people, pleading their cause in the face of royal and reverend rapacity, this too with an energetic simplicity which even the witchcraft of Wolsey's tongue cannot sophisticate; and all this set in open contrast with the worldly-minded levity, and the equivocal or at least qualified virtue, of her rival, and with the headstrong, high-handed,

conscience-shamming selfishness of the King ; — surely the Poet must have known a great deal less, or a great deal more, than anybody else, of the haughty daughter of that rival and that King, to have thought of pleasing her by such a representation.

### Historic Basis of the Action.

The historical matter of the play, so far as relates to the fall of Wolsey and the divorce of Catharine, was derived, originally, from George Cavendish, who was gentleman-usher to the great Cardinal, and himself an eye-witness of much that he describes. His *Life of Master Wolsey* is among the best specimens extant of the older English literature ; the narrative being set forth in a clear, simple, manly eloquence, which the Poet, in some of his finest passages, almost literally transcribed. Whether the book had been printed in Shakespeare's time, is uncertain ; but so much of it as fell within the plot of the drama had been embodied in the chronicles of Holinshed and Stowe. In the fifth Act, the incidents, and in many cases the very words, are taken from Fox the martyrologist, whose *Acts and Monuments of the Church*, first published in 1563, had grown to be a very popular book in the Poet's time.

The "fierce vanities" displayed in the Field of the Cloth of Gold, with an account of which the play opens, occurred in June, 1520, and the death of Buckingham in May, 1521. The court assembled for the divorce began its work on the 18th of June, 1529, and was dissolved, without concluding any thing, on the 23d of July. On the 17th of October following, Wolsey resigned the Great Seal, and died on the 29th of November, 1530. In July, 1531, Catharine withdrew from the Court, and took up her abode at Ampthill. Long

before this time, the King had been trying to persuade Anne Boleyn, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, to be a sort of left-hand wife to him ; but an older sister of hers had already held that place, and had enough of it : so she was resolved to be his right-hand wife or none at all ; and, as the Queen would not recede from her appeal to the Pope, Anne still held off till she should have more assurance of the divorce being carried through. In September, 1532, she was made Marchioness of Pembroke, and was privately married to the King on the 25th of January, 1533. Cranmer became Archbishop of Canterbury the next March, and went directly about the business of the divorce, which was finished on the 24th of May. This was followed, in June, by the coronation of the new Queen, and in September by the birth and christening of the Princess Elizabeth. Soon after the divorce, Catharine removed to Kimbolton, where, in the course of the next year, 1534, she had to digest the slaughter of her steadfast friends, Fisher and More ; as the peculiar temper of the King, being then without the eloquence of the great Cardinal or the virtue of the good Queen to assuage it, could no longer be withheld from such repasts of blood. Catharine died on the 8th of January, 1536, which was some two years and four months after the birth of Elizabeth. The play, however, reverses the order of these two events. As for the matter of Cranmer and the Privy Council, in Act v., this did not take place till 1544, more than eleven years after the event with which the play closes.

#### Authorship of the Play.

Dr. Johnson gave it as his opinion that the Prologue and Epilogue of this play were not written by Shakespeare. And I believe all the critics who have since given any special heed

to the matter have joined in that opinion. I have not for many years had the slightest doubt on the subject. And I am equally clear in the same opinion touching the Epilogues to *The Tempest* and *King Henry the Fourth*, and the Chorus to the fourth Act of *The Winter's Tale*. Nor, indeed, does it seem possible that any one having a right taste for Shakespeare should judge otherwise, after comparing those pieces with the Induction to the Second Part of *Henry the Fourth*, and the Choruses in *King Henry the Fifth*; all which ring the true Shakespearian gold for workmanship in that kind. It was very common for the dramatic writers of the time to have such trimmings of their plays done by some friend. Who wrote the Prologue and Epilogue to *Henry the Eighth* has been somewhat in question. The well-known intimacy and friendship between Jonson and Shakespeare have naturally drawn men's thoughts to honest Ben as the author of them: but, as the style answers equally well to the motions of another hand; and as we have unquestionable marks of another hand in the body of the play; a conjectural ascription of the matter to Jonson is not properly in order.

It is now, I think, as good as settled that this play was the joint production of Shakespeare and John Fletcher; somewhat more than half of it belonging to the latter. Dr. Johnson had the sagacity to observe that the genius of Shakespeare comes in and goes out with Catharine; and that the rest of the play might be easily conceived and easily written. But this germ of criticism did not grow to any tangible results till our own day. As far back, however, as 1850, Mr. James Spedding, a critic of approved perspicacity and judgment, published an article in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, discoursing the theme with lucid statement and cogent argument; and all the more satisfactory, that it lands in definite and

well-braced conclusions. On the appearance of this article, Mr. Samuel Hickson, another discriminating and judicious critic, put forth a brief paper in *Notes and Queries*, expressing an entire concurrence with Mr. Spedding, and also saying that he had reached the same conclusion three or four years before ; this too without having any communication with him, or any knowledge of him, even of his name ; but that the want of a favourable opportunity had kept him from making his thoughts known. Nor was this a mere general concurrence : it was an entire agreement in the details, and extending even to the assignment of scenes and parts of scenes to their respective authors. Still more recently, Mr. F. G. Fleay has brought his metrical tests and his figures to bear upon the question ; and the result is a full confirmation both of the general and the particular conclusions reached by the two other gentlemen.

Of course the evidence on which this judgment proceeds is altogether internal, as the play has come down to us without any outside tokens or suggestions of another hand than Shakespeare's in the making of it. And the most striking and available parts of that evidence, though not the strongest, have reference to the qualities of style and versification. But Fletcher's peculiarities in this point are so strongly marked ; rather say, he has an habitual mannerism of diction and metre so pronounced ; that no one thoroughly at home in his acknowledged workmanship can easily fail to taste his presence in whatever he wrote : and, as certain portions of the play in hand have the full measure of his idiom in those respects, so it is nowise strange that several critics, once started on the track, should all tie up in the same result.

For my own part, I have slowly and reluctantly grown, or been drawn, into the same upshot with the writers named,

and am now thoroughly satisfied that the conclusion they have reached is substantially right. The details of this conclusion are as follows:—That the first and second scenes of Act i. are Shakespeare's; also the third and fourth scenes of Act ii.; also about three sevenths of the second scene in Act iii., down to the King's parting from Wolsey with the words, "and then to breakfast with what appetite you have"; also the first scene of Act v.: and that all the rest of the play is Fletcher's; namely, the third and fourth scenes of Act i., the first and second of Act ii., the first, and about four sevenths of the second in Act iii., the whole of Act iv., the second, third, and fourth of Act v., also the Prologue and Epilogue. Mr. Fleay makes the whole number of blank-verse lines in the play to be 2613, of which 1467 are Fletcher's, thus leaving only 1146 to Shakespeare.

From the forecited distribution I see no reason to dissent, except that, as Mr. Spedding admits, some of the portions assigned to Fletcher have traces of a superior workman. In particular, the latter part of the second scene in Act iii., all after the *exit* of the King, seems to me a mixture of Fletcher and Shakespeare: though the Fletcher element preponderates, still I feel some decided workings of the master-hand. The same, though in a somewhat less degree, of the coronation scene, the first in Act iv. Certainly, if Fletcher wrote the whole of these, he must have been, for the time, surprised out of himself, and lifted quite above his ordinary plane; even the best that he does elsewhere giving no promise of such touches as we find here. On the other hand, I doubt whether the first scene of Act v. be pure Shakespeare: at all events, it seems by no means equal to his other portions of the play. And, as the two authors probably wrote in conjunction, it might well be that some

whole scenes were done by each, while in others their hands worked together, or the one revised and finished what the other had first written ; thus giving us choice bits of Shakespearian gold mingled with the Fletcherian silver.

Mr. Spedding's essay is so fine a piece of criticism in itself, so calm and just in temper, and withal cuts so near the heart of the subject, that I cannot well resist the impulse to reproduce a considerable portion of it. After a clear statement of his conclusion, together with the grounds of it, he proceeds as follows :

The opening of the play — the conversation between Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny — seemed to have the full stamp of Shakespeare, in his latest manner : the same close-packed expression ; the same life, and reality, and freshness ; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough ; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which, having once disclosed an idea, cannot wait to work it orderly out ; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth ; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony ; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace ; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated.

In the scene in the Council-chamber which follows, where the characters of Catharine and Wolsey are brought out, I found the same characteristics equally strong.

But the instant I entered upon the third scene, in which the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Lovell converse, I was conscious of a total change. I felt as if I had passed suddenly out of the language of nature into the language of the stage, or of some conventional mode of conversation. The structure of the verse was quite different, and full of mannerism. The expression

became suddenly diffuse and languid. The wit wanted mirth and character. And all this was equally true of the supper-scene which closes the first Act.

The second Act brought me back to the tragic vein, but it was not the tragic vein of Shakespeare. When I compared the eager, impetuous, and fiery language of Buckingham in the first Act with the languid and measured cadences of his farewell speech, I felt that the difference was too great to be accounted for by the mere change of situation, without supposing also a change of writers. The presence of death produces great changes in men, but no such change as we have here.

When, in like manner, I compared the Henry and Wolsey of the scene which follows with the Henry and Wolsey of the Council-chamber, I perceived a difference scarcely less striking. The dialogue, through the whole scene, sounded still slow and artificial.

The next scene brought another sudden change. And, as in passing from the second to the third scene of the first Act, I had seemed to be passing all at once out of the language of nature into that of convention; so, in passing from the second to the third scene of the second Act, (in which Anne Boleyn appears, I may say for the first time, for in the supper-scene she was merely a conventional court lady without any character at all,) I seemed to pass not less suddenly from convention back again into nature. And, when I considered that this short and otherwise insignificant passage contains all that we ever see of Anne, and yet how clearly the character comes out, how very a woman she is, and yet how distinguishable from any other individual woman, I had no difficulty in acknowledging that the sketch came from the same hand which drew Perdita.

Next follows the famous trial-scene. And here I could as little doubt that I recognized the same hand to which we owe the trial of Hermione. When I compared the language of Henry and of Wolsey throughout this scene to the end of the Act, with their language in the Council-chamber, (Act i. scene 2,) I found that it corresponded in all essential features: when I compared it



with their language in the second scene of the second Act, I perceived that it was altogether different. - Catharine also, as she appears in this scene, was exactly the same person as she was in the Council-chamber; but, when I went on to the first scene of the third Act, which represents her interview with Wolsey and Campeius, I found her as much changed as Buckingham was after his sentence, though without any alteration of circumstances to account for an alteration of temper. Indeed the whole of this scene seemed to have all the peculiarities of Fletcher, both in conception, language, and versification, without a single feature that reminded me of Shakespeare; and, since in both passages the true narrative of Cavendish is followed minutely and carefully, and both are therefore copies from the same original and in the same style of art, it was the more easy to compare them with each other.

In the next scene, (Act iii. scene 2,) I seemed again to get out of Fletcher into Shakespeare; though probably not into Shakespeare pure; a scene by another hand perhaps, which Shakespeare had only remodelled, or a scene by Shakespeare which another hand had worked upon to make it fit the place. The speeches interchanged between Henry and Wolsey seemed to be entirely Shakespeare's; but, in the altercation between Wolsey and the lords which follows, I could recognize little or nothing of his peculiar manner, while many passages were strongly marked with the favourite Fletcherian cadence: and as for the famous "Farewell, a long farewell," &c., though associated by means of *Enfield's Speaker* with my earliest notions of Shakespeare, it appeared (now that my mind was opened to entertain the doubt) to belong entirely and unquestionably to Fletcher.

Of the fourth Act I did not so well know what to think. For the most part it seemed to bear evidence of a more vigorous hand than Fletcher's, with less of mannerism, especially in the description of the coronation, and the character of Wolsey; and yet it had not to my mind the freshness and originality of Shakespeare. It was pathetic and graceful, but one could see how it

was done. Catharine's last speeches, however, smacked strongly again of Fletcher. And, all together, it seemed to me that, if this Act had occurred in one of the plays written by Beaumont and Fletcher in conjunction, it would probably have been thought that both of them had a hand in it.

The first scene of the fifth Act, and the opening of the second, I should again have confidently ascribed to Shakespeare, were it not that the whole passage seemed so strangely out of place. I could only suppose that the task of putting the whole together had been left to an inferior hand; in which case I should consider this to be a genuine piece of Shakespeare's work, spoiled by being introduced where it has no business. In the execution of the christening-scene, on the other hand, (in spite again of the earliest and strongest associations,) I could see no evidence of Shakespeare's hand at all; while in point of *design* it seemed inconceivable that a judgment like his could have been content with a conclusion so little in harmony with the prevailing spirit and purpose of the piece.

As regards the point of diction and metre, the argument turns very much upon the use of verses with a redundant syllable at the end, or what are commonly called lines with double endings, but what I sometimes designate as lines with amphibractic endings. This, at all events, is the handiest, and perhaps the most telling, item to be urged in illustration of the point. And here it will not be out of place to observe that Shakespeare's regular verse is the iambic pentameter. This, however, he continually diversifies with metrical irregularities, introducing trochees, spondees, anapests, dibrachs, tribrachs, and sometimes dactyls, in various parts of his lines. But his most frequent irregularity is by ending his verses with amphibrachs; and this occurs much oftener in his later plays than in his earlier; and in some of his plays, as in the Shakespeare portions of the

one now in hand, we have about one third of the lines ending with amphibrachs. The purpose of this is, to prevent or avoid monotony; just as great composers enrich and deepen their harmonies by a skilful use of discords. Now Fletcher's use of this irregularity is far more frequent than Shakespeare's: commonly not less than two thirds of his lines, and often a larger proportion, having amphibractic endings. So excessive is this usage with him, that, besides rendering the movement of his verse comparatively feeble and languid, it becomes a very emphatic mannerism: in fact, it just works the irregularity itself into a new monotony, and a monotony of the most soporific kind. For nothing has so much the effect of a wearisome sameness as a continual or too frequent recurrence of the same variation: even the studied and uniform regularity, or what Cowper terms "the creamy smoothness," of Pope's versification is less monotonous to the ear, than such an over-use of one and the same mode of diversity. And this, together with certain other traits of style and diction not easy to describe, imparts to Fletcher's verse a very peculiar and rather heavy swing and cadence, often amounting to downright sing-song and humdrum. Many times, in reading him, I have, almost before I knew it, caught my thoughts drowsing off into a half-somnolent state, from this constant and uniform oscillation, so to speak, of his language and metre. Vastly different is all this in Shakespeare; whose metrical irregularities are always so ordered as to have the effect of jogging the attention into alertness and keeping it freshly awake.

To make the point clear to the apprehension of average readers, I will next produce several of Fletcher's best and most characteristic passages; enough to give a full and fair taste of his habitual manner. The first is from *The Knight*

of *Malta*, ii. 5, where Oriana, the heroine, being falsely accused of crime, and sentenced to die, unless a champion appear and vindicate her honour in single combat, makes the following speech as she goes up to the scaffold :

Thus I ascend ; nearer, I hope, to Heaven !  
 Nor do I fear to tread this dark black mansion,  
 The image of my grave : each foot we move  
 Goes to it still, each hour we leave behind us  
 Knolls sadly toward it. — My noble brother, —  
 For yet mine innocence dares call you so, —  
 And you the friends to virtue, that come hither,  
 The chorus to this tragic scene, behold me,  
 Behold me with your justice, not with pity,  
 (My cause was ne'er so poor to ask compassion,)  
 Behold me in this spotless white I wear,  
 The emblem of my life, of all my actions ;  
 So ye shall find my story, though I perish.  
 Behold me in my sex : I am no soldier ;  
 Tender and full of fears our blushing sex is,  
 Unharden'd with relentless thoughts ; unhatcht  
 With blood and bloody practice : alas, we tremble  
 But when an angry dream afflicts our fancies ;  
 Die with a tale well told. Had I been practised,  
 And known the way of mischief, travell'd in it,  
 And given my blood and honour up to reach it ;  
 Forgot religion, and the line I sprung on :  
 O Heaven ! I had been fit then for Thy justice,  
 And then in black, as dark as Hell, I had howl'd here.  
 Last, in your own opinions weigh mine innocence :  
 Amongst ye I was planted from an infant,  
 (Would then, if Heaven had so been pleased, I had perish'd),  
 Grew up, and goodly, ready to bear fruit,  
 The honourable fruit of marriage :  
 And am I blasted in my bud with treason ?  
 Boldly and basely of my fair name ravish'd,  
 And hither brought to find my rest in ruin ?  
 But He that knows all, He that rights all wrongs,  
 And in His time restores, knows me ! — I've spoken.

The next is the main part of two speeches made by

Cæsar, with Pompey's lifeless head before him, in *The False One*, ii. 1 :

Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,  
 Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?  
 What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,  
 To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?  
 The light and life of Rome o a blind stranger,  
 That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,  
 Nor worthy circumstance shew'd what a man was?  
 That never heard thy name sung but in banquets,  
 And loose lascivious pleasures to a boy,  
 That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,  
 No study of thy life, to know thy goodness?  
 And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,  
 Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,  
 In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey;  
 If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee!  
 Thou hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,  
 My love and mercy.

*Ptol.* Hear me, great Cæsar!

*Cæsar.*

I have heard too much :

And study not with smooth shows to invade  
 My noble mind, as you have done my conquest.  
 You're poor and open : I must tell you roundly,  
 That man that could not recompense the benefits,  
 The great and bounteous services, of Pompey,  
 Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.  
 Though I had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin,  
 I gave you no commission to perform it :  
 Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty ;  
 And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,  
 My fortune never failing to befriend me,  
 My noble strengths and friends about my person,  
 I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy  
 Above the pious love you shew'd to Pompey.  
 You've found me merciful in arguing with ye :  
 Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,  
 Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,  
 Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,

You wretched and poor seeds of sun-burnt Egypt;  
 And, now you've found the nature of a conqueror  
 That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries;  
 That, where the day gives light, will be himself still;  
 Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies!  
 Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier;  
 Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,  
 Make a Sabæan bed, and place this phoenix  
 Where the hot Sun may emulate his virtues,  
 And draw another Pompey from his ashes,  
 Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the Worthies?

The following is one of Lisander's speeches in *The Lover's Progress*, ii. 3 :

Can Heaven be pleased with these things?  
 To see two hearts that have been twined together,  
 Married in friendship, to the world two wonders,  
 Of one growth, of one nourishment, one health,  
 Thus mortally divorced for one weak woman?  
 Can Love be pleased? Love is a gentle spirit;  
 The wind that blows the April flowers not softer:  
 She's drawn with doves, to show her peacefulness:  
 Lions and bloody pards are Mars's servants.  
 Would you serve Love? do it with humbleness,  
 Without a noise, with still prayers and soft murmurs:  
 Upon her altars offer your obedience,  
 And not your brawls; she's won with tears, not terrors:  
 That fire you kindle to her deity,  
 Is only grateful when it's blown with sighs,  
 And holy incense flung with white-hand innocence:  
 You wound her now; you are too superstitious:  
 No sacrifice of blood or death she longs for.

I add another characteristic strain from the same play,  
 iv. 4 :

*Lisander.* I' the depth of meditation, do you not  
 Sometimes think of Olinda?

*Lidian.* I endeavour  
 To raze her from my memory, as I wish  
 You would do the whole sex; for know, Lisander,  
 The greatest curse brave man can labour under

Is the strong witchcraft of a woman's eyes.  
 Where I find men, I preach this doctrine to 'em :  
 As you're a scholar, knowledge make your mistress,  
 The hidden beauties of the Heavens your study ;  
 There shall you find fit wonder for your faith,  
 And for your eye inimitable objects :  
 As you're a profess'd soldier, court your honour ;  
 Though she be stern, she's honest, a brave mistress !  
 The greater danger you oppose to win her,  
 She shows the sweeter, and rewards the nobler :  
 Woman's best loves to hers mere shadows be ;  
 For after death she weds your memory.  
 These are my contemplations.

In the foregoing extracts we have 114 complete lines, of which 79 end with amphibrachs, thus leaving 35 with iambic endings ; a proportion of something more than two to one. Cranmer's long speech at the close of the play in hand contains 49 lines, of which 34 have amphibractic endings, and 15 iambic ; also a proportion of somewhat more than two to one. The average proportion in Buckingham's three speeches on going to his execution is about the same ; and so through all the Fletcherian portions of the play. Besides this most obvious feature, Fletcher has another trick of mannerism, frequently repeating a thought, or fraction of a thought, with some variation of language ; which imparts a very un-Shakespearian diffuseness to his style, as of an author much more fluent and fertile in words than in matter. This trait also is repeatedly exemplified in the forecited passages : so that, by comparing those passages with the parts of the play ascribed to Fletcher, any one having an eye and an ear for such things can easily identify the two as proceeding from one and the same source.

But the play has another very striking and decided characteristic which I was for a long time quite unable to account

for. The structure and ordering of the piece as a whole is very unlike Shakespeare's usual workmanship, especially that of his closing period. Coleridge aptly notes it as "a sort of historical masque or show-play"; for so, to be sure, it has several masque-like scenes, that interrupt the proper dramatic continuity; as the supper-scene at Wolsey's house, i. 4, and the scene of the coronation, iv. 1. In other words, the piece is far from evincing great skill or judgment in the high point of dramatic architecture. Judged by the standard of Shakespeare's other plays, it is by no means a well organized specimen. We can trace in it no presiding idea, no governing thought. Though some of the parts are noble in themselves, still they have no clear principle of concert and unity, no right artistic centre: they rather give the impression of having been put together arbitrarily, and not under any organic law. The various threads of interest do not pull together, nor show any clear intelligence of each other; the whole thus seeming rather a mechanical juxtaposition of parts than a vital concrescence. In short, the current both of dramatic and of historic interest is repeatedly broken and disordered by misplaced and premature semi-catastrophes, which do not help each other at all; instead of flowing on with continuous and increasing volume to the one proper catastrophe. The matter is well stated by Gervinus: "The interest first clings to Buckingham and his designs against Wolsey, but with the second Act he leaves the stage; then Wolsey draws the attention increasingly, and he too disappears in the third Act; meanwhile our sympathies are drawn more and more to Catharine, who also leaves the stage in the fourth Act: then, after being thus shattered through four Acts by circumstances of a tragic character, we have the fifth Act closing with a merry festivity, for which we are not



prepared, and crowning the King's base passion with victory, in which we take no warm interest."

By way of accounting for all this, I probably cannot do better than to quote again from Mr. Spedding, who discourses the point as follows :

It was not unusual in those days, when a play was wanted in a hurry, to set two or three or even four hands at work upon it; and the occasion of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage may very likely have suggested the production of a play representing the marriage of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Such an occasion would sufficiently account for the determination to treat the subject not tragically; the necessity for producing it immediately might lead to the employment of several hands; and thence would follow inequality of workmanship and imperfect adaptation of the several parts to each other. But this would not explain the incoherency and inconsistency of the main design. Had Shakespeare been employed to make a design for a play which was to end with the happy marriage of Henry and Anne Boleyn, we may be sure that he would not have occupied us through the first four Acts with a tragic and absorbing interest in the decline and death of Queen Catharine, and through half the fifth with a quarrel between Cranmer and Gardiner, in which we have no interest.

On the other hand, since it is by Shakespeare that all the principal matters and characters are *introduced*, it is not likely that the general design of the piece would be laid out by another. I should rather conjecture that he had conceived the idea of a great historical drama on the subject of Henry VIII. which would have included the divorce of Catharine, the fall of Wolsey, the rise of Cranmer, the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and the final separation of the English from the Romish Church, which, being the one great historical event of the reign, would naturally be chosen as the focus of poetic interest; that he had proceeded in the execution of this idea as far perhaps as the third Act, which might

have included the establishment of Cranmer in the seat of highest ecclesiastical authority; when, finding that his fellows of the Globe were in distress for a new play to honour the marriage of the Lady Elizabeth with, he thought that his half-finished work might help them, and accordingly handed them his manuscript to make what they could of it; that they put it into the hands of Fletcher, (already in high repute as a popular and expeditious playwright,) who, finding the original design not very suitable to the occasion and utterly beyond his capacity, expanded the three Acts into five, by interspersing scenes of show and magnificence, and passages of description, and long poetical conversations, in which his strength lay; dropped all allusion to the great ecclesiastical revolution, which he could not manage and for which he had no materials supplied him; converted what should have been the middle into the end; and so turned out a splendid "historical masque, or shew-play," which was no doubt very popular then, as it has been ever since.

### **Ecclesiastical Leanings.**

It is a question of no little interest, how far and in what sort the authors of this play stand committed to the Reformation; if at all, whether more as a religious or as a national movement. They certainly show a good mind towards Cranmer; but nothing can be justly argued from this, for they show the same quite as much towards Catharine; and the King's real motives for putting her away are made plain enough. There are however several expressions, especially that in Cranmer's prophecy touching Elizabeth,—"In her days God shall be truly known,"—which indicate pretty clearly how the authors regarded the great ecclesiastical question of the time; though it may be fairly urged that in all these cases they do but make the persons speak characteristically, without practising any ventriloquism about them.

Not that I have any doubt as to their being what would now be called Protestants. That they were truly such, is quite evident, I think, in the general complexion of the piece, which, by the way, is the only one of Shakespeare's plays where this issue enters into the structure and life of the work. Surely no men otherwise minded would have selected and ordered the materials of a drama so clearly with a view to celebrate Elizabeth's reign, all the main features of which were identified with the Protestant interest by foes as well as friends. But, whether the authors were made such more by religious or by national sympathies, is another question, and one not to be decided so easily. For the honour and independence of England were then so bound up with that cause, that Shakespeare's sound English heart, and the strong current of patriotic sentiment that flowed through his veins, were enough of themselves to secure it his cordial adhesion. That there was, practically, no breath for the stout nationality of old England but in the atmosphere of the Reformation, left no choice to such a thoroughgoing Englishman as he everywhere approves himself. All which sets off the more clearly his judicial calmness in giving to the characters severally their due, and in letting them speak out freely and in their own way the mind that is within them. That, in his view, they could best serve his ends by being true to themselves, is sufficient proof that his ends were right.

### **Political and Social Characteristics.**

The social and civil climate of England as shown in this piece is very different from that in the other plays of the historic series. A new order of things has evidently sprung up and got firm roothold in the land. Nor have we far to seek for the causes of this. All through the time of Henry the

Eighth, owing to the long frenzy of civil slaughter which had lately possessed the nation, the English people were in nervous dread of a disputed succession. In the course of that frenzy, the old overgrown nobility became greatly reduced in numbers and crippled in strength, so as to be no longer an effective check upon the constitutional head of the State. The natural effect was to draw the throne into much closer sympathy with the people at large : the King had to throw himself more and more upon the commons ; which of course brought on a proportionable growth of this interest. So, in these scenes, we find the commons highly charged with a sense of their rising strength, and the rulers, from the King downwards, quailing before their determined voice. The best chance of power and consequence is felt to be by "gaining the love of the commonalty." On the other hand, the people, being thus for the first time brought into direct intercourse with the throne, and being elated with the novelty of having the King with them, become highly enthusiastic in his cause ; they warm up intensely towards his person, and are indeed the most obsequious of all orders to any stretches of prerogative that he may venture in their name ; the growth of his power being felt by them as the growth of their own. So that this state of things had the effect for a while of greatly enchancing the power of the crown. Henry the Eighth was almost if not altogether autocratic in his rule. Both he and Elizabeth made themselves directly responsible to the people, and the people in turn made them all but irresponsible.

Nor do the signs of a general transition-process stop here. Corresponding changes in ideas and manners are going on. Under the long madness of domestic butchery, the rage for war had in all classes thoroughly spent itself. Military skill and service is no longer the chief, much less the only path

to preferment and power. Another order of abilities has come forward, and made its way to the highest places of honour and trust. The custom is gradually working in of governing more by wisdom, and less by force. The arts of war are yielding the chief seat to the arts of peace : learning, eloquence, civic accomplishment, are disputing precedence with hereditary claims : even the highest noblemen are getting ambitious of shining in the new walks of honour, and of planting other titles to nobility than birth and family and warlike renown ; insomuch that the princely Buckingham, graced as he is with civil abilities, and highly as he values himself upon them, complains that "a beggar's book out-worths a noble's blood."

This new order of things has its crowning exponent in Wolsey, whose towering greatness in the State is because he really leads the age in the faculties and resources of solid statesmanship. But his rapid growth of power and honour not only turns his own head, but provokes the envy and hatred of the old nobility, whose untamed pride of blood naturally resents his ostentatious pride of merit. And he has withal in large measure the overgrown upstart's arrogance towards both the class from which he sprang and the class into which he has made his way. Next to Wolsey, the King himself, besides having strong natural parts, was the most accomplished man in the same arts, and probably the ablest statesman that England had in his time. But his nature was essentially coarse, hard, and sinister ; his refinement was but skin-deep, and without any roothold in his heart ; and, from the causes already noted, his native infirmities got pampered into the ruffianism, at once cold and boisterous, which won him the popular designation of "bluff King Hal," and which is artfully disguised indeed by the authors, yet not so but that we feel its presence more than enough.

### General Notes of Characterization.

I have already observed how the interest of this play is broken and scattered by incoherences of design and execution. The interest, however, of the several portions is deep and genuine while it lasts ; at least, till we come to the fifth Act. We are carried through a series of sudden and most afflicting reverses. One after another, the mighty are broken and the lofty laid low ; their prosperity being strained to a high pitch, as if on purpose to deepen their plunge, just when they have reached the summit, with their hearts built up and settled to the height of their rising, and when the revolving wheel of time seems fast locked with themselves at the top.

First, we have Buckingham in the full-blown pride of rank and talents. He is wise in counsel, rich in culture and accomplishment, of captivating deportment, learned and eloquent in discourse. A too self-flattering sense of his strength and importance has made him insolent and presumptuous ; and his self-control has failed from the very elevation that rendered it most needful to him. In case of Henry's dying without issue, he was the next male heir to the throne in the Beaufort branch of the Lancastrian House. So he plays with aspiring thoughts, and practises the arts of popularity, and calls in the aid of fortune-tellers to feed his ambitious schemes, and at the same time by his haughty bearing stings the haughtiness of Wolsey, and sets that wary, piercing eye in quest of matter against him. Thus he puts forth those leaves of hope which, as they express the worst parts of himself, naturally provoke the worst parts of others, and so invite danger while blinding him to its approach ; till at length all things within and around are made ripe for his upsetting and ruin ; and, while he is exultingly spreading

snares for the Cardinal, he is himself caught and crushed with the strong toils of that master-hand.

Next, we have the patient and saintly Catharine sitting in state with the King, all that she would ask being granted ere she asks it ; sharing half his power, and appearing most worthy of it when most free to use it. She sees blessings flowing from her hand to the people, and the honour and happiness of the nation reviving as she pleads for them ; and her state seems secure, because it stands on nothing but virtue, and she seeks nothing but the good of all within her reach. Yet even now the King is cherishing in secret the passion that has already supplanted her from his heart, and his sinister craft is plotting the means of divorcing her from his side, and at the same time weaving about her such a net of intrigue as may render her very strength and beauty of character powerless in her behalf ; so that before she feels the meditated wrong all chance of redress is foreclosed, and she is left with no defence but the sacredness of her sorrows.

Then we have the overgreat Cardinal, who, in his plenitude of inward forces, has cut his way and carried himself upward over whatever offered to stop him. He walks most securely when dangers are thickest about him ; and is sure to make his purpose so long as there is any thing to hinder him ; because he has the gift of turning all that would thwart him into the ministry of a new strength. His cunning hand quietly gathers in the elements of power, because he best knows how to use it, and wherein the secret of it lies : he has the King for his pupil and dependant because his magic of tongue is never at a loss for just the right word at just the right time. By his wisdom and eloquence he assuages Henry's lawless tempers, and charms his headstrong caprice into prudent and prosperous courses, and thus gets the keep-

ing of his will. That he can always sweeten the devil out of the King, and hold him to the right, is hardly to be supposed ; but even when such is not the case he still holds the King to him by his executive ability and art in putting the wrong smoothly through. His very power, however, of rising against all opposers serves, apparently, but to aggravate and assure his fall, when there is no further height for him to climb ; and at last, through his own mere oversight and oblivion, he loses all, from his having no more to gain.

Yet in all these cases, inasmuch as the persons have their strength inherent, and not adventitious, therefore they carry it with them in their reverses ; or rather, in seeming to lose it, they augment it. For it is then seen, as it could not be before, that the greatness which was in their circumstances served to obscure that which was in themselves. Buckingham is something more and better than the gifted and accomplished nobleman, when he stands before us unpropped and simply as "poor Edward Bohun" ; his innate nobility being then set free, and his mind falling back upon its naked self for the making good his title to respect. Wolsey, also, towers far above the all-performing and all-powerful Cardinal and Chancellor who "bore his blushing honours thick upon him," when, stripped of every thing that fortune and favour can give or take away, he bestows his great mind in parting counsel upon Cromwell ; when he comes, "an old man broken with the storms of State," to beg "a little earth for charity" ; and when he has really "felt himself, and found the blessedness of being little."

Nor is the change in our feelings towards these men, after their fall, merely an effect passing within ourselves : it proceeds in part upon a real disclosure of something in them that was before hidden beneath the superinducings of place



and circumstance. Their nobler and better qualities shine out afresh when they are brought low, so that from their fall we learn the true causes of their rising. And because this real and true exaltation springs up naturally in consequence of their fall, therefore it is that from their ruins the authors build "such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow."

### Character of Wolsey.

Wolsey is indeed a superb delineation, strong, subtle, comprehensive, and profound. All the way from his magnificent arrogance at the start to his penetrating and persuasive wisdom on quitting the scene, the space is rich with deep and telling lines of character. The corrupting influences of place and power have stimulated the worser elements of his nature into an usurped predominance: pride, ambition, duplicity, insolence, vindictiveness, a passion for intriguing and circumventing arts, a wilful and elaborate stifling of conscience and pity, confidence in his potency of speech making him reckless of truth and contemptuous of simplicity and purity, — these are the faults, all of gigantic stature, that have got possession of him. When the reverse, so sudden and decisive, overtakes him, its first effect is to render him more truthful. In the great scene, iii. 2, where Norfolk, Suffolk, and Surrey so remorselessly hunt him down with charges and reproaches, his conscience is quickly stung into resurgence; with clear eye he begins to see, in their malice and their ill-mannered exultation at his fall, a reflection of his own moral features, and with keen pangs of remorse he forthwith goes to searching and hating and despising in himself the things that show so hateful and so mean in his enemies; and their envenomed taunts have the effect rather of composing his

mind than of irritating it. To be sure, he at first stings back again ; but in his upworkings of anger his long-dormant honesty is soon awakened, and this presently calms him.

His repentance, withal, is hearty and genuine, and not a mere exercise in self-cozenage, or a fit of self-commiseration : as he takes all his healthy vigour and clearness of understanding into the process, so he is carried through a real renovation of the heart and rejuvenescence of the soul : his former sensibility of principle, his early faith in truth and right, which had been drugged to sleep with the high-wines of state and pomp, revive ; and with the solid sense and refreshment of having triumphed over his faults and put down his baser self, his self-respect returns ; and he now feels himself stronger with the world against him than he had been with the world at his beck. As the first practical fruit of all this, and the best proof of his earnestness in it, he turns away his selfishness, and becomes generous, preferring another's welfare and happiness to his own : for so he bids Cromwell fly from him, and bestow his services where the benefits thereof will fall to the doer ; whereas a selfish man in such a case would most of all repine at losing the aid and comfort of a cherished and trusted servant. Finally, in his parting counsel to Cromwell, there is a home-felt calmness and energy of truth, such as assures us that the noble thoughts and purposes, the deep religious wisdom, which launched him, and for some time kept with him, in his great career, have been reborn within him, and are far sweeter to his taste than they were before he had made trial of their contraries. No man could speak such words as the following, unless his whole soul were in them :

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,

The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?  
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee :  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's : then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr.

### Queen Catharine.

The delineation of Catharine differs from the two foregoing, in that she maintains the same simple, austere, and solid sweetness of mind and manners through all the changes of fortune. Yet she, too, rises by her humiliation, and is made perfect by suffering, if not in herself, at least to us ; for it gives her full sway over those deeper sympathies which are necessary to a just appreciation of the profound and venerable beauty of her character. She is mild, meek, and discreet ; and the harmonious blending of these qualities with her high Castilian pride gives her a very peculiar charm. Therewithal she is plain in mind and person ; has neither great nor brilliant parts ; and of this she is fully aware, for she knows herself thoroughly : but she is nevertheless truly great, — and this is the one truth about her which she does not know, — from the symmetry and composure wherein all the elements of her being stand and move together : so that she presents a remarkable instance of greatness in the whole, with the absence of it in the parts. How clear and exact her judgment and discrimination ! yet we scarce know whence it comes, or how. From the first broaching of the divorce, she knows the thing is all a foregone conclusion with the King ; she is also in full possession of the secret why it is so : she feels her utter helpless-

ness, being, as she is, in a land of strangers, with a capricious tyrant for the party against her, so that no man will dare to befriend her cause with honest heartiness; that no trial there to be had can be any thing but a mockery of justice, for the sole purpose will be to find arguments in support of what is predetermined, and to set a face of truth on a body of falsehood: she has no way therefore but to take care of her own cause; her only help lies in being true to herself; and indeed the modest, gentle, dignified wisdom with which she schools herself to meet the crisis is worth a thousand-fold more than all the defences that any learning and ingenuity and eloquence could frame in her behalf.

Her power over our better feelings is in no small degree owing to the impression we take, that she sees through her husband perfectly, yet never in the least betrays to him, and hardly owns to herself, what mean and hateful qualities she knows or feels to be in him. It is not possible to over-state her simple artlessness of mind; while nevertheless her simplicity is of such a texture as to be an overmatch for all the unscrupulous wiles by which she is beset. Her betrayers, with all their mazy craft, can neither keep from her the secret of their thoughts nor turn her knowledge of it into any blemish of her innocence; nor is she less brave to face their purpose than penetrating to discover it. And when her resolution is fixed, that "nothing but death shall e'er divorce her dignities," it is not, and we feel it is not, that she holds the accidents of her position for one iota more than they are worth; but that these are to her the necessary symbols of her honour as a wife, and the inseparable garments of her delicacy as a woman; and as such they have so grown in with her life, that she cannot survive the parting with them; to say nothing of how they are bound up with her sentiments

of duty, of ancestral reverence, and of self-respect. Moreover many hard, hard trials have made her conscious of her sterling virtue : she has borne too much, and borne it too well, to be ignorant of what she is and how much better things she has deserved ; she knows, as she alone can know, that patience has had its perfect work with her : and this knowledge of her solid and true worth, so sorely tried, so fully proved, enhances to her sense the insult and wrong that are put upon her, making them eat like rust into her soul.

One instance deserves special noting, where, by the peculiar use of a single word, the authors well illustrate how Catharine “guides her words with discretion,” and at the same time make her suggest the long, hard trial of temper and judgment which she has undergone. It is in her dialogue with the two Cardinals, when they visit her at Bridewell :

Bring me a constant woman to her husband,  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour, — *a great patience.*

How much more is here understood than is expressed ! By the cautious and well-guarded but pregnant hint conveyed in the last three words, the mind is thrown back upon the long course of trials she has suffered, and still kept her suffering secret, lest the knowledge thereof should defeat the cherished hope of her heart ; with what considerate forbearance and reserve she has struggled against the worst parts of her husband's character ; how she has wisely ignored his sins against herself, that so she might still keep alive in him a seed of grace and principle of betterment ; thus endeavouring by conscientious art to make the best out of his strong but hard and selfish nature. Yet all this is so intimated as not to compromise at all the apprehensive delicacy which befits her relation to him, and belongs to her character.

The scope of this suggestion is well shown by a passage in the *Life of Wolsey*, referring to things that took place some time before the divorce was openly mooted. The writer is speaking of Anne Boleyn: "After she knew the King's pleasure and the bottom of his secret stomach, then she began to look very haughty and stout, lacking no manner of jewels and rich apparel that might be gotten for money. It was therefore judged by-and-by through the Court of every man, that she being in such favour might work masteries with the King, and obtain any suit of him for her friend. All this while, it is no doubt but good Queen Catharine, having this gentlewoman daily attending upon her, both heard by report and saw with her eyes how it framed against her good ladyship: although she showed neither unto Mistress Anne Boleyn nor unto the King any kind or spark of grudge or displeasure; but accepted all things in good part, and with wisdom and great patience dissembled the same, having Mistress Anne in more estimation, for the King's sake, than she was before."

Catharine in her seclusion, and discrowned of all but her honour and her sorrow, is one of the authors' noblest and sweetest deliverances. She there leads a life of homely simplicity. Always beautiful on the throne, in her humiliation she is more beautiful still. She carries to the place no grudge or resentment or bitterness towards any; nothing but faith, hope, and charity; a touching example of womanly virtue and gentleness; hourly in Heaven for her enemies; her heart garrisoned with "the peace that passeth all understanding." Candid and plain herself, she loves and honours plainness and candour in others; and it seems a positive relief to her to hear the best spoken that can be of the fallen great man who did more than all the rest to

work her fall. Her calling the messenger "a saucy fellow," who breaks in so abruptly upon her, discloses just enough of human weakness to make us feel that she is not quite an angel yet ; and in her death-scene we have the divinest notes of a "soul by resignation sanctified."

### **Delineation of Henry.**

The portrait of the King, all the circumstances considered in which it was drawn, is a very remarkable piece of work, being no less true to the original than politic as regards the authors : for the cause which Henry had been made to serve, though against his will, and from the very rampancy of his vices, had rendered it a long and hard process for the nation to see him as he was. The authors keep the worst parts of his character mainly in the background, veiling them withal so adroitly and so transparently as to suggest them to all who are willing to see them : in other words, they do not directly expose or affirm his moral hatefulness, but place it silently in facts, and so make him characterize himself in a way to be felt : nay, they even make the other persons speak good things of him, but at the same time let him refute and reprove their words by his deeds. At all events, the man's hard-hearted and despotic capriciousness is brought to points of easy inference ; yet the matter is carried by the authors with such an air of simplicity as if they were hardly aware of it ; though, when one of the persons is made to say of Henry, "His conscience has crept too near another lady," it is manifest that the authors understood his character perfectly. His little traditional peculiarities of manner, which would be ridiculous, but that his freaky fierceness of temper renders them dreadful ; and his

mixture of hypocrisy and fanaticism, which endeavours to misderive his bad passions from Divine sources, and in the strength of which he is enabled to believe a lie, even while he knows it to be a lie, and because he wishes it true ; — all these things are shown up, without malice indeed, but without mercy too. — Such and so great is the psychagogic refinement displayed in this delineation.

In the whole matter of the divorce, Henry is felt to be acting from motives which he does not avow : already possessed with a criminal passion for which he is lawlessly bent on making a way, he still wants to think he has strong public reasons for the measure, and that religion and conscience are his leading inducements ; and he shows much cunning and ability in pressing these considerations into view : but it is plain enough that he rather tries to persuade himself they are true than really believes them to be so ; though there is no telling how far, in this effort to hide the real cause from the world, he may strangle the sense of it in his own breast. All this, however, rather heightens the meanness than relieves the wickedness of his course. The power or the poison of self-deceit can indeed work wonders ; and in such cases it is often extremely difficult to judge whether a man is wilfully deceiving others or unconsciously deceiving himself : in fact, the two often slide into each other, so as to compound a sort of honest hypocrisy, or a state between belief and not-belief : but Henry wilfully embraces and hugs and holds fast the deceit, and rolls all arguments for it as sweet morsels under his tongue, because it offers a free course for his carnal-mindedness and raging self-will. But the history of his reign after the intellect of Wolsey and the virtue of Catharine were removed is the best commentary on the motives that swayed him at this time ; and there I must leave him.



### Characteristics of Anne.

In the brief delineation of Anne Boleyn there is gathered up the essence of a long story. She is regarded much less for what she is in herself than for the gem that is to proceed from her ; and her character is a good deal screened by the purpose of her introduction, though not so much but that it peeps significantly through. With little in her of a positive nature one way or the other ; with hardly any legitimate object-matter of respect or confidence, she appears notwithstanding a rather amiable person ; possessed with a girlish fancy and hankering for the vanities and glitterings of state, but having no sense of its duties and dignities. She has a kindly heart, but is so void of womanly principle and delicacy as to be from the first evidently elated by those royal benevolences which to any just sensibility of honour would minister nothing but humiliation and shame. She has a real and true pity for the good Queen, which however goes altogether on false grounds ; and she betrays by the very terms of it an eager and uneasy longing after what she scarcely more fears than hopes the Queen is about to lose. As for the true grounds and sources of Catharine's noble sorrow, she strikes vastly below these, and this in such a way as to indicate an utter inability to reach or conceive them. Thus the effect of her presence is to set off and enhance that deep and solid character of whose soul truth is not so much a quality as the very substance and essential form ; and who, from the serene and steady light thence shining within her, much rather than from acuteness or strength of intellect, is enabled to detect the duplicity and serpentine policy which are playing their engines about her. For this thorough integrity of heart, this perfect truth in the inward parts, is as

hard to be deceived as it is incapable of deceiving. I can well imagine that, with those of the audience who had any knowledge in English history, — and many of them no doubt had much, — the delineation of Anne, broken off as it is at the height of her fortune, must have sent their thoughts forward to reflect how the self-same levity of character, which lifted her into Catharine's place, soon afterwards drew upon herself a far more sudden and terrible reverse. And indeed some such thing may be needful, to excuse the authors for not carrying out the truth of history from seed-time to harvest, or at least indicating the consummation of that whereof they so faithfully unfold the beginnings.

The moral effect of this play as a whole is very impressive and very just. And the lesson evolved, so far as it admits of general statement, may be said to stand in showing how sorrow makes sacred the wearer, and how, to our human feelings, suffering, if borne with true dignity and strength of soul, covers a multitude of sins; or, to carry out the point with more special reference to Catharine, it consists, as Mrs. Jameson observes, in illustrating how, by the union of perfect truth with entire benevolence of character, a queen, and a heroine of tragedy, though "stripped of all the pomp of place and circumstance," and without any of "the usual sources of poetical interest, as youth, beauty, grace, fancy, commanding intellect, could depend on the moral principle alone to touch the very springs of feeling in our bosoms, and melt and elevate our hearts through the purest and holiest impulses."

# KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.	Sir NICHOLAS VAUX.
THOMAS WOLSEY, Cardinal.	CROMWELL, Servant to Wolsey.
CAMPEIUS, Cardinal, and Legate.	GRIFFITH, Gentleman - Usher to
CAPUCIUS, Ambassador from the	Queen Catharine.
Emperor Charles V.	BUTTS, Physician to the King.
THOMAS CRANMER, Archbishop of	Secretaries to Wolsey. Garter, King-
Canterbury.	at-Arms.
HOWARD, Duke of Norfolk.	Surveyor to Buckingham.
STAFFORD, Duke of Buckingham.	BRANDON, and a Sergeant-at-Arms.
BRANDON, Duke of Suffolk.	Door-Keeper of the Council-Cham-
THOMAS HOWARD, Earl of Surrey.	ber. A Crier.
LORD CHAMBERLAIN.	Page to Gardiner.
LORD CHANCELLOR.	A Porter, and his Man.
GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester.	
LONGLAND, Bishop of Lincoln.	CATHARINE OF ARRAGON, Wife to
NEVILLE, Lord Abergavenny.	King Henry.
WILLIAM LORD SANDS.	ANNE BOLEYN, her Maid of Honour.
Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.	An old Lady, Friend to Anne Boleyn.
Sir THOMAS LOVELL.	PATIENCE, Woman to Queen Cath-
Sir ANTHONY DENNY.	arine.

Several Bishops, Lords, and Ladies in the Dumb-Shows; Women attending on the Queen; Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

SCENE. — *Chiefly in London and Westminster; once at Kimbolton.*

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## PROLOGUE.

I come no more to make you laugh : things now,  
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,  
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,

Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow,  
We now present. Those that can pity, here  
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear ;  
The subject will deserve it. Such as give  
Their money out of hope they may believe,  
May here find truth too. Those that come to see  
Only a show or two, and so agree  
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,  
I'll undertake may see away their shilling  
Richly in two short hours. Only they  
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,  
A noise of targets, or to see a fellow  
In a long motley coat guarded<sup>1</sup> with yellow,  
Will be deceived ; for, gentle hearers, know,  
To rank our chosen truth with such a show  
As Fool and fight is, besides forfeiting  
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring  
Or make, — that only truth we now intend, —  
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.<sup>2</sup>  
Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you're known  
The first and happiest<sup>3</sup> hearers of the town,  
Be sad, as we would make ye : think ye see  
The very persons of our history

<sup>1</sup> This long motley coat was the usual badge dress of the professional Fool. — *Guarded* is *faced* or *trimmed*. See *The Merchant*, page 111, note 30.

<sup>2</sup> This seems to imply a reference to what, as shown in the preface, there is good reason for thinking to have been originally the first title of the play. For by advertising the play under the title *All is True* the authors would naturally beget an *opinion* or *expectation* of truth in what was to be shown ; which opinion or expectation would be forfeited or destroyed by the course in question.

<sup>3</sup> *Happy* is here used for *propitious*, or *favourable*, which is one of the senses of the corresponding Latin word *felix*.

As they were living ; think you see them great,  
And follow'd with the general throng and sweat  
Of thousand friends ; then, in a moment, see  
How soon this mightiness meets misery :  
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say  
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I. — *London. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter, on one side, the Duke of NORFOLK ; on the other, the Duke of BUCKINGHAM and the Lord ABERGAVENNY.*<sup>1</sup>

*Buck.* Good morrow, and well met. How have ye done  
Since last we saw<sup>2</sup> in France ?

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Howard, the present Duke of Norfolk, is the same person who figures as Earl of Surrey in *King Richard III.* His father's rank and titles, having been lost by the part he took with Richard, were restored to him by Henry VIII. in 1514, soon after his great victory over the Scots at Flodden. His wife was Anne, third daughter of Edward IV., and so, of course, aunt to the King. He died in 1525, and was succeeded by his son Thomas, Earl of Surrey. The Poet, however, continues them as duke and earl to the end of the play ; at least he does not distinguish between them and their successors. — Edward Stafford, the Buckingham of this play, was son to Henry, the Buckingham of *King Richard III.* The father's titles and estates, having been declared forfeit and confiscate by Richard, were restored to the son by Henry VII. in the first year of his reign, 1485. In descent, in wealth, and in personal gifts, the latter was the most illustrious nobleman in the Court of Henry VIII. In the record of his arraignment and trial he is termed, says Holinshed, " the floure and mirror of all courtesie." His oldest daughter, Elizabeth, was married to the Earl of Surrey ; Mary, his youngest, to George Neville, Lord Abergavenny.

<sup>2</sup> That is, " since last we saw *each other.*" or *met.* So in *Cymbeline*, i. 1 :

*Nor.* I thank your Grace,  
Healthful ; and ever since a fresh admirer  
Of what I saw there.

*Buck.* An untimely ague  
Stay'd me a prisoner in my chamber, when  
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,  
Met in the vale of Andren.

*Nor.* 'Twixt Guines and Arde.<sup>3</sup>  
I was then present, saw them salute on horseback ;  
Beheld them, when they 'lighted, how they clung  
In their embracement, as <sup>4</sup> they grew together ;  
Which had they, what four throned ones could have weigh'd  
Such a compounded one ?

*Buck.* All the whole time  
I was my chamber's prisoner.

*Nor.* Then you lost  
The view of earthly glory : men might say,  
Till this time pomp was single, but now married  
To one above itself. Each following day  
Became the last day's master, till the next  
Made former wonders its :<sup>5</sup> to-day, the French,  
All clinquant,<sup>6</sup> all in gold, like heathen gods,

"When shall we *see* again ?" — "How have ye *done* ?" answers precisely to our phrase, "How have you *been* ?" though we still say, "How do you *do* ?"

<sup>3</sup> *Guynes* and *Arde* are the names of two towns in Picardy, where the English and French respectively set up their tents and pavilions. *Andren* is the name of a valley between them, where the two Kings met.

<sup>4</sup> *As for as if* ; a common usage.

<sup>5</sup> *Its for its own*. Each later day mastered, that is, surpassed or outdid, the one before it, and was itself in turn outdone by the next day ; which next seemed to carry in its hand the splendours of all the days preceding.

<sup>6</sup> *Clinquant* is commonly explained here as meaning *glittering, shining*. Richardson says it is used "for the *jingling* noise of the ornaments" ; which is certainly the usual sense of the word.

Shone down the English ; and, to-morrow, they  
Made Britain India ; every man that stood  
Show'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were  
As cherubins, all gilt : the madams too,  
Not used to toil, did almost sweat to bear  
The pride upon them, that<sup>7</sup> their very labour  
Was to them as a painting : now this masque  
Was cried incomparable ; and th' ensuing night  
Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,  
Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,  
As presence did present them ; him in eye,  
Still him in praise : and, being present both,  
'Twas said they saw but one ; and no discerners  
Durst wag his tongue in censure.<sup>8</sup> When these suns —  
For so they phrase 'em — by their heralds challenged  
The noble spirits to arms, they did perform  
Beyond thought's compass ; that former fabulous story,  
Being now seen possible enough, got credit,  
That Bevis<sup>9</sup> was believed.

*Buck.*

O, you go far.

*Nor.* As I belong to worship, and affect  
In honour honesty, the tract<sup>10</sup> of every thing

<sup>7</sup> *That for so that or insomuch that* ; a very frequent usage. — Of course the meaning of what follows is, that their labour put colour into their cheeks. — *Pride*, here, is splendour of dress or adornment.

<sup>8</sup> No discriminating observer durst express an *opinion* as to which made the finest appearance. This use of *censure* occurs often.

<sup>9</sup> The old romantic legend of *Bevis of Hampton*. This Bevis, a Saxon, was for his prowess created Earl of Southampton by William the Conqueror.

<sup>10</sup> *Tract* here has the sense, apparently, of *course*, *process*, or *trace*. Johnson explains the passage thus : "The course of these triumphs and pleasures, however well related, must lose in the description part of the spirit and energy which were expressed in the real action." — To "belong to worship" was to be in the rank of gentleman, or of the *gentry*. So "your

Would by a good discourser lose some life,  
Which action's self was tongue to. All was royal;  
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;  
Order gave each thing view; the office did  
Distinctly his full function.

*Buck.* Who did guide,  
I mean, who set the body and the limbs  
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

*Nor.* One, certes, that promises no element<sup>11</sup>  
In such a business.

*Buck.* I pray you, who, my lord?

*Nor.* All this was order'd by the good discretion  
Of the right-reverend Cardinal of York.

*Buck.* The Devil speed him! no man's pie is freed  
From his ambitious finger. What had he  
To do in these fierce<sup>12</sup> vanities? I wonder  
That such a keech<sup>13</sup> can with his very bulk

*Worship* was a common title of deference, though not so high as "your Honour." — To *affect* a thing, as the word is here used, is to crave or desire it, to aspire to it, to have a passion for it.

<sup>11</sup> *Element* here is commonly explained to mean the *first principles* or *rudiments of knowledge*. Is it not rather used in the same sense as when we say of any one, that he is out of his *element*? From Wolsey's calling, they would no more think he could be at home in such matters, than a fish could swim in the air, or a bird fly in the water. — *Certes*, meaning *certainly*, is here a monosyllable. In some other places the Poet uses it as a dissyllable.

<sup>12</sup> This use of *fierce* in the sense of *excessive*, or nearly that, is common in the old writers, and is sometimes met with in those of later date. Shakespeare has it repeatedly. So in *Cymbeline*, v. 5: "This *fierce* abridgement hath to it circumstantial branches, which distinction should be rich in." Also in *Hamlet*, i. 1: "And even the like precurse of *fierce* events."

<sup>13</sup> A round lump of fat. It has been thought that there was some allusion here to the Cardinal's being reputed the son of a butcher. We have "Goodwife *Keech*, the butcher's wife," mentioned by Dame Quickly in *2 Henry IV.*, ii. 1. — In the next line, *beneficial* is used for *beneficent*. Walker



Take up the rays o' the beneficial Sun,  
And keep it from the Earth.

*Nor.*

Surely, sir,

There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends ;  
For, being not propp'd by ancestry, whose grace  
Chalks successors their way ; nor call'd upon  
For high feats done to th' crown ; neither allied  
To eminent assistants ; but, spider-like,  
Out of's self-drawing web, he gives us note  
The force of his own merit makes his way ;  
A gift that Heaven gives ; which buys for him  
A place next to the King.

*Aber.*

I cannot tell

What Heaven hath given him, — let some graver eye  
Pierce into that ; but I can see his pride  
Peep through each part of him : whence has he that ?  
If not from Hell, the Devil is a niggard ;  
Or has given all before, and he begins  
A new hell in himself.

*Buck.*

Why the Devil,

Upon this French going-out, took he upon him,  
Without the privity o' the King, t' appoint  
Who should attend on him ? He makes up the file  
Of all the gentry ; <sup>14</sup> for the most part such  
To whom as great a charge as little honour  
He meant to lay upon ; <sup>15</sup> and his own letter,

notes upon it thus : " It is to be observed that the words *benefit* and *beneficial*, in our old writers, almost uniformly involve the idea of a *benefactor*, which has since been dropped, except in cases where the context implies that idea, e.g., *conferring* or *receiving a benefit*."

<sup>14</sup> The *file* is the *list*, *roll*, or *schedule*.

<sup>15</sup> This use of *to* and *upon* may be merely a doubling of prepositions, such as occurs repeatedly in Shakespeare ; but is, more likely, an instance

The honourable board of Council out,  
Must fetch him in he papers.<sup>16</sup>

*Aber.*

I do know

Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have  
By this so sicken'd their estates, that never  
They shall abound as formerly.

*Buck.*

O, many

Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em  
For this great journey.<sup>17</sup> What did this vanity  
But minister communication of  
A most poor issue?<sup>18</sup>

*Nor.*

Grievingly I think,

The peace between the French and us not values  
The cost that did conclude it.

*Buck.*

Every man,

After the hideous storm that follow'd, was  
A thing inspired; and, not consulting, broke  
Into a general prophecy, that this tempest,

of pretty bold ellipsis; the sense being, "To whom *he* gave as great a charge as he meant to lay upon *them* little honour."

<sup>16</sup> His own letter, by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the Council, *must fetch him in whom he papers down*. Wolsey drew up a list of the several persons whom he had appointed to attend on the King at this interview, and addressed his letters to them.

<sup>17</sup> "In the interview at Andren," says Lingard, "not only the two kings, but also their attendants, sought to surpass each other in the magnificence of their dress, and the display of their riches. Of the French nobility it was said that many *carried their whole estates on their backs*: among the English the Duke of Buckingham ventured to express his marked disapprobation of a visit which had led to so much useless expense."

<sup>18</sup> That is, serve for the reporting or proclaiming of a paltry, worthless result; somewhat like the homely phrase, "Great cry, and little wool." Staunton, however, explains it thus: "But furnish *discourse* on the poverty of its result. *Communication* in the sense of *talk* or *discourse* is found repeatedly in the writers of Shakespeare's time."

Dashing the garment of this peace, aboded  
The sudden breach on't.<sup>19</sup>

*Nor.* Which is budded out ;  
For France hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd  
Our merchants' goods at Bourdeaux.

*Aber.* Is it therefore  
Th' ambassador is silenced ?<sup>20</sup>

*Nor.* Marry, is't.

*Aber.* A proper title of a peace ;<sup>21</sup> and purchased  
At a superfluous rate !

*Buck.* Why, all this business  
Our reverend Cardinal carried.

*Nor.* Like't your Grace,<sup>22</sup>  
The State takes notice of the private difference  
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you, —  
And take it from a heart that wishes towards you  
Honour and plenteous safety, — that you read  
The Cardinal's malice and his potency  
Together ; to consider further, that  
What his high hatred would effect wants not  
A minister in his power. You know his nature,  
That he's revengeful ; and I know his sword  
Hath a sharp edge : it's long, and, 't may be said,  
It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,  
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,

<sup>19</sup> So in Holinshed : " On Mondaie the eighteenth of June was such an hideous storme of winde and weather, that manie conjectured it did prognosticate trouble and hatred shortlie after to follow betweene princes." — *Aboded* is *foreboded* or *prognosticated*.

<sup>20</sup> Silenced in his official capacity ; that is, *refused a hearing*.

<sup>21</sup> " A fine thing indeed, to be honoured with the title or name of a peace ! "

<sup>22</sup> " *Please* it your Grace," or, " *May it please* your Grace." This use of the verb to *like* occurs very often in Elizabethan English.

You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock  
That I advise your shunning.

*Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, the purse borne before him ; certain  
of the Guard, and two Secretaries with papers. The Car-  
dinal in his passage fixes his eye on BUCKINGHAM, and  
BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.*

*Wol.* The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor, ha?  
Where's his examination?

*1 Secr.* Here, so please you.

*Wol.* Is he in person ready?

*1 Secr.* Ay, please your Grace.

*Wol.* Well, we shall then know more ; and Buckingham  
Shall lessen this big look. [*Exeunt WOLSEY and Train.*]

*Buck.* This butcher's cur<sup>23</sup> is venom-mouth'd, and I  
Have not the power to muzzle him ; therefore best  
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book  
Outworths a noble's blood.<sup>24</sup>

*Nor.* What, are you chafed?

<sup>23</sup> There was a tradition that Wolsey was the son of a butcher. But his father, as hath been ascertained from his will, was a burgess of considerable wealth, having "lands and tenements in Ipswich, and free and bond lands in Stoke"; which, at that time, would hardly consist with such a trade. Holinshed, however, says, "This Thomas Wolsie was a *poore man's sonne* of Ipswich, and there born, and, being but a child, verie apt to be learned: by his parents he was conveied to the universitie of Oxenford, where he shortlie prospered so in learning, as he was made bachellor of art when he passed not fifteen years of age, and was called most commonlie thorough the universitie the boie bachellor."

<sup>24</sup> It was natural at that time that Buckingham, though himself a man of large and liberal attainments, should speak with disdain of learned poverty in comparison with noble blood. *Book* is here put for *learning*. So in *2 Henry VI.*, iv. 7: "Because my *book* preferred me to the King"; *preferred* in its old sense of *recommended*.

Ask God for temperance ;<sup>25</sup> that's th' appliance only  
Which your disease requires.

*Buck.* I read in's looks  
Matter against me ; and his eye reviled  
Me, as his abject object : at this instant  
He bores me with some trick : <sup>26</sup> he's gone to th' King ;  
I'll follow, and outstare him.

*Nor.* Stay, my lord,  
And let your reason with your choler question  
What 'tis you go about : to climb steep hills  
Requires slow pace at first : anger is like  
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,  
Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England  
Can advise me like you : be to yourself  
As you would to your friend.

*Buck.* I'll to the King ;  
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down  
This Ipswich fellow's insolence ; or proclaim  
There's difference in no persons.

*Nor.* Be advised ; <sup>27</sup>  
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot  
That it do singe yourself : we may outrun,  
By violent swiftness, that which we run at,  
And lose by over-running. Know you not,  
The fire that mounts the liquor till't run o'er,  
In seeming to augment it wastes it ? Be advised :  
I say again, there is no English soul

<sup>25</sup> *Temperance* in the classical sense of moderation, self-command, or self-restraint. Repeatedly so.

<sup>26</sup> Meaning, " he stabs or wounds me by some artifice."

<sup>27</sup> *Be advised* is *bethink* yourself, that is, use your judgment, or be considerate. Often so.

More stronger to direct you than yourself,  
If with the sap of reason you would quench,  
Or but allay, the fire of passion.

*Buck.*

Sir,

I'm thankful to you ; and I'll go along  
By your prescription : but this top-proud<sup>28</sup> fellow, —  
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but  
From sincere motions,<sup>29</sup> — by intelligence,  
And proofs as clear as founts in Júly, when  
We see each grain of gravel, I do know  
To be corrupt and treasonous.

*Nor.*

Say not, treasonous.

*Buck.* To th' King I'll say't ; and make my vouch as  
strong

As shore of rock. Attend. This holy fox,  
Or wolf, or both, — for he is equal ravenous  
As he is subtle, and as prone to mischief  
As able to perform't ; his mind and place  
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally, —  
Only to show his pomp as well in France  
As here at home, suggests<sup>30</sup> the King our master  
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,  
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass  
Did break i' the rinsing.

*Nor.*

Faith, and so it did.

*Buck.* Pray, give me favour, sir. This cunning Cardinal  
The articles o' the combination drew  
As himself pleased ; and they were ratified

<sup>28</sup> *Top-proud* is *superlatively* proud, or *over-topping* all others in pride  
So the Poet often uses the verb to *top* for to *surpass*.

<sup>29</sup> " Whom I speak of, not in *malice*, but from just and candid *motives*."

<sup>30</sup> To *prompt*, to *move*, to *incite* are among the old senses of to *suggest*.

As he cried, *Thus let he* : to as much end  
As give a crutch to th' dead : but our Court-Cardinal  
Has done this, and 'tis well ; for Worthy Wolsey,  
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows, —  
Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy  
To th' old dam, treason, — Charles the Emperor,  
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,  
(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came  
To whisper Wolsey,) here makes visitation :  
His fears were, that the interview betwixt  
England and France might, through their amity,  
Breed him some prejudice ; for from this league  
Peep'd harms that menaced him : he privily  
Deals with our Cardinal ; and, as I trow, —  
Which I do well ; for, I am sure, the Emperor  
Paid ere he promised ; whereby his suit was granted  
Ere it was ask'd ; — but, when the way was made,  
And paved with gold, the Emperor then desired  
That he would please to alter the King's course,  
And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know —  
As soon he shall by me — that thus the Cardinal  
Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,  
And for his own advantage.

*Nor.*

I am sorry

To hear this of him ; and could wish he were  
Something mistaken<sup>31</sup> in't.

*Buck.*

No, not a syllable :

I do pronounce him in that very shape  
He shall appear in proof.

<sup>31</sup> Not that he had made a mistake, but that others mistook, or were mistaken, in regard to him ; *misunderstood*.

*Enter BRANDON, a Sergeant-at-arms before him, and two or three of the Guard.*

*Bran.* Your office, sergeant ; execute it.

*Serg.*

Sir,

My lord the Duke of Buckingham and Earl  
Of Hereford, Stafford, and Northampton, I  
Arrest thee of high treason, in the name  
Of our most sovereign King.

*Buck.* Lo, you, my lord,  
The net has fall'n upon me ! I shall perish  
Under device and practice.

*Bran.* I am sorry,  
To see<sup>32</sup> you ta'en from liberty, to look on  
The business present : 'tis his Highness' pleasure  
You shall to th' Tower.

*Buck.* It will help me nothing  
To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me  
Which makes my whitest part black. The will of Heaven  
Be done in this and all things ! I obey. —  
O my Lord Aberga'ny, fare you well !

*Bran.* Nay, he must bear you company. — [*To ABERGA-*  
*VENNY.*] The King  
Is pleased you shall to th' Tower, till you know  
How he determines further.

*Aber.* As the duke said,  
The will of Heaven be done, and the King's pleasure

<sup>32</sup> An obscure passage ; but *to see* is an instance of the infinitive used gerundively. So that the meaning comes something thus : "*In seeing* you deprived of freedom, I regret to be present on this occasion" ; or, as Staunton words it, " I am sorry, since it is to see you deprived of liberty, that I am a witness of this business." See *Hamlet*, page 169, note 1. — The arrest of Buckingham took place April 16, 1521.



By me obey'd !

*Bran.* Here is a warrant from  
The King t' attach Lord Montacute ;<sup>33</sup> and the bodies  
Of the duke's cónfessor, John de la Car,  
And Gilbert Peck, his chancellor, —

*Buck.* So, so ;  
These are the limbs o' the plot : no more, I hope.

*Bran.* — A monk o' the Chartreux.

*Buck.* O, Nicholas Hopkins?

*Bran.* He.

*Buck.* My súrveyor is false ; the o'er-great Cardinal  
Hath show'd him gold ; my life is spann'd<sup>34</sup> already :  
I am the shadow of poor Buckingham,  
Whose figure even this instant cloud puts out  
By darkening my clear sun.<sup>35</sup> — My lord, farewell. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>33</sup> This was Henry Pole, grandson to George Duke of Clarence, and eldest brother to Cardinal Pole. He had married Lord Abergavenny's daughter. Though restored to favour at this juncture, he was executed for another alleged treason in this reign.

<sup>34</sup> Is *measured*, the end of it determined. Man's life is said in Scripture to be but a *span* long.

<sup>35</sup> "Stripped of my titles and possessions, I am but the shadow of what I was; and even this poor figure or shadow a cloud this very instant puts out, reduces to nothing, by darkening my son of life." — *Instant* is *passing* or *present*. We have a like expression in Greene's *Dorastus and Fawnia*, upon which *The Winter's Tale* was partly founded: "Fortune, envious of such happie succeſſe, turned her wheele, and *darkened their bright sunne* of prosperitie with the mistie *clouds* of mishap and miserie."

SCENE II. — *The Same. The Council-Chamber.*

*Cornets. Enter King HENRY, Cardinal WOLSEY, the Lords of the Council, Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Officers, and Attendants. The King enters leaning on the Cardinal's shoulder.*

*King.* My life itself, and the best heart of it,  
Thanks you for this great care : I stood i' the level  
Of a full-charged confederacy, and give thanks  
To you that choked it. — Let be call'd before us  
That gentleman of Buckingham's : in person  
I'll hear him his confessions justify ;  
And point by point the treasons of his master  
He shall again relate.

*[The King takes his state. The Lords of the Council take their several places. The Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his right side.]*

*A Noise within, crying Room for the Queen ! Enter Queen CATHARINE, ushered by the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK : she kneels. The King rises from his state, takes her up, kisses and places her by his side.*

*Cath.* Nay, we must longer kneel : I am a suitor.

*King.* Arise, and take place by us : half your suit  
Never name to us ; you have half our power :  
The other moiety, ere you ask, is given ;  
Repeat your will, and take it.

*Cath.* Thank your Majesty.  
That you would love yourself, and in that love  
Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor  
The dignity of your office, is the point  
Of my petition.

*King.* Lady mine, proceed.

*Cath.* I am solicited, not by a few,  
And those of true condition,<sup>1</sup> that your subjects  
Are in great grievance : there have been commissions  
Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart  
Of all their loyalties : — wherein, although,  
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches  
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on<sup>2</sup>  
Of these exactions, yet the King our master, —  
Whose honour Heaven shield from soil ! — even he escapes  
not  
Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks  
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears  
In loud rebellion.

*Nor.* Not almost appears, —  
It doth appear ; for, upon these taxations,  
The clothiers all, not able to maintain  
The many to them 'longing, have put off  
The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers, who,  
Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger  
And lack of other means, in desperate manner  
Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,  
And danger serves among them.

*King.* Taxation !  
Wherein ? and what taxation ? — My Lord Cardinal,  
You that are blamed for it alike with us,  
Know you of this taxation ?

*Wol.* Please you, sir,

<sup>1</sup> Men of *true condition* are men *well disposed*, or men of *loyal tempers*. The use of *condition* in that sense is very frequent.

<sup>2</sup> A *putter-on* is an *instigator*. So to *put on* was often used for to *prompt*, to *incite*, or *instigate*.

I know but of a single part, in aught  
Pertains to th' State ; and front but in that file  
Where others tell <sup>3</sup> steps with me.

*Cath.* No, my lord,  
You know no more than others ; but you frame  
Things that are known alike ; <sup>4</sup> which are not wholesome  
To those which would not know them, and yet must  
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions,  
Whereof my sovereign would have note, they are  
Most pestilent to th' hearing ; and, to bear 'em, <sup>5</sup>  
The back is sacrifice to th' load. They say  
They are devised by you ; or else you suffer  
Too hard an exclamation.

*King.* Still exaction !  
The nature of it ? in what kind, let's know,  
Is this exaction ?

*Cath.* I am much too venturous  
In tempting of your patience ; but am bolden'd  
Under your promised pardon. The subjects' grief  
Comes through commissions, which compel from each  
The sixth part of his substance, to be levied  
Without delay ; and the pretence for this  
Is named, your wars in France : this makes bold mouths :  
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze  
Allegiance in them ; that their curses now  
Live where their prayers did : and it's come to pass,  
That tractable obedience is a slave

<sup>3</sup> To *tell* was used for to *count* ; as in "keep *tally*," still in use.

<sup>4</sup> Are known *in common*. She means, that he *originates* measures, and then gets the Council to *father* them ; so that he has the advantage, and they bear the responsibility.

<sup>5</sup> That is, *in bearing* them. See page 54, note 32.

To each incensèd will.<sup>6</sup> I would your Highness  
Would give it quick consideration, for  
There is no primer business.

*King.* By my life,  
This is against our pleasure.

*Wol.* And for me,  
I have no further gone in this than by  
A single voice ; and that not pass'd me but  
By learnèd approbation of the judges. If I am  
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know  
My faculties nor person, yet will be  
The chronicles of my doing, let me say  
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake  
That virtue must go through. We must not stint  
Our necessary actions, in the fear  
To cope malicious censurers ; which ever,  
As ravenous fishes, do a vessel follow  
That is new-trimm'd, but benefit no further  
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,  
By sick interpreters,<sup>7</sup> or weak ones, is  
Not ours, or not allow'd ; what worst, as oft,  
Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up  
For our best action. If we shall stand still,  
In fear our motion will be mock'd or carp'd at,  
We should take root here where we sit, or sit

<sup>6</sup> The meaning seems to be, that the spirit of obedience *succumbs* or *gives way* to the violence or distemper of individual will.

<sup>7</sup> Heath thinks the epithet *sick* is here used in accordance with the Stoic philosophy, which regarded the passions as so many diseases of the soul. He adds, "By *sick interpreters*, therefore, the Poet intended such as are under the actual influences of envy, hatred, or any other of the malevolent passions." — *Allow'd*, in the next line, is *approved*. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 49, note 29.

State-statues only.

*King.* Things done well,  
And with a care, exempt themselves from fear ;  
Things done without example, in their issue  
Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent  
Of this commission? I believe, not any.  
We must not rend our subjects from our laws,  
And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each?  
A trembling<sup>8</sup> contribution ! Why, we take  
From every tree lop,<sup>9</sup> bark, and part o' the timber ;  
And, though we leave it with a root, thus hack'd,  
The air will drink the sap. To every county  
Where this is question'd send our letters, with  
Free pardon to each man that has denied  
The force of this commission : pray, look to't ;  
I put it to your care.

*Wol.* [*Aside to the Secretary.*] A word with you :  
Let there be letters writ to every shire,  
Of the King's grace and pardon. The griev'd commons  
Hardly conceive of me ; let it be noised  
That through our intercession this revokement  
And pardon comes : I shall anon advise you  
Further in the proceeding. [*Exit Secretary.*]

*Enter Surveyor.*

*Cath.* I'm sorry that the Duke of Buckingham  
Is run in<sup>10</sup> your displeasure.

<sup>8</sup> *Trembling*, if it be the right word here, must be used causatively, that is, in the sense of *dreadful* or *terrible*. The Poet uses divers intransitive verbs in this way, such as *cease*, *fall*, &c.

<sup>9</sup> The *lop* of a tree is the branches, that which is *lopped* or cut off from the timber-part or the trunk.

<sup>10</sup> *In for into* ; the two being often used indiscriminately.

*King.*

It grieves many :

The gentleman is learnèd, and a most rare speaker ;  
To Nature none more bound ; his training such,  
That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,  
And never seek for aid out of himself. Yet see,  
When these so noble benefits shall prove  
Not well disposed, the mind growing once corrupt,  
They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly  
Than ever they were fair. This man so complète,  
Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,  
Almost with listening ravish'd, could not find  
His hour of speech a minute ; he, my lady,  
Hath into monstrous habits put the graces  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in Hell. Sit by us ; you shall hear—  
This was his gentleman in trust — of him  
Things to strike honour sad. — Bid him recount  
The fore-recited practices ; whereof  
We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

*Wol.* Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate what you,  
Most like a careful subject, have collected  
Out of the Duke of Buckingham.

*King.*

Speak freely.

*Surv.* First, it was usual with him, every day  
It would infect his speech, that, if the King  
Should without issue die, he'd carry it so  
To make the sceptre his : these very words  
I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,  
Lord Aberga'ny ; to whom by oath he menaced  
Revenge upon the Cardinal.

*Wol.*

Please your Highness, note  
His dangerous conception in this point.

Not friended by his wish, to your high person  
His will is most malignant ; and it stretches  
Beyond you, to your friends.

*Cath.* My learn'd Lord Cardinal,  
Deliver all with charity.

*King.* Speak on :  
How grounded he his title to the crown,  
Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him  
At any time speak aught?

*Surv.* He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy of Nicholas Hopkins.

*King.* What was that Hopkins?

*Surv.* Sir, a Chartreux friar,  
His confessor ; who fed him every minute  
With words of sovereignty.

*King.* How know'st thou this?

*Surv.* Not long before your Highness sped to France,  
The duke being at the Rose,<sup>11</sup> within the parish  
Saint Lawrence Poultney, did of me demand  
What was the speech among the Londoners  
Concerning the French journey : I replied,  
Men fear'd the French would prove perfidious,  
To the King's danger. Presently the duke  
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed ; and that he doubted<sup>12</sup>  
'Twould prove the verity of certain words  
Spoke by a holy monk ; *that oft*, says he,  
*Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit*  
*John de la Car, my chaplain, a choice hour*

<sup>11</sup> This was "the Manor of the Rose," of which Cunningham, in his *Hand-book of London*, says "a crypt remains between Duck's-foot-lane and Merchant Tailor's School."

<sup>12</sup> Doubted for feared or suspected ; a frequent usage.



*To hear from him a matter of some moment :  
Whom after, under the confession's seal,  
He solemnly had sworn, that what he spoke  
My chaplain to no creature living but  
To me should utter, with demure confidence  
This pausingly ensued : " Neither the King nor's heirs,  
Tell you the duke, shall prosper : bid him strive  
To gain the love o' the commonalty : the duke  
Shall govern England."*

*Cath.* If I know you well,  
You were the duke's surveyor, and lost your office  
On the complaint o' the tenants : take good heed  
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,  
And spoil your nobler soul : I say, take heed ;  
Yes, heartily beseech you.

*King.* Let him on. —  
Go forward.

*Surv.* On my soul, I'll speak but truth.  
I told my lord the duke, by th' Devil's illusions  
The monk might be deceived ; and that 'twas dangerous  
For him to ruminate on this so far, until  
It forged him some design, which, being believed,  
It was much like to do : he answer'd, *Tush,*  
*It can do me no damage ;* adding further,  
That, had the King in his last sickness fail'd,  
The Cardinal's and Sir Thomas Lovell's heads  
Should have gone off.

*King.* Ha ! what, so rank ? Ah-ha !  
There's mischief in this man. — Canst thou say further ?

*Surv.* I can, my liege.

*King.* Proceed.

*Surv.* Being at Greenwich,

After your Highness had reprov'd the duke  
About Sir William Blomer, —

*King.* I remember  
Of such a time : being my servant sworn,  
The duke retain'd him his. — But on ; what hence ?

*Surv.* *If, quoth he, I for this had been committed  
To th' Tower, as I thought, I would have play'd  
The part my father meant to act upon  
Th' usurper Richard ; who, being at Salisbury,  
Made suit to come in's presence ; which if granted,  
As he made semblance of his duty, would  
Have put his knife into him.*

*King.* A giant traitor !

*Vol.* Now, madam, may his Highness live in freedom,  
And this man out of prison ?

*Cath.* God mend all !

*King.* There's something more would out of thee ; what  
say'st ?

*Surv.* After the duke his father, with the knife,  
He stretch'd him, and, with one hand on his dagger,  
Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,  
He did discharge a horrible oath ; whose tenour  
Was, were he evil used, he would outgo  
His father by as much as a performance  
Does an irresolute purpose.

*King.* There's his period,  
To sheathe his knife in us. He is attach'd ;  
Call him to present trial : if he may  
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,  
Let him not seek't of us : by day and night,  
He's traitor to the height.<sup>13</sup>

[*Excunt.*

<sup>13</sup> *By day and night* is simply an adjuration ; not meaning that he is a traitor night and day ; which were a little too flat.

SCENE III. — *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain and Lord SANDS.*<sup>1</sup>

*Cham.* Is't possible the spells of France should juggle  
Men into such strange mysteries?<sup>2</sup>

*Sands.* New customs,  
Though they be never so ridiculous,  
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

*Cham.* As far as I see, all the good our English  
Have got by the late voyage is but merely  
A fit or two o' the face;<sup>3</sup> but they are shrewd ones;  
For, when they hold 'em, you would swear directly  
Their very noses had been counsellors  
To Pepin or Clotharius, they keep state so.

*Sands.* They've all new legs, and lame ones: one would  
take it,  
That never saw 'em pace before, the spavin  
Or springhalt reign'd among 'em.

*Cham.* Death! my lord,  
Their clothes are after such a pagan cut too,  
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom. —

*Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

How now!

What news, Sir Thomas Lovell?

<sup>1</sup> The author places this scene in 1521. Charles Somerset, Earl of Worcester, was then Lord Chamberlain, and continued in the office until his death, in 1526. But Cavendish, from whom this was originally taken, places this event at a later period, when Lord Sands himself was chamberlain. Sir William Sands, of the Vine, near Basingstoke, Hants, was created a peer in 1527. He succeeded the Earl of Worcester as chamberlain.

<sup>2</sup> *Mysteries* are *arts*, and here *artificial* fashions.

<sup>3</sup> *A fit of the face* is a *grimace*, an artificial cast of the countenance.

*Lov.* Faith, my lord,  
I hear of none, but the new proclamation  
That's clapp'd upon the court-gate.

*Cham.* What is't for?

*Lov.* The reformation of our travell'd gallants,  
That fill the Court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

*Cham.* I'm glad 'tis there : now I would pray our mon-  
sieurs  
To think an English courtier may be wise,  
And never see the Louvre.

*Lov.* They must either —  
For so run the conditions — leave those remnants  
Of fool and feather,<sup>4</sup> that they got in France,  
With all their honourable points of ignorance  
Pertaining thereunto, — as fights and fireworks ;  
Abusing better men than they can be,  
Out of a foreign wisdom ; — renouncing clean  
The faith they have in tennis and tall stockings,  
Short blister'd breeches<sup>5</sup> and those types of travel,  
And understand again like honest men ;

<sup>4</sup> The text may receive illustration from Nashe's *Life of Jack Wilton*, 1594: "At that time I was no common squire, no under-trodden torchbearer : I had my feather in my cap as big as a flag in the foretop ; my French doublet gelte in the belly ; a paire of side-paned hose, that hung down like two scales filled with Holland cheeses ; my long stock that sate close to my dock ; my rapier pendant, like a round stick ; my blacke cloake of cloth, overspreading my backe lyke a thornbacke or an elephant's eare ; and, in consummation of my curiositie, my handes without gloves, *all a mode French*." Douce justly observes that Sir Thomas Lovell's is an allusion to the feathers which were formerly worn by Fools in their caps, and which are alluded to in the ballad of *News and no News* : "And feather's wagging in a fool's cap."

<sup>5</sup> This word *blister'd* describes with picturesque humour the appearance of the slashed breeches, covered as they were with little puffs of satin lining which thrust themselves out through the slashes. — GRANT WHITE.

Or pack to their old playfellows : there, I take it,  
They may, *cum privilegio*, wee<sup>6</sup> away  
The lag end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

*Sands.* 'Tis time to give 'em physic, their diseases  
Are grown so catching.

*Cham.* What a loss our ladies  
Will have of these trim vanities !

*Lov.* Ay, marry,  
There will be woe indeed, lords : the sly knaves  
Have got a speeding trick to wheedle ladies ;  
A French song and a fiddle has no fellow.

*Sands.* The Devil fiddle 'em ! I'm glad they're going ;  
For, sure, there's no converting of 'em : now  
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten  
A long time out of play, may bring his plain-song,<sup>7</sup>  
And have an hour of hearing ; and, by'r Lady,  
Held current music too.

*Cham.* Well said, Lord Sands ;  
Your colt's tooth<sup>8</sup> is not cast yet.

*Sands.* No, my lord ;  
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

*Cham.* Sir Thomas,

<sup>6</sup> *Wee* is, I take it, merely an Anglicized spelling of the French *oui*, and is used as a verb. Of course it is meant in ridicule of the trick these Frenchified dandies have caught up of aping French idioms in their talk. — The wit of this scene and the next, though of quite another tang than Shakespeare's, is in Fletcher's liveliest and spiciest vein. See Critical Notes.

<sup>7</sup> *Plain-song* is an old musical term used to denote the simplicity of the chant. His lordship's thought is that, the apish and fantastical embroidery of French manners being put down by royal proclamation, the plain style of old honest English manhood will now stand some chance of being heeded again.

<sup>8</sup> *Colt's-tooth* is an old expression for *youthfulness* generally. The Lord Chamberlain means that Sands has not sown all his *wild oats* yet.

Whither were you a-going?

*Lov.* To the Cardinal's :  
Your lordship is a guest too.

*Cham.* O, 'tis true :  
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,  
To many lords and ladies ; there will be  
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

*Lov.* That churchman<sup>9</sup> bears a bounteous mind indeed,  
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us ;  
His dews fall everywhere.

*Cham.* No doubt he's noble ;  
He had a black mouth that said other of him.

*Sands.* He may, my lord, — 'has wherewithal ; in him  
Sparing would show a worse sin than ill doctrine :  
Men of his way should be most liberal ;  
They're set here for examples.

*Cham.* True, they are so ;  
But few now give so great ones. My barge stays ;<sup>10</sup>  
Your lordship shall along. — Come, good Sir Thomas,  
We shall be late else ; which I would not be,  
For I was spoke to, with Sir Henry Guildford,  
This night to be comptrollers.

*Sands.* I'm your lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> *Churchman* was formerly used as a term of distinction for a priest, or what is now called a *clergyman*.

<sup>10</sup> The speaker is now in the King's palace at *Bridewell*, from whence he is proceeding by water to York-Place.

SCENE IV. — *The Same. The Presence-Chamber in York-Place.*

*Hautboys. A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the Guests. Enter, on one side, ANNE BOLEYN and divers Lords, Ladies, and Gentlewomen, as guests; on the other, enter Sir HENRY GUILDFORD.*

*Guild.* Ladies, a general welcome from his Grace  
Salutes ye all; this night he dedicates  
To fair content and you: none here, he hopes,  
In all this noble bevy,<sup>1</sup> has brought with her  
One care abroad; he would have all as merry  
As feast, good company, good wine, good welcome,  
Can make good people. — O, my lord, you're tardy:

*Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord SANDS, and Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

The very thought of this fair company  
Clapp'd wings to me.

*Cham.* You're young, Sir Harry Guildford. —  
Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? — Sir Harry,  
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this:  
His Grace is entering. — Nay, you must not freeze;  
Two women placed together makes cold weather: —  
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;  
Pray, sit between these ladies.

<sup>1</sup> A *bevy* is a company. In the curious catalogue of "the companies of bestys and foules," in the *Book of St. Albans*, it is said to be the proper term for a company of ladies, of roes, and of quails. Its origin is yet to seek. Spenser has "a *bevy* of ladies bright" in his *Shepherd's Calendar*, and "a lovely *bevy* of faire ladies" in his *Faerie Queene*; and Milton has "a *bevy* of fair dames."

*Sands.* By my faith,  
And thank your lordship. — By your leave, sweet ladies :  
[*Seats himself between ANNE BOLEYN and another Lady.*  
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me ;  
I had it from my father.

*Anne.* Was he mad, sir ?

*Sands.* O, very mad, exceeding mad ; in love too ;  
But he would bite none : just as I do now,  
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. [*Kisses her.*

*Cham.* Well said, my lord.  
So, now you're fairly seated. — Gentlemen,  
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies  
Pass away frowning.

*Sands.* For my little cure,<sup>2</sup>  
Let me alone.

*Hautboys.* *Enter Cardinal WOLSEY, attended, and takes his state.*

*Wol.* Ye're welcome, my fair guests : that noble lady,  
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,  
Is not my friend : this, to confirm my welcome ;  
And to you all, good health. [*Drinks.*

*Sands.* Your Grace is noble :  
Let me have such a bowl may hold<sup>3</sup> my thanks,  
And save me so much talking.

*Wol.* My Lord Sands,  
I am beholding<sup>4</sup> to you : cheer your neighbours. —

<sup>2</sup> *Cure*, as the word is here used, is a parochial charge ; hence the word *curate*, for one who ministers in such a charge. Of course his lordship is speaking facetiously.

<sup>3</sup> "Such a bowl *as* may hold," we should say. Such omission or ellipsis of the relatives is very frequent in Shakespeare.

<sup>4</sup> This old use of *beholding*, where we should use *beholden*, falls under the general head of active and passive forms used indiscriminately.



Ladies, you are not merry : — gentlemen,  
Whose fault is this ?

*Sands.* The red wine first must rise  
In their fair cheeks, my lord ; then we shall have 'em  
Talk us to silence.

*Anne.* You're a merry gamester,  
My Lord Sands.

*Sands.* Yes, if I may make my play.<sup>5</sup>  
Here's to your ladyship : and pledge it, madam,  
For 'tis to such a thing, —

*Anne.* You cannot show me.

*Sands.* I told your Grace they would talk anon.

[*Drum and trumpets, and chambers* <sup>6</sup> *discharged, within.*

*Wol.* What's that ?

*Cham.* Look out there, some of ye. [*Exit a Servant.*

*Wol.* What warlike voice,

And to what end, is this ! — Nay, ladies, fear not ;  
By all the laws of war ye're privileged.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Cham.* How now ! what is't ?

*Serv.* A noble troop of strangers,  
For so they seem : they've left their barge, and landed ;  
And hither make, as great ambassadors  
From foreign princes.

*Wol.* Good Lord Chamberlain,  
Go, give 'em welcome ; you can speak the French tongue ;

<sup>5</sup> That is, "if I may *choose* my *game*."

<sup>6</sup> *Chambers* are short pieces of ordnance, standing almost erect upon their breechings, chiefly used upon festive occasions, being so contrived as to carry great charges, and make a loud report. They had their name from being little more than mere *chambers* to lodge powder ; that being the technical name for the cavity in a gun which contains the powder.

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em  
 Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty  
 Shall shine at full upon them. — Some attend him. —

[*Exit Chamberlain, attended. All rise, and the  
 tables are removed.*]

You've now a broken banquet ; but we'll mend it.  
 A good digestion to you all : and once more  
 I shower a welcome on ye ; — welcome all. —

*Hautboys. Enter the King and others, as Masquers, habited  
 like Shepherds, ushered by the Lord Chamberlain. They  
 pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.*

A noble company ! what are their pleasures ?

*Cham.* Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd me  
 To tell your Grace, that, having heard by fame  
 Of this so noble and so fair assembly  
 This night to meet here, they could do no less,  
 Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,  
 But leave their flocks ; and, under your fair conduct,  
 Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat  
 An hour of revels with 'em.

*Wol.* Say, Lord Chamberlain,  
 They've done my poor house grace ; for which I pay 'em  
 A thousand thanks, and pray 'em take their pleasures.

[*Ladies chosen for the dance. The King chooses*  
 ANNE BOLEYN.

*King.* The fairest hand I ever touch'd ! O beauty,  
 Till now I never knew thee !<sup>7</sup> [*Music. Dance.*]

<sup>7</sup> This incident of the King's dancing with Anne Boleyn did not occur during the banquet at York-House, but is judiciously introduced here from another occasion : A grand entertainment given by the King at Greenwich, May 5, 1527, to the French ambassadors who had come to negotiate a mar-

*Wol.* My lord, —

*Cham.* Your Grace?

*Wol.* Pray, tell 'em thus much from me :  
There should be one amongst 'em, by his person,  
More worthy this place than myself ; to whom,  
If I but knew him, with my love and duty  
I would surrender it.

*Cham.* I will, my lord.

[*Goes to the Masquers, and returns.*]

*Wol.* What say they?

*Cham.* Such a one, they all confess,  
There is indeed ; which they would have your Grace  
Find out, and he will take it.

*Wol.* Let me see then. —

[*Comes from his state.*]

By all your good leaves, gentlemen ; here I'll make  
My royal choice.<sup>8</sup>

*King.* [*Unmasking.*] Ye've found him, Cardinal :  
You hold a fair assembly ; you do well, lord :  
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal,  
I should judge now unhappily.<sup>9</sup>

*Wol.* I'm glad  
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

*King.* My Lord Chamberlain,

riage between their King, Francis I., or his son, the Duke of Orleans, and the Princess Mary. First a grand tournament was held, and three hundred lances broken ; then came a course of songs and dances. About midnight, the King, the ambassadors, and six others withdrew, disguised themselves as Venetian noblemen, returned, and took out ladies to dance, the King having Anne Boleyn for his partner.

<sup>8</sup> A *royal* choice, because it has a *king* for its *object*.

<sup>9</sup> That is, *waggishly*, or *mischievously*. Shakespeare often uses *unhappy* and its derivatives in this sense. See *Much Ado*, page 53, note 32.

Pr'ythee, come hither : what fair lady's that ?

*Cham.* An't please your Grace, Sir Thomas Boleyn's daughter, —

The Viscount Rochford, — one of her Highness' women.

*King.* By Heaven, she is a dainty one. — Sweetheart, I were unmannerly, to take you out, And not to kiss you.<sup>10</sup> [*Kisses her.*] — A health, gentlemen ! Let it go round.

*Wol.* Sir Thomas Lovell, is the banquet ready I' the privy chamber ?

*Lov.* Yes, my lord.

*Wol.* Your Grace,

I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

*King.* I fear, too much.

*Wol.* There's fresher air, my lord,

In the next chamber.

*King.* Lead in your ladies, every one : — sweet partner, I must not yet forsake you : let's be merry. — Good my Lord Cardinal, I've half a dozen healths To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure<sup>11</sup> To lead 'em once again ; and then let's dream Who's best in favour. — Let the music knock it.<sup>12</sup>

[*Exeunt with trumpets.*]

<sup>10</sup> A kiss was anciently the established fee of a lady's partner. Thus in "A Dialogue between Custom and Veritie, concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing and Minstrelsie" :

But some reply, what foole would daunce,  
If that when daunce is doon  
He may not have at ladyes lips  
That which in daunce he woon.

<sup>11</sup> *Measure* is the old name of a slow-measured *dance*, such as was used on special occasions of state and ceremony.

<sup>12</sup> The use of this phrase for "let the music *play*," or *strike up*, probably sprung from beating time, or the beating of drums.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. — *London. A Street.**Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.**1 Gent.* Whither away so fast?*2 Gent.* O, God save ye !

E'en to the hall, to hear what shall become  
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.

*1 Gent.* I'll save you  
That labour, sir. All's now done, but the ceremony  
Of bringing back the prisoner.

*2 Gent.* Were you there?*1 Gent.* Yes, indeed, was I.*2 Gent.* Pray, speak what has happen'd.*1 Gent.* You may guess quickly what.*2 Gent.* Is he found guilty?*1 Gent.* Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.*2 Gent.* I'm sorry for't.*1 Gent.* So are a number more.*2 Gent.* But, pray, how pass'd it?

*1 Gent.* I'll tell you in a little. The great duke  
Came to the bar ; where to his accusations  
He pleaded still, not guilty, and alleged  
Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.  
The King's attorney, on the contrary,  
Urged on th' examinations, proofs, confessions  
Of divers witnesses ; which the duke desired  
To have brought, *vivâ voce*, to his face :  
At which appear'd against him his surveyor ;

Sir Gilbert Peck his chancellor ; and John Car,  
Confessor to him ; with that devil-monk,  
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

*2 Gent.* That was he  
That fed him with his prophecies?

*1 Gent.* The same.  
All these accused him strongly ; which he fain  
Would have flung from him, but, indeed, he could not :  
And so his peers, upon this evidence,  
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much  
He spoke, and learnedly, for life ; but all  
Was either pitied in him or forgotten.

*2 Gent.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

*1 Gent.* When he was brought again to th' bar, to hear  
His knell wrung out, his judgment, he was stirr'd  
With such an agony, he swet extremely,  
And something spoke in choler, ill, and hasty :  
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.

*2 Gent.* I do not think he fears death.

*1 Gent.* Sure, he does not ;  
He never was so womanish : the cause  
He may a little grieve at.

*2 Gent.* Certainly  
The Cardinal is the end of this.

*1 Gent.* 'Tis likely,  
By all conjectures : first, Kildare's attainer,  
Then deputy of Ireland ; who removed,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither, and in haste too,  
Lest he should help his father.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> There was great enmitie betwixt the cardinall and the earle, for that on a time, when the cardinall tooke upon him to checke the earle, he had

2 *Gent.* That trick of State  
Was a deep-envious one.

1 *Gent.* At his return  
No doubt he will requite it. This is noted,  
And generally, whoever the King favours,  
The Cardinal instantly will find employment,<sup>2</sup>  
And far enough from Court too.

2 *Gent.* All the commons  
Hate him perniciously, and, o' my conscience,  
Wish him ten fathom deep : this duke as much  
They love and dote on ; call him bounteous Buckingham,  
The mirror of all courtesy, —

1 *Gent.* Stay there, sir,  
And see the noble ruin'd man you speak of.

*Enter BUCKINGHAM from his arraignment ; Tipstaves before him ; the axe with the edge towards him ; halberds on each side : with him Sir THOMAS LOVELL, Sir NICHOLAS VAUX, Sir WILLIAM SANDS, and common People.*

2 *Gent.* Let's stand close,<sup>3</sup> and behold him.

*Buck.* All good people,  
You that thus far have come to pity me,  
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.  
I have this day received a traitor's judgment,

like to have thrust his dagger into the cardinall. At length there was occasion offered him to compasse his purpose, by the earle of Kildare's coming out of Ireland. Such accusations were framed against him, that he was committed to prison, and then by the cardinals good preferment the earle of Surrie was sent into Ireland as the Kings deputie, there to remaine rather as an exile than as lieutenant, as he himself well perceived. — HOL-INSHED.

<sup>2</sup> That is, will find employment *for*. The Poet has many like instances of prepositions understood.

<sup>3</sup> *Close is secret, or out of sight.* Often so.

And by that name must die : yet, Heaven bear witness,  
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,  
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !  
The law I bear no malice for my death ;  
'T has done, upon the premises, but justice :  
But those that sought it I could wish more Christians :  
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em :  
Yet let 'em look they glory not in mischief,  
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;  
For then my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.  
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,  
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies  
More than I dare make faults. You few that loved me,  
And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,  
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave  
Is only bitter to him, only dying,  
Go with me, like good angels, to my end ;  
And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,  
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,  
And lift my soul to Heaven. — Lead on, o' God's name.

*Lov.* I do beseech your Grace, for charity,  
If ever any malice in your heart  
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

*Buck.* Sir Thomas Lovell, I as free forgive you  
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all ;  
There cannot be those numberless offences  
'Gainst me that I cannot take peace with : no black envy<sup>4</sup>  
Shall mark my grave. Commend me to his Grace ;

<sup>4</sup> *Envy* is continually used for *malice* in old English. We have the same sense a little before in "That trick of State was a deep-*envious* one." — "Take peace with" here evidently means *forgive* or *pardon*. Shakespeare has no instance, I think, of the phrase so used.



And, if he speak of Buckingham, pray, tell him  
You met him half in Heaven : my vows and prayers  
Yet are the King's ; and, till my soul forsake me,  
Shall cry for blessings on him : may he live  
Longer than I have time to tell his years !  
Ever beloved and loving may his rule be !  
And, when old time shall lead him to his end,  
Goodness and he fill up one monument !

*Lov.* To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace ;  
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux,  
Who undertakes you to your end.

*Vaux.* Prepare there,  
The duke is coming : see the barge be ready ;  
And fit it with such furniture as suits  
The greatness of his person.

*Buck.* Nay, Sir Nicholas,  
Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.  
When I came hither, I was Lord High-Constable  
And Duke of Buckingham ; now, poor Edward Bohun :<sup>5</sup>  
Yet I am richer than my base accusers,  
That never knew what truth meant : I now seal it ;  
And with that blood will make 'em one day groan for't.  
My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,  
Who first raised head against usurping Richard,  
Flying for succour to his servant Banister,  
Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,  
And without trial fell ; God's peace be with him !  
Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying  
My father's loss, like a most royal prince,

<sup>5</sup> The name of the Duke of Buckingham most generally known was *Stafford* ; it is said that he affected the surname of *Bohun*, because he was Lord High-Constable of England by inheritance of tenure from the Bohuns.

Restored me to my honours, and, out of ruins,  
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,  
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all  
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken  
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,  
 And must needs say a noble one ; which makes me  
 A little happier than my wretched father :  
 Yet thus far we are one in fortunes : Both  
 Fell by our servants, by those men we loved most ;  
 A most unnatural and faithless service !  
 Heaven has an end in all : yet, you that hear me,  
 This from a dying man receive as certain :  
 Where you are liberal of your loves and counsels  
 Be sure you be not loose ;<sup>6</sup> for those you make friends  
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive  
 The least rub<sup>7</sup> in your fortunes, fall away  
 Like water from ye, never found again  
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,  
 Pray for me ! I must now forsake ye : the last hour  
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.  
 Farewell :

And when you would say something that is sad,  
 Speak how I fell.—I've done ; and God forgive me !

[*Excunt BUCKINGHAM and train*]

*1 Gent.* O, this is full of pity !—Sir, it calls,  
 I fear, too many curses on their heads

<sup>6</sup> That is, *loose of tongue*, or given to blabbing your own secrets. So in *Othello*, iii. 3 :

There are a kind of men so *loose* of soul  
 That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.

<sup>7</sup> *Rub* is *hindrance* or *obstruction*. So in Hamlet's celebrated soliloquy :  
 "Ay, there's the *rub*."

That were the authors.

2 *Gent.* If the duke be guiltless,  
'Tis full of woe : yet I can give you inkling  
Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,  
Greater than this.

1 *Gent.* Good angels keep it from us !  
What may it be ? You do not doubt my faith,<sup>8</sup> sir ?

2 *Gent.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require  
A strong faith to conceal it.

1 *Gent.* Let me have it ;  
I do not talk much.

2 *Gent.* I am confident ;  
You shall, sir : did you not of late days hear  
A buzzing<sup>9</sup> of a separation  
Between the King and Catharine ?

1 *Gent.* Yes, but it held not :  
For, when the King once heard it, out of anger  
He sent command to the Lord Mayor straight  
To stop the rumour, and allay those tongues  
That durst disperse it.

2 *Gent.* But that slander, sir,  
Is found a truth now : for it grows again  
Fresher than e'er it was ; and held<sup>10</sup> for certain  
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,  
Or some about him near, have, out of malice  
To the good Queen, possess'd him with a scruple  
That will undo her : to confirm this too,

<sup>8</sup> *Faith* for *fidelity*; still sometimes used in that sense.

<sup>9</sup> A *buzzing* is a *whispering*, or a *rumour*. Often so used.

<sup>10</sup> We have the same elliptical form of expression a little before, in i. 3 :  
"And held current music too." That is, "and *be* held." Here, "and '*'tis*  
*held*."

Cardinal Campeius is arrived, and lately ;  
As all think, for this business.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis the Cardinal ;  
And merely to revenge him on the Emperor  
For not bestowing on him, at his asking,  
Th' archbishopric of Toledo,<sup>11</sup> this is purposed.

2 *Gent.* I think you've hit the mark : but is't not cruel  
That she should feel the smart of this ? The Cardinal  
Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis woeful.  
We are too open here to argue this ;  
Let's think in private more. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain, reading a letter.*

Cham. *My lord: The horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power, took 'em from me; with this reason,—His master would be served before a subject, if not before the King; which stopp'd our mouths, sir.*

I fear he will indeed : well, let him have them :  
He will have all, I think.

<sup>11</sup> This was the richest See in Europe, and was considered the highest ecclesiastical dignity in Christendom next to the Papacy. Wolsey did in fact aspire to it as a stepping-stone to St. Peter's Chair ; and his disappointment therein was among his alleged causes for urging on the divorce.

*Enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*<sup>1</sup>

*Nor.* Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

*Cham.* Good day to both your Graces.

*Suf.* How is the King employ'd?

*Cham.* I left him private,

Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

*Nor.* What's the cause?

*Cham.* It seems the marriage with his brother's wife  
Has crept too near his conscience.

*Suf.* No, his conscience

Has crept too near another lady.

*Nor.* 'Tis so :

This is the Cardinal's doing, the king-cardinal :  
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,  
Turns what he list. The King will know him one day.

*Suf.* Pray God he do ! he'll never know himself else.

*Nor.* How holily he works in all his business !

And with what zeal ! for, now he has crack'd the league  
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great-nephew,  
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters  
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the conscience,  
Fears, and despairs ; and all these for his marriage :  
And out of all these to restore the King,  
He counsels a divorce ; a loss of her  
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years  
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre ;  
Of her that loves him with that excellence  
That angels love good men with ; even of her

<sup>1</sup> Charles Brandon, the present Duke of Suffolk, was son of Sir William Brandon, slain by Richard at the battle of Bosworth. He was created Duke of Suffolk in February, 1514, and in March, 1515, was married to Mary, youngest sister of the King, and widow of Louis the Twelfth of France.

That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,  
Will bless the King : and is not this course pious ?

*Cham.* Heaven keep me from such counsel ! 'Tis most  
true

These news are everywhere ; every tongue speaks 'em,  
And every true heart weeps for't : all that dare  
Look into these affairs see his main end, —  
The French King's sister.<sup>2</sup> Heaven will one day open  
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon  
This bold bad man.

*Suf.* And free us from his slavery.

*Nor.* We had need pray,  
And heartily, for our deliverance ;  
Or this imperious man will work us all  
From princes into pages : all men's honours  
Lie like one lump before him, to be fashion'd  
Unto what pitch he please.

*Suf.* For me, my lords,  
I love him not, nor fear him ; there's my creed :  
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,  
If the King please ; his curses and his blessings  
Touch me alike, they're breath I not believe in.  
I knew him, and I know him ; so I leave him  
To him that made him proud, the Pope.

*Nor.* Let's in ;  
And with some other business put the King  
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon  
him : —

My lord, you'll bear us company ?

*Cham.*

Excuse me ;

<sup>2</sup> It was the main *end* or *object* of Wolsey to bring about a marriage between Henry and the French King's sister, the Duchess of Alençon.

The King has sent me elsewhere : besides,  
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him.  
Health to your lordships !

*Nor.* Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

[*Exit Lord Chamberlain. NORFOLK opens a folding-door. The King is discovered sitting, and reading pensively.*

*Suf.* How sad he looks ! sure, he is much afflicted.

*King.* Who's there, ha ?

*Nor.* Pray God he be not angry.

*King.* Who's there, I say ? How dare you thrust yourselves

Into my private meditations ?

Who am I, ha ?

*Nor.* A gracious king that pardons all offences  
Malice ne'er meant : our breach of duty this way  
Is business of Estate ; in which we come  
To know your royal pleasure.

*King.* Ye're too bold :  
Go to ; I'll make ye know your times of business :  
Is this an hour for temporal affairs, ha ? —

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

Who's there ? my good Lord Cardinal ? O my Wolsey,  
The quiet of my wounded conscience ;  
Thou art a cure fit for a king. — [*To CAMPEIUS.*] You're  
welcome,  
Most learnèd reverend sir, into our kingdom :  
Use us and it. — [*To WOLSEY.*] My good lord, have great care  
I be not found a talker.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup> The meaning appears to be, "Let care be taken that my promise be performed, that my professions of welcome be not found empty talk."

*Wol.* Sir, you cannot.

I would your Grace would give us but an hour  
Of private conference.

*King.* [*To NOR. and SUF.*] We are busy ; go.

*Nor.* [*Aside to SUF.*] This priest has no pride in him !

*Suf.* [*Aside to NOR.*] Not to speak of :

I would not be so sick<sup>4</sup> though for his place.

But this cannot continue.

*Nor.* [*Aside to SUF.*] If it do,

I'll venture one have-at-him.

*Suf.* [*Aside to NOR.*] I another.

[*Exeunt NORFOLK and SUFFOLK.*]

*Wol.* Your Grace has given a precedent of wisdom  
Above all princes, in committing freely  
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom :  
Who can be angry now ? what envy reach you ?  
The Spaniard,<sup>5</sup> tied by blood and favour to her,  
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,  
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,<sup>6</sup>  
I mean the learnèd ones, in Christian kingdoms  
Have their free voices,<sup>7</sup> Rome, the nurse of judgment,  
Invited by your noble self, hath sent

<sup>4</sup> That is, *so sick* as he is proud.

<sup>5</sup> *Spaniard* is here equivalent to *Spanish*, as appears by *they* referring to it. Adjectives singular were often thus used with the sense of plural substantives.

<sup>6</sup> A *clerk* is, in the original meaning of the word, a *scholar* ; and in old times, when learning was confined to the clergy, the word grew to mean a clergyman.

<sup>7</sup> *Sent*, at the end of the next line, is probably to be understood here. Such is Singer's explanation. — *Voices* for *opinions* or *judgments*. The question of the divorce was in fact laid before all or most of the learned bodies in Europe, who sent forward their opinions in writing ; but it is pretty well understood that some of their " free voices " were well paid for.



One general tongue unto us, this good man,  
This just and learnèd priest, Cardinal Campeius,  
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

*King.* And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,  
And thank the holy Conclave<sup>8</sup> for their loves :  
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

*Cam.* Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers'<sup>9</sup>  
loves,

You are so noble. To your Highness' hand  
I tender my commission ; — by whose virtue<sup>10</sup> —  
The Court of Rome commanding — you, my Lord  
Cardinal of York, are join'd with me their servant  
In the impartial judging of this business.

*King.* Two equal<sup>11</sup> men. The Queen shall be acquainted  
Forthwith for what you come. Where's Gardiner?

*Wol.* I know your Majesty has always loved her  
So dear in heart, not to deny her that<sup>12</sup>  
A woman of less place might ask by law, —  
Scholars allow'd freely to argue for her.

*King.* Ay, and the best she shall have ; and my favour  
To him that does best : God forbid else. Cardinal,  
Pr'ythee, call Gardiner to me, my new secretary :  
I find him a fit fellow. [Exit WOLSEY.]

<sup>8</sup> The holy *Conclave* is the College of Cardinals, in whose name Campeius was sent as special Legate in the business. His right name is *Campeggio*. He was an eminent canonist, and arrived in London, October 7, 1528, but in such a state of suffering and weakness, that he was carried in a litter to his lodgings.

<sup>9</sup> *Strangers* here means *foreigners*.

<sup>10</sup> By the *virtue of which* ; referring to the commission.

<sup>11</sup> *Equal* is *impartial* ; men *equally* favourable to both the parties.

<sup>12</sup> In old English, *that* is very often used for the compound relative *what that which*.

*Re-enter WOLSEY, with GARDINER.*

*Wol.* [*Aside to GARD.*] Give me your hand : much joy  
and favour to you ;

You are the King's now.

*Gard.* [*Aside to WOL.*] But to be commanded  
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has raised me.

*King.* Come hither, Gardiner. [*They converse apart.*

*Cam.* My Lord of York, was not one Doctor Pace  
In this man's place before him ?

*Wol.* Yes, he was.

*Cam.* Was he not held a learned man ?

*Wol.* Yes, surely.

*Cam.* Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread, then,  
Even of yourself, Lord Cardinal.

*Wol.* How ! of me ?

*Cam.* They will not stick to say you envied him ;  
And, fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,  
Kept him a foreign man still ;<sup>13</sup> which so grieved him,  
That he ran mad and died.

*Wol.* Heaven's peace be with him !  
That's Christian care enough : for living murmurers  
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool ;  
For he would needs be virtuous : that good fellow,<sup>14</sup>  
If I command him, follows my appointment :  
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,  
We live not to be griped by meaner persons.

*King.* Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen. —

[*Exit GARDINER.*

<sup>13</sup> Kept him employed *abroad*, or in foreign parts. Holinshed says that Wolsey grew jealous of Dr. Pace's standing with the King, and so kept shifting him off on frivolous or unimportant embassies, till "at length he took such grief therewith, that he fell out of his right wits."

<sup>14</sup> He means Gardiner ; a "good fellow" because unscrupulous.

The most convenient place that I can think of  
For such receipt of learning <sup>15</sup> is Black-Friars ;  
There ye shall meet about this weighty business :  
My Wolsey, see it furnish'd. — O, my lord,  
Would it not grieve an able man to leave  
So sweet a bedfellow? But, conscience, conscience,  
O, 'tis a tender place ! and I must leave her. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Same. An Ante-chamber in the Queen's Apartments.*

*Enter ANNE BOLEYN and an old Lady.*

*Anne.* Not for that neither : here's the pang that pinches :  
His Highness having lived so long with her, and she  
So good a lady that no tongue could ever  
Pronounce dishonour of her, — by my life,  
She never knew harm-doing ; — O, now, after  
So many courses of the Sun enthroned,  
Still growing in majesty and pomp, the which  
To leave's a thousand-fold more bitter than  
'Tis sweet at first t' acquire, — after this process,  
To give her the *avaunt* ! it is a pity  
Would move a monster.

*Old L.* Hearts of most hard temper  
Melt and lament for her.

*Anne.* O, God's will ! much better  
She ne'er had known pomp : though't be temporal,  
Yet, if that fortune's quarrel do divorce

<sup>15</sup> A rather odd expression ; but meaning "for the reception of such learned men." *Receipt*, however, for the thing received occurs elsewhere. See *King Richard the Second*, page 44, note 26.

It from the bearer, 'tis a sufferance panging  
As soul and body's severing.

*Old L.*

Alas, poor lady !

She is a stranger now again.

*Anne.*

So much the more

Must pity drop upon her. Verily,  
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,  
And range with humble livers in content,  
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,  
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Old L.*

Our content

Is our best having.

*Anne.*

By my troth and maidenhood,

I would not be a queen.

*Old L.*

Beshrew me, I would,

And venture maidenhood for't ; and so would you,  
For all this spice of your hypocrisy :  
You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,  
Have too a woman's heart ; which ever yet  
Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty ;  
Which, to say sooth, are blessings ; and which gifts —  
Saving your mincing<sup>1</sup> — the capacity  
Of your soft cheveril conscience<sup>2</sup> would receive,  
If you might please to stretch it.

<sup>1</sup> *Mincing* is *affectation*. To *mince* is, properly, to *cut up fine*, as in making *mince-meat*. Hence it came to be used of *walking affectedly*, that is, with very *short steps*, and so of affected behaviour generally. So in Isaiah, iii. 16: "The daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched-forth necks and wanton eyes, *mincing* as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet."

<sup>2</sup> Meaning the same as the "india-rubber consciences" of our time; *cheveril* being leather made of kid-skin, which was peculiarly yielding and *stretchy*. See *Twelfth Night*, page 83, note 4.

*Anne.* Nay, good troth, —

*Old L.* Yes, troth, and troth : you would not be a queen?

*Anne.* No, not for all the riches under heaven.

*Old L.* 'Tis strange ; a three-pence bow'd would hire me,  
Old as I am, to queen it : but, I pray you,  
What think you of a duchess? have you limbs  
To bear that load of title?

*Anne.* No, in truth.

*Old L.* Then you are weakly made : pluck off a little ;<sup>3</sup>  
I would not be a young count in your way,  
For more than blushing comes to.

*Anne.* How you do talk !  
I swear again, I would not be a queen  
For all the world.

*Old L.* In faith, for little England  
You'd venture an emballing :<sup>4</sup> I myself  
Would for Carnarvonshire, although there long'd  
No more to th' crown but that. Lo, who comes here?

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know  
The secret of your conference?

*Anne.* My good lord,  
Not your demand ; it values not your asking :  
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

*Cham.* It was a gentle business, and becoming  
The action of good women : there is hope  
All will be well.

<sup>3</sup> Anne declining to be either a *queen* or a *duchess*, the old lady says "pluck off a little"; let us descend a little lower, and so diminish the glare of preferment by bringing it nearer your own quality.

<sup>4</sup> That is, you would venture to be distinguished by the *ball*, the ensign of royalty, used with the sceptre at coronations.

*Anne.* Now, I pray God, amen !

*Cham.* You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings  
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,  
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's  
Ta'en of your many virtues, the King's Majesty  
Commends his good opinion to you, and  
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing  
Than Marchioness of Pembroke ; to which title  
A thousand pound a-year, annual support,  
Out of his grace he adds.

*Anne.* I do not know  
What kind of my obedience I should tender ;  
More than my all is nothing : nor my prayers  
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes  
More worth than empty vanities ; yet prayers and wishes  
Are all I can return. Beseech your lordship  
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,  
As from a blushing handmaid, to his Highness ;  
Whose health and royalty I pray for.

*Cham.* Lady,  
I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit<sup>5</sup>  
The King hath of you. — [*Aside.*] I've perused her well ;  
Beauty and honour in her are so mingled,  
That they have caught the King : and who knows yet  
But from this lady may proceed a gem  
To lighten<sup>6</sup> all this isle ? — [*To her.*] I'll to the King,

<sup>5</sup> To *approve* is here to *confirm*, by the report he shall make, the *good opinion* the King has formed.

<sup>6</sup> The carbuncle was supposed to have intrinsic light, and to shine in the dark ; any other gem may reflect light but cannot give it. Thus in a Palace described in *Amadis de Gaule*, 1619 : " In the rooffe of a chamber hung two lampes of gold, at the bottomes whereof were enchased two carbuncles,

And say I spoke with you.

*Anne.*

My honour'd lord.

[ *Exit Lord Chamberlain.*

*Old L.* Why, this it is ; see, see !

I have been begging sixteen years in Court,—

Am yet a courtier beggarly, — nor could

Come pat betwixt too early and too late

For any suit of pounds ; and you, O fate !

A very fresh-fish here, — fie, fie upon

This compell'd fortune ! — have your mouth fill'd up

Before you open't.

*Anne.*

This is strange to me.

*Old L.* How tastes it? is it bitter? forty pence,<sup>7</sup> no.

There was a lady once — 'tis an old story —

That would not be a queen, that would she not,

For all the mud in Egypt : have you heard it?

*Anne.* Come, you are pleasant.

*Old L.*

With your theme, I could

O'er mount the lark. The Marchioness of Pembroke !

A thousand pounds a-year, for pure respect !

No other obligation ! By my life,

That promises more thousands : honour's train

Is longer than his foreskirt.<sup>8</sup> By this time

I know your back will bear a duchess : say,

Are you not stronger than you were?

*Anne.*

Good lady,

Make yourself mirth with your particular fancy,

which gave so bright a splendour round about the roome, that there was no neede of any other light."

<sup>7</sup> *Forty pence* was in those days the proverbial expression of a small wager.

<sup>8</sup> Meaning, of course, that still ampler honours are forthcoming to her ; or that the banquet will outsweeten the foretaste.

And leave me out on't. Would I had no being,  
If this salute my blood<sup>9</sup> a jot : it faints me,  
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful  
In our long absence : pray, do not deliver  
What here you've heard to her.

*Old L.*

What do you think me ?

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. — *The Same. A Hall in Black-Friars.*

*Trumpets, sennet, and cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver wands ; next them, two Scribes, in the habit of doctors ; after them, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY<sup>1</sup> alone ; after him, the Bishops of LINCOLN, ELY, ROCHESTER, and SAINT ASAPH ; next them, with some small distance, follows a Gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and a cardinal's hat ; then two Priests, bearing each a silver cross ; then a Gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a Sergeant-at-arms bearing a silver mace ; then two Gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars ; after them, side by*

<sup>9</sup> "Salute my blood" means about the same as *raise* or *exhilarate* my *spirits*. The phrase sounds harsh ; but *blood* is often put for *passion*, or for the passions generally ; and to *salute* easily draws into the sense of to *encourage*, or to *stimulate* by encouragement. So in the Poet's 121st Sonnet :

For why should others' false-adulterate eyes  
Give *salutation* to my sportive blood ?

<sup>1</sup> At this time, June 21, 1529, the Archbishop of Canterbury was William Warham, who died in August, 1532, and was succeeded by Cranmer the following March. — The whole of this long stage-direction is taken *verbatim* from the original copy, and in most of its particulars was according to the actual event. — The "two priests bearing each a silver cross," and the "two gentlemen bearing two great silver pillars," were parts of Wolsey's official pomp and circumstance ; the one being symbolic of his office as Archbishop of York, the other of his authority as Cardinal Legate.



*side, the two Cardinals, WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS ; two Noblemen with the sword and mace. Then enter the King and Queen, and their trains. The King takes place under the cloth of state ; the two Cardinals sit under him as judges. The Queen takes place at some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the court, in manner of a consistory ; between them, the Scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The Crier and the rest of the Attendants stand in convenient order about the hall.*

*Wol.* Whilst our commission from Rome is read,  
Let silence be commanded.

*King.* What's the need ?  
It hath already publicly been read,  
And on all sides th' authority allow'd ;  
You may, then, spare that time.

*Wol.* Be't so. — Proceed.

*Scribe.* Say, Henry King of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Henry King of England, &c.

*King.* Here.

*Scribe.* Say, Catharine Queen of England, come into the court.

*Crier.* Catharine Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet ; then speaks.*<sup>2</sup>

*Cath.* Sir, I desire you do me right and justice ;  
And to bestow your pity on me : for  
I am a most poor woman, and a stranger,

<sup>2</sup> Because she could not come directly to the king for the distance which severed them, she took pain to go about unto the king, kneeling down at his feet. — CAVENDISH.

Born out of your dominions ; having here  
No judge indifferent,<sup>3</sup> nor no more assurance  
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, sir,  
In what have I offended you ? what cause  
Hath my behaviour given to your displeasure,  
That thus you should proceed to put me off,  
And take your good grace from me ? Heaven witness,  
I've been to you a true and humble wife,  
At all times to your will conformable ;  
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,  
Yea, subject to your countenance, glad or sorry,  
As I saw it inclined. When was the hour  
I ever contradicted your desire,  
Or made it not mine too ? Which of your friends  
Have I not strove to love, although I knew  
He were mine enemy ? what friend of mine,  
That had to him derived your anger, did I  
Continue in my liking ? nay, gave not notice  
He was from thence discharged ? Sir, call to mind  
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,  
Upward of twenty years, and have been blest  
With many children by you : if, in the course  
And process of this time, you can report,  
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,  
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,  
Against your sacred person,<sup>4</sup> in God's name,  
Turn me away ; and let the foul'st contempt  
Shut door upon me, and so give me up  
To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, sir,  
The King, your father, was reputed for

<sup>3</sup> *Indifferent* in its old sense of *impartial*.

<sup>4</sup> *Aught* is understood before "Against your sacred person."

A prince most prudent, of an excellent  
And unmatch'd wit and judgment : Ferdinand,  
My father, King of Spain, was reckon'd one  
The wisest prince that there had reign'd by many  
A year before : it is not to be question'd  
That they had gather'd a wise council to them  
Of every realm, that did debate this business,  
Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly  
Beseech you, sir, to spare me, till I may  
Be by my friends in Spain advised ; whose counsel  
I will implore : if not, i' the name of God,  
Your pleasure be fulfill'd !

*Vol.*

You have here, lady, —

And of your choice, — these reverend fathers ; men  
Of singular integrity and learning,  
Yea, the elect o' the land, who are assembled  
To plead your cause : it shall be therefore bootless  
That longer you defer the court ; as well  
For your own quiet, as to rectify  
What is unsettled in the King.

*Cam.*

His Grace

Hath spoken well and justly : therefore, madam,  
It's fit this royal session do proceed ;  
And that, without delay, their arguments  
Be now produced and heard.

*Cath.*

Lord Cardinal, —

To you I speak.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> The acting of Mrs. Siddons has been much celebrated as yielding an apt commentary on this passage. The effect, it would seem, must have been fine ; but perhaps the thing savours overmuch of forcing the Poet to express another's thoughts. As thus interpreted, the Queen begins a reply to Campeius ; and then, some movement taking place, she forthwith changes

*Wol.* Your pleasure, madam?

*Cath.* Sir,

I was about to weep ; but, thinking that  
We are a queen, — or long have dream'd so, — certain  
The daughter of a king, my drops of tears  
I'll turn to sparks of fire.

*Wol.* Be patient yet.

*Cath.* I will, when you are humble ; nay, before,  
Or God will punish me. I do believe,  
Induced by potent circumstances, that  
You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge<sup>6</sup>  
You shall not be my judge : for it is you  
Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me ;  
Which God's dew quench ! Therefore I say again,  
I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
Refuse<sup>7</sup> you for my judge ; whom, yet once more,  
I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
At all a friend to truth.

*Wol.* I do profess  
You speak not like yourself ; who ever yet  
Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects  
Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom  
O'ertopping woman's power. Madam, you do me wrong :  
I have no spleen against you ; nor injustice  
For you or any : how far I've proceeded,

her purpose, turns round to Wolsey, and most pointedly and with the utmost dignity of injured virtue directs her speech to him, making *you* very emphatic.

<sup>6</sup> *Challenge* here is a law term. The criminal, when he refuses a jury-man, says, " I *challenge* him."

<sup>7</sup> *Abhor* and *refuse* are not the mere words of passion, but technical terms of the canon law : *detestor* and *recuso*. The former, in the language of canonists, signifies no more than I *protest* against. — BLACKSTONE.

Or how far further shall, is warranted  
By a commission from the Consistory,  
Yea, the whole Consistory of Rome. You charge me  
That I have blown this coal : I do deny it.  
The King is present : if't be known to him  
That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,  
And worthily, my falsehood ! yea, as much  
As you have done my truth. But, if he know  
That I am free of your report, he knows  
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him  
It lies to cure me ; and the cure is, to  
Remove these thoughts from you : the which before  
His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech  
You, gracious madam, to unthink your speaking,  
And to say so no more.

*Cath.* My lord, my lord,  
I am a simple woman, much too weak  
T'oppose your cunning. You're meek-and-humble-mouth'd ;  
You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,<sup>8</sup>  
With meekness and humility : but your heart  
Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.  
You have, by fortune, and his Highness' favours,  
Gone slightly o'er low steps, and now are mounted  
Where powers are your retainers ; and your words,  
Domestics to you, serve your will as't please

<sup>8</sup> You have *in appearance* meekness and humility, as a *token* or *outward sign* of your place and calling. But perhaps Heath's explanation is better : "You testify your high rank in the Church, and your priestly character, by that meekness and humility, the semblance of which you know perfectly well how to assume. Every one knows that attestations are authenticated by signing them ; whence, I suppose, by a pretty violent catachresis, the Poet substituted the verb *sign*, instead of the more simple and obvious one, *attest*."

Yourself pronounce their office.<sup>9</sup> I must tell you,  
You tender more your person's honour than  
Your high profession spiritual ; that again  
I do refuse you for my judge ; and here,  
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,  
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness,  
And to be judged by him.

[*She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.*

*Cam.* The Queen is obstinate,  
Stubborn to justice, apt t' accuse it, and  
Disdainful to be tried by't : 'tis not well.  
She's going away.

*King.* Call her again.

*Crier.* Catharine Queen of England, come into the court.

*Grif.* Madam, you are call'd back.

*Cath.* What need you note it ? pray you, keep your way :  
When you are call'd, return. — Now, the Lord help me ;  
They vex me past my patience ! — Pray you, pass on :  
I will not tarry ; no, nor ever more  
Upon this business my appearance make  
In any of their courts.

[*Exeunt Queen, GRIFFITH, and her other Attendants.*

*King.* Go thy ways, Kate :  
That man i' the world who shall report he has  
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted,

<sup>9</sup> This passage has exercised the commentators a good deal, and is indeed rather obscure ; though I suspect the obscurity is owing mainly to the great compression of language. I take the meaning to be something thus : Now you have full *power* to work your *will*, and therefore use *words* as men use *domestics*, merely as they will serve your ends, without any regard to *truth*. *Powers*, plural, for the power of doing *various* things, whatever he may wish. *Are your retainers* seems equivalent to *are entirely at your will and pleasure*.

For speaking false in that : thou art, alone —  
If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,  
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,  
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts  
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out —  
The queen of earthly queens. — She's noble born ;  
And, like her true nobility, she has  
Carried herself towards me.

*Wol.* Most gracious sir,  
In humblest manner I require<sup>10</sup> your Highness,  
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing  
Of all these ears, — for where I'm robb'd and bound,  
There must I be unloosed ; although not there  
At once and fully satisfied, — whether ever I  
Did broach this business to your Highness ; or  
Laid any scruple in your way, which might  
Induce you to the question on't? or ever  
Have to you — but with thanks to God for such  
A royal lady — spake one the least word that might  
Be to the prejudice of her present state,  
Or touch of her good person?

*King.* My Lord Cardinal,  
I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,  
I free you from't. You are not to be taught  
That you have many enemies, that know not  
Why they are so, but, like to village-curs,  
Bark when their fellows do : by some of these  
The Queen is put in anger. You're excused :

<sup>10</sup> *Require*, in old language, is often the same as *request*. Shakespeare has it so repeatedly. Thus in *Macbeth*, iii. 4: "In best time we will *require* her welcome." And in *Coriolanus*, ii. 3: "Once, if he do *require* our voices."

But will you be more justified? you ever  
Have wish'd the sleeping of this business ; never  
Desired it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hinder'd, oft,  
The passages made toward it : — on my honour,  
I speak my good Lord Cardinal to this point,<sup>11</sup>  
And thus far clear him. Now, what moved me to't,  
I will be bold with time and your attention :  
Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came ; give heed to't ;  
My conscience first received a tenderness,  
Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd  
By th' Bishop of Bayonne, then French ambassador ;  
Who had been hither sent on the debating  
A marriage 'twixt the Duke of Orleans and  
Our daughter Mary : i' the progress of this business,  
Ere a determinate resolution, he —  
I mean the bishop — did require a respite ;  
Wherein he might the King his lord advérse  
Whether our daughter were legitimate,  
Respecting<sup>12</sup> this our marriage with the dowager,  
Sometimes<sup>13</sup> our brother's wife. This respite shook  
The bottom of my conscience, enter'd me,  
Yea, with a splitting power, and made to tremble  
The region of my breast ; which forced such way,  
That many mazed considerings did throng,  
And press'd in with this caution. First, methought  
This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom,  
Well worthy the best heir o' the world, should not

<sup>11</sup> The King, having first addressed Wolsey, breaks off; and declares upon his honour to the whole court, that he speaks the Cardinal's mind upon the point in question.

<sup>12</sup> *Respecting*, here, is *considering*. So the usual meaning of the substantive *respect* was *consideration*. See *King John*, page 128, note 5.

<sup>13</sup> Both *sometimes* and *sometime* often had the sense of *formerly*.



Be gladdened in't by me : then follows, that  
I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in  
By this my issue's fail ; and that gave to me  
Many a groaning throe. Thus hulling in  
The wild sea <sup>14</sup> of my conscience, I did steer  
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are  
Now present here together ; that's to say,  
I meant to rectify my conscience — which  
I then did feel full sick, and yet not well —  
By all the reverend fathers of the land  
And doctors learn'd. — First I began in private  
With you, my Lord of Lincoln : you remember  
How under my oppression I did reek,  
When I first moved you.

*Lin.*

Very well, my liege.

*King.* I have spoke long : be pleased yourself to say  
How far you satisfied me.

*Lin.*

So please your Highness,

The question did at first so stagger me, —  
Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,  
And consequence of dread, — that I committed  
The daring'st counsel which I had to doubt ;  
And did entreat your Highness to this course  
Which you are running here.

*King.*

I then moved you,

My Lord of Canterbury ; and got your leave  
To make this present summons : — unsolicited  
I left no reverend person in this court ;

<sup>14</sup> The phrase belongs to navigation. A ship is said to *hull* when she is dismasted, and only her *hull* or *hulk* is left to be driven to and fro by the waves. So in the *Alarm for London*, 1602: "And they lye *hulling up and down* the stream."

But by particular consent proceeded  
Under your hands and seals : therefore go on :  
For no dislike i' the world against the person  
Of the good Queen, but the sharp thorny points  
Of my allegèd reasons, drive this forward.  
Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life  
And kingly dignity, we are contented  
To wear our mortal state to come with her,  
Catharine our Queen, before the primest creature  
That's paragon'd <sup>15</sup> o' the world.

*Cam.* So please your Highness,  
The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness  
That we adjourn this court till further day :  
Meanwhile must be an earnest motion  
Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal  
She intends unto his Holiness. [*They rise to depart.*]

*King.* [*Aside.*] I may perceive  
These Cardinals trifle with me : I abhor  
This dilatory sloth and tricks of Rome.  
My learn'd and well-belovèd servant, Cranmer,  
Pr'ythee, return : <sup>16</sup> with thy approach, I know,  
My comfort comes along.—Break up the court :  
I say, set on. [*Exeunt in manner as they entered.*]

<sup>15</sup> To be *paragoned* is to be *compared*, or to admit of rivalry or comparison. Shakespeare has the word several times as a verb. So in *Othello*, ii. 2: "A maid that *paragons* description and wild fame." Here the word evidently means *rivals* or *exceeds*. So, again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 5: "I will give thee bloody teeth, if thou with Cæsar *paragon* again my man of men."

<sup>16</sup> The King, be it observed, is here merely thinking aloud. Cranmer was at that time absent on a foreign embassy.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*London. Palace at Bridewell: a Room in the Queen's Apartment.*

*The Queen and some of her Women at work.*

*Cath.* Take thy lute, wench:<sup>1</sup> my soul grows sad with troubles;  
Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

## SONG.

*Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
Bow themselves, when he did sing:  
To his music plants and flowers  
Ever sprung; as<sup>2</sup> Sun and showers  
There had made a lasting Spring.*

*Every thing that heard him play,  
Even the billows of the sea,  
Hung their heads, and then lay by.<sup>3</sup>  
In sweet music is such art,  
Killing<sup>4</sup> care and grief of heart  
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.*

<sup>1</sup> *Wench*, generally implying some disparagement, is here used as a familiar term of kindness or endearment. *Wretch*, a still stronger word, is repeatedly used by the Poet in a similar way.

<sup>2</sup> *As for as if*; a very frequent usage with the old poets.

<sup>3</sup> To *lay by* is a nautical term for to *slacken sail*, and so means to *become quiet* or *composed*.

<sup>4</sup> *Killing* is here used as an adjective, not as a participle.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

*Cath.* How now !

*Gent.* An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals  
Wait in the presence.<sup>5</sup>

*Cath.* Would they speak with me ?

*Gent.* They will'd me say so, madam.

*Cath.* Pray their Graces  
To come near. [*Exit Gent.*] — What can be their business  
With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour ?  
I do not like their coming, now I think on't.  
They should be good men ; their affairs are righteous :  
But all hoods make not monks.<sup>6</sup>

*Enter WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS.*

*Wol.* Peace to your Highness !

*Cath.* Your Graces find me here part of a housewife :  
I would be all, against the worst may happen.  
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords ?

*Wol.* May't please you, noble madam, to withdraw  
Into your private chamber, we shall give you  
The full cause of our coming.

*Cath.* Speak it here ;  
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,  
Deserves a corner : would all other women

<sup>5</sup> *Presence* for *presence-chamber*, the room where Majesty received company.

<sup>6</sup> Being churchmen, they should be virtuous, and every business they undertake as righteous as their sacred office : but all hoods make not monks. In allusion to the Latin proverb, *Cucullus non facit monachum*, to which Chaucer also alludes :

*Habite ne maketh monke ne frere ;*  
But a clene life and devotion,  
Maketh gode men of religion.

Could speak this with as free a soul as I do !  
My lords, I care not—so much I am happy  
Above a number—if my actions  
Were tried by every tongue, every eye saw 'em,  
Envy and base opinion set against 'em,  
I know my life so even. If your business  
Do seek me out, and that way I am wife in,<sup>7</sup>  
Out with it boldly : truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,*—

Cath. O, good my lord, no Latin ;  
I am not such a truant since my coming,  
As not to know the language I have lived in :  
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange-suspicious.  
Pray, speak in English : here are some will thank you,  
If you speak truth, for their poor mistress' sake ;  
Believe me, she has had much wrong : Lord Cardinal,  
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed  
May be absolved in English.

Wol. Noble lady,  
I'm sorry my integrity should breed  
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant,  
And service to his Majesty and you.  
We come not by the way of accusation,  
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses,  
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow ;  
You have too much, good lady : but to know  
How you stand minded in the weighty difference  
Between the King and you ; and to deliver,

<sup>7</sup> The expression is certainly very odd ; but the meaning probably is, "and with reference to that question or matter which concerns me as a wife."

Like free and honest men, our just opinions,  
And comforts to your cause.

*Cam.* Most honour'd madam,  
My Lord of York, — out of his noble nature,  
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace, —  
(Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure  
Both of his truth and him, which was too far,) —  
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,  
His service and his counsel.

*Cath.* [*Aside.*] To betray me. —  
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills :  
Ye speak like honest men ; pray God, ye prove so !  
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,  
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour, —  
More near my life, I fear, — with my weak wit,  
And to such men of gravity and learning,  
In truth, I know not. I was set at work  
Among my maids ; full little, God knows, looking  
Either for such men or such business.  
For her sake that I have been, — for I feel  
The last fit of my greatness, — good your Graces,  
Let me have time and counsel for my cause :  
Alas, I am a woman, friendless, hopeless !

*Wol.* Madam, you wrong the King's love with these  
fears :  
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

*Cath.* In England  
But little for my profit : can you think, lords,  
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?  
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his Highness' pleasure, —  
Though he be grown so desperate to be honest, —  
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,

They that must weigh out<sup>8</sup> my afflictions,  
They that my trust must grow to, live not here :  
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,  
In mine own country, lords.

*Cam.* I would your Grace  
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

*Cath.* How, sir ?

*Cam.* Put your main cause into the King's protection ;  
He's loving and most gracious : 'twill be much  
Both for your honour better and your cause ;  
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake ye,  
You'll part away disgraced.

*Wol.* He tells you rightly.

*Cath.* Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin :  
Is this your Christian counsel ? out upon ye !  
Heaven is above all yet ; there sits a Judge  
That no king can corrupt.

*Cam.* Your rage mistakes us.

*Cath.* The more shame for ye :<sup>9</sup> holy men I thought ye,  
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues ;  
But cardinal sins and hollow hearts I fear ye :  
Mend 'em, for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort ?  
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady,  
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?  
I will not wish ye half my miseries ;  
I have more charity : but say, I warn'd ye ;  
Take heed, for Heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once  
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.

*Wol.* Madam, this is a mere distraction ;

<sup>8</sup> *Weigh out* for *weigh* ; that is, *consider* them, *do justice* to them.

<sup>9</sup> If I mistake you, it is by your fault, not mine ; for I thought you good.

You turn the good we offer into envy.<sup>10</sup>

*Cath.* Ye turn me into nothing : woe upon ye,  
And all such false professors ! Would you have me —  
If you have any justice, any pity,  
If ye be any thing but churchmen's habits —  
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?  
Alas, 'has banish'd me his bed already,  
His love, too long ago ! I'm old, my lords,  
And all the fellowship I hold now with him  
Is only my obedience. What can happen  
To me above this wretchedness ? all your studies  
Make me a curse like this.

*Cam.* Your fears are worse.

*Cath.* Have I lived thus long (let me speak myself,  
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one ?  
A woman — I dare say, without vain-glory —  
Never yet branded with suspicion ?  
Have I with all my full affections  
Still met the King ? loved him next Heaven ? obey'd him ?  
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him ?  
Almost forgot my prayers to content him ?  
And am I thus rewarded ? 'tis not well, lords.  
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,<sup>11</sup>  
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure ;  
And to that woman, when she has done most,  
Yet will I add an honour, — a great patience.

*Vol.* Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

*Cath.* My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,  
To give up willingly that noble title

<sup>10</sup> *Envy*, again, for *malice*. See page 78, note 4.

<sup>11</sup> A woman constant to her husband. *Constant* in the sense of *faithful*.



Your master wed me to : nothing but death  
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

*Wol.*

Pray, hear me.

*Cath.* Would I had never trod this English earth,  
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !  
Ye've angels' faces, but Heaven knows your hearts.  
What will become of me now, wretched lady !  
I am the most unhappy woman living. —  
[*To her Women.*] Alas, poor wenches, where are now your  
fortunes !

Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,  
No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me ;  
Almost no grave allow'd me : like the lily,  
That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,  
I'll hang my head and perish.

*Wol.*

If your Grace

Could but be brought to know our ends are honest,  
You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,  
Upon what cause, wrong you ? alas, our places,  
The way of our profession is against it :  
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.  
For goodness' sake, consider what you do ;  
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly  
Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.  
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,  
So much they love it ; but to stubborn spirits  
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.  
I know you have a gentle-noble temper,  
A soul as even as a calm : pray, think us  
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.

*Cam.* Mádam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues  
With these weak women's fears : a noble spirit,

As yours was put into you, ever casts  
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves you ;  
Beware you lose it not : for us, if please you  
To trust us in your business, we are ready  
To use our utmost studies in your service.

*Cath.* Do what ye will, my lords : and, pray, forgive me,  
If I have used myself unmannerly ;  
You know I am a woman, lacking wit  
To make a seemly answer to such persons.  
Pray, do my service to his Majesty :  
He has my heart yet ; and shall have my prayers  
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,  
Bestow your counsels on me : she now begs,  
That little thought, when she set footing here,  
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. Ante-chamber to the King's Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter the Duke of NORFOLK, the Duke of SUFFOLK, the Earl of SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* If you will now unite in your complaints,  
And force<sup>1</sup> them with a constancy, the Cardinal  
Cannot stand under them : if you omit  
The offer of this time, I cannot promise  
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,  
With these you bear already.

*Sur.* I am joyful  
To meet the least occasion that may give me

<sup>1</sup> *Force* for *enforce*, *press*, or *urge*. So in *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1 :  
"That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose when he would *force* it."

Remembrance of my father-in-law, the duke,  
To be revenged on him.

*Suf.* Which of the peers  
Have uncondemn'd gone by him, or at least  
Strangely neglected?<sup>2</sup> when did he regard  
The stamp of nobleness in any person  
Out of himself?

*Cham.* My lords, you speak your pleasures :  
What he deserves of you and me I know ;  
What we can do to him, — though now the time  
Gives way<sup>3</sup> to us, — I much fear. If you cannot  
Bar his access to th' King, never attempt  
Any thing on him ; for he hath a witchcraft  
Over the King in's tongue.

*Nor.* O, fear him not ;  
His spell in that is out : the King hath found  
Matter against him that for ever mars  
The honey of his language. No, he's settled,  
Not to come off, in his displeasure.

*Sur.* Sir,  
I should be glad to hear such news as this  
Once every hour.

*Nor.* Believe it, this is true :  
In the divorce his contrary proceedings  
Are all unfolded ; wherein he appears  
As I would wish mine enemy.

*Sur.* How came  
His practices to light?

<sup>2</sup> The force of *not* in *uncondemn'd* extends over *strangely neglected*. The Poet has many instances of similar construction.

<sup>3</sup> That is, *opens a way*, gives us *an opportunity*. So in *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 3: "Security *gives way* to conspiracy."

*Suf.* Most strangely.

*Sur.* O, how, how?

*Suf.* The Cardinal's letter to the Pope miscarried,  
And came to th' eye o' the King : wherein was read,  
How that the Cardinal did entreat his Holiness  
To stay the judgment o' the divorce ; for, if  
It did take place, *I do*, quoth he, *perceive*  
*My King is tangled in affection to*  
*A creature of the Queen's, Lady Anne Boleyn.*

*Sur.* Has the King this?

*Suf.* Believe it.

*Sur.* Will this work?

*Cham.* The King in this perceives him, how he coasts  
And hedges his own way.<sup>4</sup> But in this point  
All his tricks founder, and he brings his physic  
After his patient's death : the King already  
Hath married the fair lady.<sup>5</sup>

*Sur.* Would he had !

*Suf.* May you be happy in your wish, my lord !  
For, I profess, you have it.

*Sur.* Now, all joy  
Trace<sup>6</sup> the conjunction !

*Suf.* My amen to't !

*Nor.* All men's !

<sup>4</sup> To *coast* is to hover about, to pursue a sidelong course about a thing. To *hedge* is to creep along by the hedge, not to take the direct and open path, but to steal covertly through circumvolutions.

<sup>5</sup> The date commonly assigned for the marriage of Henry and Anne is November 14, 1532; at which time they set sail together from Calais, the King having been on a visit to his royal brother of France. Lingard, following Godwin, Stowe, and Cranmer, says they were privately married the 25th of January, 1533.

<sup>6</sup> To *trace* is to follow or attend.

*Suf.* There's order given for her coronation :  
Marry, this is yet but young, and may be left  
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,  
She is a gallant creature, and complete  
In mind and feature : I persuade me, from her  
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall  
In it be memorized.<sup>7</sup>

*Sur.* But will the King  
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's ?  
The Lord forbid !

*Nor.* Marry, amen !

*Suf.* No, no ;  
There be more wasps that buzz about his nose  
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal Campeius  
Is stol'n away to Rome ; hath ta'en no leave ;  
Has left the cause o' the King unhandled ; and  
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,  
To second all his plot. I do assure you  
The King cried *Ha !* at this.

*Cham.* Now, God incense him,  
And let him cry *Ha !* louder !

*Nor.* But, my lord,  
When returns Cranmer ?

*Suf.* He is return'd in his opinions ;<sup>8</sup> which

<sup>7</sup> To *memorize* is to *make memorable*. So in *Macbeth*, i. 2 : "Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds, or *memorize* another Golgotha, I cannot tell."

<sup>8</sup> Cranmer, then one of the King's chaplains, had been on a special mission to advocate the divorce at Rome, and to collect the *opinions* of learned canonists and divines in Italy and elsewhere. Doubtless these are the *opinions* meant in the text. The using of *in* with the force of *as to*, or *in respect of*, has occasioned some doubt as to what is meant by *opinions*. Cranmer has returned *in effect*, by sending on the opinions.

Have satisfied the King for his divorce,  
Together with all famous colleges  
Almost in Christendom : shortly, I believe,  
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and  
Her coronation. Catharine no more  
Shall be call'd queen, but princess dowager  
And widow to Prince Arthur.

*Nor.* This same Cranmer's  
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain  
In the King's business.

*Suf.* He has ; and we shall see him  
For it an archbishop.

*Nor.* So I hear.

*Suf.* 'Tis so.  
The Cardinal !

*Enter WOLSEY and CROMWELL.*

*Nor.* Observe, observe, he's moody.

*Wol.* The packet, Cromwell, gave't you the King?

*Crom.* To his own hand, in's bedchamber.

*Wol.* Look'd he o' the inside of the papers?

*Crom.* Presently  
He did unseal them : and the first he view'd,  
He did it with a serious mind ; a heed  
Was in his countenance. And you he bade  
Attend him here this morning.

*Wol.* Is he ready  
To come abroad?

*Crom.* I think, by this he is.

*Wol.* Leave me awhile. — [*Exit CROMWELL.*]  
It shall be to the Duchess of Alençon  
The French King's sister : he shall marry her.

Anne Boleyn ! No ; I'll no Anne Boleyns for him :

There is more in it than fair visage. Boleyn !

No, we'll no Boleyns. Speedily I wish

To hear from Rome. The Marchioness of Pembroke !

*Nor.* He's discontented.

*Suf.* May be, he hears the King

Does whet his anger to him.

*Sur.* Sharp enough,

Lord, for Thy justice !

*Wol.* The late Queen's gentlewoman, a knight's daughter,

To be her mistress' mistress ! the Queen's queen !

This candle burns not clear : 'tis I must snuff it ;

Then out it goes. What though I know her virtuous

And well-deserving ? yet I know her for

A spleeny Lutheran ; and not wholesome to

Our cause, that she should lie i' the bosom of

Our hard-ruled King. Again, there is sprung up

An heretic, an arch one, Cranmer ; one

Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,

And is his oracle.

*Nor.* He's vex'd at something.

*Sur.* I would 'twere something that would fret the string,

The master-cord on's heart !

*Suf.* The King, the King !

*Enter the King, reading a schedule, and LOVELL.*

*King.* What piles of wealth hath he accumulated

To his own portion ! and what expense by th' hour

Seems to flow from him ! How, i' the name of thrift,

Does he rake this together ? — Now, my lords,

Saw you the Cardinal ?

*Nor.* My lord, we have

Stood here observing him : some strange commotion  
Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;  
Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
Then lays his finger on his temple ; straight  
Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,  
Strikes his breast hard ; and then anon he casts  
His eye against the Moon : in most strange postures  
We've seen him set himself.

*King.* It may well be  
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning  
Papers, of State he sent me to peruse,  
As I required : and wot you what I found,  
There, on my conscience, put unwittingly?  
Forsooth, an inventory, thus importing :  
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,  
Rich stuffs, and ornaments of household ; which  
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks  
Possession of a subject.<sup>9</sup>

*Nor.* It's Heaven's will :  
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,

<sup>9</sup> This incident, in its application to Wolsey, is a fiction: he made no such mistake; but, another person having once done so, he took occasion thereby to ruin him. The story is told by Holinshed of Thomas Ruthall, Bishop of Durham; who was accounted the richest subject in the realm; and who, having by the King's order written a book setting forth the whole estate of the kingdom, had it bound up in the same style as one before written, setting forth his own private affairs. At the proper time the King sent Wolsey to get the book, and the Bishop gave him the wrong one. "The cardinall, having the booke, went forthwith to the king, delivered it into his hands, and briefelie informed him of the contents thereof; putting further into his head, that if at anie time he were destitute of a masse of monie, he should not need to seeke further than to the cofers of the bishop. Of all which when the bishop had intelligence, he was stricken with such greefe, that he shortly ended his life in the yeare 1523."



To bless your eye withal.

*King.* If we did think  
His contemplation were above the Earth,  
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still  
Dwell in his musings : but I am afraid  
His thinkings are below the Moon, not worth  
His serious considering. [*Takes his seat, and whispers Lov-*  
ELL, *who goes to* WOLSEY.

*Wol.* Heaven forgive me !—  
Ever God bless your Highness !

*King.* Good my lord,  
You're full of heavenly stuff, and bear the inventory  
Of your best graces in your mind ; the which  
You were now running o'er : you have scarce time  
To steal from spiritual leisure <sup>10</sup> a brief span  
To keep your earthly audit : sure, in that  
I deem you an ill husband,<sup>11</sup> and am glad  
To have you therein my companion.

*Wol.* Sir,  
For holy offices I have a time ; a time  
To think upon the part of business which  
I bear i' the State ; and Nature does require  
Her times of preservation, which perforce  
I, her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,

<sup>10</sup> That is, leisure for *spiritual exercises*. The King seems biting him with irony ; as if his leisure were so filled up with spiritual concerns, that he could not spare any of it for worldly affairs. "Keep your earthly audit" means, apparently, look after your temporal interests, or audit, that is, *verify*, your secular accounts.

<sup>11</sup> *Husband*, as here used, is *manager*. So we have *husbandry* for *management*. These senses come naturally from the primitive sense of *husband*, which is *house band* ; that which keeps the house in order, and so makes it *a home*.

Must give my tendance to.

*King.* You have said well.

*Wol.* And ever may your Highness yoke together,  
As I will lend you cause, my doing well  
With my well saying !

*King.* 'Tis well said again ;  
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well :  
And yet words are no deeds. My father loved you :  
He said he did ; and with his deed did crown  
His word upon you. Since I had my office,  
I've kept you next my heart ; have not alone  
Employ'd you where high profits might come home,  
But pared my present havings,<sup>12</sup> to bestow  
My bounties upon you.

*Wol.* [*Aside.*] What should this mean ?

*Sur.* [*Aside to the Others.*] The Lord increase this business !

*King.* Have I not made you  
The prime man of the State ? I pray you, tell me,  
If what I now pronounce you have found true ;  
And, if you may confess it, say withal,  
If you are bound to us or no. What say you ?

*Wol.* My sovereign, I confess your royal graces,  
Shower'd on me daily, have been more than could  
My studied purposes requite ; which<sup>13</sup> went  
Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours  
Have ever come too short of my desires,

<sup>12</sup> *Having*, as often, for *possession*, or what one *has*. *Pared*, of course, is *lessened*, *reduced*, or *impaired*.

<sup>13</sup> *Which* refers, no doubt, to *royal graces*, not to *purposes*. He means that the King's favours to him were greater than any man could possibly merit.

Yet filed with my abilities :<sup>14</sup> mine own ends  
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed  
To th' good of your most sacred person and  
The profit of the State. For your great graces  
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I  
Can nothing render but allegiant thanks ;  
My prayers to Heaven for you ; my loyalty,  
Which ever has and ever shall be growing,  
Till death, that Winter, kill it.

*King.*

Fairly answer'd ;

A loyal and obedient subject is  
Therein illustrated : the honour of it  
Does pay the act of it ; as, i' the contrary,  
The foulness is the punishment. I presume  
That, as my hand has open'd bounty to you,  
My heart dropp'd love, my power rain'd honour, more  
On you than any ; so your hand and heart,  
Your brain, and every function of your power,  
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,  
As 'twere in love's particular, be more  
To me, your friend, than any.<sup>15</sup>

*Wol.*

I do profess

That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd  
More than mine own ; that I am true, and will be,  
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,  
And throw it from their soul : though perils did  
Abound as thick as thought could make 'em, and  
Appear in forms more horrid, yet my duty —  
As doth a rock against the chiding flood —

<sup>14</sup> That is, kept pace, walked in the same *file*, with my abilities.

<sup>15</sup> "Besides your bond of duty as a loyal and obedient servant, you owe a particular devotion to me as your special benefactor."

Should the approach of this wild river break,  
And stand unshaken yours.

*King.* 'Tis nobly spoken. —

Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,  
For you have seen him open't. — Read o'er this ;  
And, after, this :

[*Giving him papers.*

and then to breakfast with

What appetite you have. [*Exit, frowning upon WOLSEY : the  
Nobles throng after him, smiling and whispering.*

*Vol.*

What should this mean?

What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?

He parted frowning from me, as if ruin

Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed lion

Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;

Then makes him nothing. I must read this paper ;

I fear, the story of his anger. — 'Tis so ;

This paper has undone me : 'tis th' account

Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together

For mine own ends ; indeed, to gain the Popedom,

And see my friends in Rome. O negligence,

Fit for a fool to fall by ! what cross devil

Made me put this main secret in the packet

I sent the King? Is there no way to cure this?

No new device to beat this from his brains?

I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know

A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,

Will bring me off again. — What's this? *To th' Pope!*

The letter, as I live, with all the business

I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell !

I've touch'd the highest point of all my greatness ;

And, from that full meridian of my glory,

I haste now to my setting : I shall fall

Like a bright exhalation<sup>16</sup> in the evening,  
And no man see me more.

*Re-enter the Dukes of NORFOLK and SUFFOLK, the Earl of  
SURREY, and the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Nor.* Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal ; who commands  
you

To render up the Great Seal presently  
Into our hands ; and to confine yourself  
To Asher-house,<sup>17</sup> my Lord of Winchester's,  
Till you hear further from his Highness.

*Wol.* Stay ;

Where's your commission, lords ? words cannot carry  
Authority so weighty.

*Suf.* Who dare cross 'em,

Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly ?

*Wol.* Till I find more than will or words to do it,—

I mean your malice,—know, officious lords,

I dare and must deny it. Now I feel

Of what coarse metal ye are moulded, envy :

How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,

As if it fed ye ! and how sleek and wanton

Ye appear in every thing may bring my ruin !

Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;<sup>18</sup>

You've Christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,

<sup>16</sup> *Exhalation* was often used in a way now quite out of date. Here it probably means what we call a *meteor*. See *King John*, page 98, notes 16 and 19; also, *1 Henry IV.*, page 54, note 3.

<sup>17</sup> *Asher* was the ancient name of *Esher*, in Surrey. The author forgot that Wolsey was himself Bishop of Winchester, having succeeded Bishop Fox in 1528, holding the see in commendam. Esher was one of the episcopal palaces belonging to that see.

<sup>18</sup> An apt instance of *envy* for *malice* ; also, of *envious* for *malicious*.

In time will find their fit rewards. That seal,  
You ask with such a violence, the King—  
Mine and your master—with his own hand gave me ;  
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,  
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,  
Tied it by letters-patents :<sup>19</sup> now, who'll take it ?

*Sur.* The King, that gave it.

*Wol.* It must be himself, then.

*Sur.* Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

*Wol.* Proud lord, thou liest :  
Within these forty hours Surrey durst better  
Have burnt that tongue than said so.

*Sur.* Thy ambition,  
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land  
Of noble Buckingham, my father-in-law :<sup>20</sup>  
The heads of all thy brother cardinals—  
With thee and all thy best parts bound together—  
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !  
You sent me deputy for Ireland ; .  
Far from his succour, from the King, from all  
That might have mercy on the fault thou gavest him :  
Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,

<sup>19</sup> Such is the old form of writing what we call *letters-patent*; which are public official documents granting or securing certain rights to the persons named therein; like a certificate of copyright.

<sup>20</sup> I have already noted that the Poet continues the same persons Duke of Norfolk and Earl of Surrey through the play. Here the Earl is the same who had married Buckingham's daughter, and had been shifted off out of the way, when that great nobleman was to be struck at. In fact, however, he who, at the beginning of the play, 1520, was Earl, became Duke in 1525. At the time of this scene the Earl of Surrey was the much-accomplished Henry Howard, son of the former; a man of fine genius and heroic spirit, afterwards distinguished alike in poetry and in arms, and who, on the mere strength of royal suspicion, was sent to the block in 1547.

Absolved him with an axe.

*Wol.* This, and all else  
This talking lord can lay upon my credit,  
I answer is most false. The duke by law  
Found his deserts : how innocent I was  
From any private malice in his end,  
His noble jury and foul cause can witness.  
If I loved many words, lord, I should tell you  
You have as little honesty as honour ;  
That in the way of loyalty and truth  
Toward the King, my ever royal master, I  
Dare mate<sup>21</sup> a sounder man than Surrey can be,  
And all that love his follies.

*Sur.* By my soul,  
Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou shouldst feel  
My sword i' the life-blood of thee else. — My lords,  
Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?  
And from this fellow ? If we live thus tamely,  
To be thus jaded<sup>22</sup> by a piece of scarlet,  
Farewell nobility ; let his Grace go forward,  
And dare us with his cap like larks.<sup>23</sup>

*Wol.* All goodness  
Is poison to thy stomach.

*Sur.* Yes, that goodness  
Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,

<sup>21</sup> To *mate*, here, is to *match*, to *compete with*, to *challenge*.

<sup>22</sup> *Jaded* is *overcrowded*, *overmastered*. The force of this term may be best understood from a proverb given by Cotgrave, in v. Rosse, a *jade*. " Il n'est si bon cheval qui n'en deviendroit *rosse* : It would anger a saint, or *crestfull* the best man living to be so used."

<sup>23</sup> A cardinal's hat is scarlet, and the method of daring larks is by small mirrors on scarlet cloth, which engages the attention of the birds while the fowler draws his nets over them.

Into your own hands, Cardinal, by extortion ;  
The goodness of your intercepted packets  
You writ to th' Pope against the King : your goodness,  
Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious. —  
My Lord of Norfolk, — as you're truly noble,  
As you respect the common good, the state  
Of our despised nobility, our issues,  
Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen, —  
Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles  
Collected from his life. — I'll startle you.

*Wol.* How much, methinks, I could despise this man,  
But that I'm bound in charity against it !

*Nor.* Those articles, my lord, are in the King's hand :  
But, thus much, they are foul ones.

*Wol.* So much fairer  
And spotless<sup>24</sup> shall mine innocence arise,  
When the King knows my truth.

*Sur.* This cannot save you :  
I thank my memory, I yet remember  
Some of these articles ; and out they shall.  
Now, if you can blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal,  
You'll show a little honesty.

*Wol.* Speak on, sir ;  
I dare your worst objections : if I blush,  
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

*Sur.* I had rather want those than my head. Have at  
you !  
First, that, without the King's assent or knowledge,  
You wrought to be a Legate ; by which power

<sup>24</sup> The *more*, virtually implied in *fairer*, extends its force over *spotless* ;  
"so much *more* fair and spotless." See 2 *Henry IV.*, page 156, note 2.



You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.<sup>25</sup>

*Nor.* Then, that in all you writ to Rome, or else  
To foreign princes, *Ego et Rex meus*  
Was still inscribed ; in which you brought the King  
To be your servant.<sup>26</sup>

*Suf.* Then, that, without the knowledge  
Either of King or Council, when you went  
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold  
To carry into Flanders the Great Seal.

*Sur.* Item, you sent a large commission  
To Gregory de Cassalis, to conclude,  
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,<sup>27</sup>  
A league between his Highness and Ferrara.

*Suf.* That, out of mere ambition, you have caused

<sup>25</sup> A Legate, as the term is here used, was a special representative of the Pope. If admitted or resident in a country, he could, by virtue of his legate commission, overrule or supersede, for the time being, the local authority of the Bishops. For this cause, all exercise of such powers had been prohibited in England by special statute. Nevertheless Wolsey had in fact got himself made Legate, and this with the full approval of the King, though both of them knew the thing to be unlawful. But the King's approval did not justify the minister.

<sup>26</sup> These several charges are taken almost literally from Holinshed, where the second item reads thus: "In all writings which he wrote to Rome, or anie other forren prince, he wrote *Ego et rex meus*, I and my King; as who would saie that the king were his servant." In the Latin idiom, however, such was the order prescribed by modesty itself. And, in fact, the charge against Wolsey, as given from the records of Lord Herbert, was not that he set himself above or before the King, but that he spoke of himself along with him: "Also, the said lord cardinal, in divers and many of his letters and instructions sent out of this realm, had joined himself with your grace, as in saying and writing, — *The king and I would ye should do thus*; — *The king and I give you our hearty thanks*: whereby it is apparent that he used himself more like a fellow to your highness than like a subject."

<sup>27</sup> *Allowance* in its old sense of *approval*, or *sanction*, probably. The Poet has both the noun and the verb repeatedly in that sense,

Your holy hat be stamp'd on the King's coin.<sup>28</sup>

*Sur.* Then, that you've sent innumerable substance —  
By what means got, I leave to your own conscience —  
To furnish Rome, and to prepare the ways  
You have for dignities ; to th' mere<sup>29</sup> undoing  
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are ;  
Which, since they are of you, and odious,  
I will not taint my mouth with.

*Cham.* O my lord,  
Press not a falling man too far ! 'tis virtue :  
His faults lie open to the laws ; let them,  
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him  
So little of his great self.

*Sur.* I forgive him.

*Suf.* Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is, —  
Because all those things you have done of late,  
By your power legatine, within this kingdom,  
Fall into th' compass of a *præmunire*,<sup>30</sup> —  
That therefore such a writ be sued against you ;  
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,  
Chattels, and whatsoever, and to be  
Out of the King's protection : this is my charge.

*Nor.* And so we'll leave you to your meditations  
How to live better. For your stubborn answer

<sup>28</sup> This was one of the articles exhibited against Wolsey, but rather with a view to swell the catalogue than from any serious cause of accusation ; inasmuch as the Archbishops Cranmer, Bainbridge, and Warham were indulged with the same privilege.

<sup>29</sup> *Mere* in the sense of *utter* or *absolute* ; a frequent usage.

<sup>30</sup> The judgment in a writ of *præmunire* (a barbarous word used instead of *præmonere*) is, that the defendant shall *be out of the King's protection* ; and his *lands and tenements, goods and chattels* forfeited to the King ; and that his body shall remain in prison at the King's pleasure.

About the giving back the Great Seal to us,  
The King shall know it, and, no doubt, shall thank you.  
So fare you well, my little-good Lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but* WOLSEY.]

*Wol.* So farewell to the little good you bear me.  
Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !  
This is the state of man : To-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;  
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,  
And — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely  
His greatness is a-ripening — nips his root,  
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,  
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,  
This many Summers in a sea of glory ;  
But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride  
At length broke under me ; and now has left me,  
Weary and old with service, to the mercy  
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.  
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye :  
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched  
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !  
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,  
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,<sup>31</sup>  
More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;  
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,  
Never to hope again. —

<sup>31</sup> "*Their* ruin" is the ruin which they inflict ; *their* referring to *princes* : what is technically called the *subjective* genitive. So in ii. 3, of this play : " And free us from *his* slavery " ; that is, the slavery imposed by him. See, also, *The Tempest*, page 138, note 23.

*Enter CROMWELL, amazedly.*

Why, how now, Cromwell !

*Crom.* I have no power to speak, sir.

*Wol.*

What, amazed

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline ? Nay, an you weep,

I'm fall'n indeed.

*Crom.*

How does your Grace ?

*Wol.*

Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.

I know myself now ; and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities,

A still and quiet conscience. The King has cured me,

I humbly thank his Grace ; and from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour.

O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden

Too heavy for a man that hopes for Heaven !

*Crom.* I'm glad your Grace has made that right use of it.

*Wol.* I hope I have : I'm able now, methinks—

Out of a fortitude of soul I feel —

T' endure more miseries and greater far

Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.

What news abroad ?

*Crom.*

The heaviest and the worst

Is your displeasure <sup>32</sup> with the King.

*Wol.*

God bless him !

*Crom.* The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen  
Lord Chancellor in your place.

<sup>32</sup> Here "*your* displeasure" is the displeasure which you have incurred, or of which you are the *object*; hence called the *objective* genitive.

*Wol.*

That's somewhat sudden :

But he's a learnèd man. May he continue  
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice  
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,  
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,  
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em !<sup>33</sup>  
What more ?

*Crom.* That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,  
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

*Wol.* That's news indeed.

*Crom.* Last, that the Lady Anne,  
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,  
This day was view'd in open<sup>34</sup> as his Queen,  
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now  
Only about her coronation.

*Wol.* There was the weight that pull'd me down. O  
Cromwell,  
The King has gone beyond me : all my glories  
In that one woman I have lost for ever :  
No Sun shall ever usher forth mine honours,  
Or gild again the noble troops that waited  
Upon my smiles.<sup>35</sup> Go, get thee from me, Cromwell ;

<sup>33</sup> The Lord Chancellor is the general guardian of orphans. "*A tomb of tears*," says Johnson, "is very harsh." Steevens has adduced an Epigram of Martial, in which the Heliades are said to "weep a tomb of tears" over a viper. Drummond, in his *Tears for the Death of Mæliades*, has the same conceit :

The Muses, Phæbus, Love, have raised of their *teares*  
*A crystal tomb* to him, through which his worth appears.

<sup>34</sup> *In open* is a Latinism. "Et castris *in aperto* positis," Liv. i. 33 ; that is, *in a place* exposed on all sides to view.

<sup>35</sup> The number of persons who composed Cardinal Wolsey's household, according to the authentic copy of Cavendish, was *five hundred*. Cavendish's work, though written soon after the death of Wolsey, was not printed

I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now  
To be thy lord and master : seek the King ;  
That sun, I pray, may never set ! I've told him  
What and how true thou art : he will advance thee ;  
Some little memory of me will stir him —  
I know his noble nature — not to let  
Thy hopeful service perish too : good Cromwell,  
Neglect him not ; make use <sup>36</sup> now, and provide  
For thine own future safety.

*Crom.* O my lord,  
Must I, then, leave you? must I needs forgo  
So good, so noble, and so true a master?  
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,  
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.  
The King shall have my service ; but my prayers  
For ever and for ever shall be yours.

*Wol.* Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear  
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,  
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.  
Let's dry our eyes : and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
And—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
Of me more must be heard of—say, I taught thee,  
Say, Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,  
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour—  
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;

till 1641, and then in a most garbled manner, the object of the publication having been to render Laud odious, by showing how far Church power had been extended by Wolsey, and how dangerous that prelate was, who, in the opinion of many, followed his example. In that copy we read that the number of his household was *eight hundred* persons. In other MSS. and in Dr. Wordsworth's edition, it is stated at *one hundred and eighty* persons.

<sup>36</sup> *Use* and *usance* were common terms for *interest* or *profit*.

A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.  
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.  
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :  
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,  
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't ?  
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee :  
Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not :  
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
Thy God's, and truth's : then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
Thou fall'st a blessèd martyr ! Serve the King ;  
And,—pr'ythee, lead me in :  
There take an inventory of all I have,  
To the last penny ; 'tis the King's : my robe,  
And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my King, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

*Crom.* Good sir, have patience.

*Wol.* So I have. Farewell

The hopes of Court ! my hopes in Heaven do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *A Street in Westminster.*

*Enter two Gentlemen, meeting.*

*1 Gent.* You're well met once again.

*2 Gent.* So are you.

*1 Gent.* You come to take your stand here, and behold  
The Lady Anne pass from her coronation?

*2 Gent.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter  
The Duke of Buckingham came from his trial.

*1 Gent.* 'Tis very true : but that time offer'd sorrow ;  
This, general joy.

*2 Gent.* 'Tis well : the citizens,  
I'm sure, have shown at full their loyal minds —  
As, let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward —  
In celebration of this day with shows,  
Pageants, and sights of honour.

*1 Gent.* Never greater,  
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.

*2 Gent.* May I be bold to ask what that contains,  
That paper in your hand?

*1 Gent.* Yes ; 'tis the list  
Of those that claim their offices this day  
By custom of the coronation.  
The Duke of Suffolk is the first, and claims  
To be High-Steward ; next, the Duke of Norfolk,  
He to be Earl Marshal : you may read the rest.

*2 Gent.* I thank you, sir : had I not known those cus-  
toms,



I should have been beholding to your paper.  
But, I beseech you, what's become of Catharine,  
The princess dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gent.* That I can tell you too. The Archbishop  
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other  
Learnèd and reverend fathers of his order,  
Held a late court <sup>1</sup> at Dunstable, six miles off  
From Ampthill, where the princess lay; to which  
She was oft cited by them, but appear'd not:  
And, to be short, for not-appearance and  
'The King's late scruple, by the main <sup>2</sup> assent  
Of all these learnèd men she was divorced,  
And the late marriage <sup>3</sup> made of none effect:  
Since which she was removed to Kimbolton,  
Where she remains now sick.

2 *Gent.* Alas, good lady! [*Trumpets.*  
The trumpets sound: stand close, the Queen is coming.

#### THE ORDER OF THE PROCESSION.

*A lively flourish of trumpets. Then enter,*

1. *Two Judges.*
2. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
3. *Choristers, singing.* [*Music.*]
4. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter, in  
his coat-of-arms,<sup>4</sup> and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
5. *Marquess DORSET, bearing a sceptre of gold, on his head*

<sup>1</sup> "Lately held a court" is the meaning, of course.

<sup>2</sup> *Great, strong, mighty*, are among the old senses of *main*. So in *Hamlet*, i. 3: "No further than the *main* voice of Denmark goes withal."

<sup>3</sup> That is, the marriage *lately* considered valid.

<sup>4</sup> His coat of office, emblazoned with the royal arms.

*a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of SURREY, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crowned with an earl's coronet. Collars of esses.<sup>5</sup>*

6. *Duke of SUFFOLK, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as high-steward. With him, the Duke of NORFOLK, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of esses.*
7. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports;<sup>6</sup> under it, the Queen in her robe; her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side of her, the Bishops of London and Winchester.*
8. *The old Duchess of NORFOLK, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
9. *Certain Ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*

A royal train, believe me. These I know :

Who's that that bears the sceptre?

*1 Gent.*

Marquess Dorset ;

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

*2 Gent.* A bold brave gentleman. That lord should be  
The Duke of Suffolk?

*1 Gent.*

'Tis the same ; High-Steward.

*2 Gent.* And that my Lord of Norfolk?

<sup>5</sup> In the account of the coronation, the author follows Hall, who says that "such as were knights had collars of esses." A collar of *esses* was probably so called from the S-shaped links of the chain-work. Sometimes there were ornaments between the *esses*. It was a badge of equestrian nobility. Its origin is unknown.

<sup>6</sup> The *five* ports were Dover, Hastings, Hythe, Romney, and Sandwich ; to which Rye and Winchelsea were afterwards added. The jurisdiction of them was vested in barons for the better protection of the English coast. Hall says that "the Cinque-ports claimed to bear the canopy over the queen's head, the day of the coronation."

1 *Gent.*

Yes.

2 *Gent.* [*Looking on the Queen.*] Heaven bless thee !

Thou hast the sweetest face I ever look'd on. —

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;

Our King has all the Indies in his arms,

And more and richer, when he clasps that lady :

I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gent.*

They that bare

The cloth of honour o'er her are four barons

Of the Cinque-ports.

2 *Gent.* Those men are happy ; and so are all are near  
her.

I take it, she that carries up the train

Is that old noble lady, Duchess of Norfolk.

1 *Gent.* It is ; and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gent.* Their coronets say so. These are stars indeed.

1 *Gent.* And sometimes falling ones.

2 *Gent.*

No more of that.

[*Exit procession, with a great flourish of trumpets.*]

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

1 *Gent.* God save you, sir ! where have you been broiling ?

3 *Gent.* Among the crowd i' th' abbey ; where a finger

Could not be wedged in more : I am stifled

With the mere rankness of their joy.

2 *Gent.* You saw the ceremony ?

3 *Gent.* That I did.

1 *Gent.* How was it ?

3 *Gent.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gent.* As well as I am able. The rich stream

Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen

To a prepared place in the choir, fell off  
A distance from her ; while her Grace sat down  
To rest awhile, some half an hour or so,  
In a rich chair of state, opposing freely  
The beauty of her person to the people.  
Believe me, sir, she is the goodliest woman  
That ever lay by man : which when the people  
Had the full view of, such a noise arose  
As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,  
As loud, and to as many tunes : hats, cloaks, —  
Doublets, I think, — flew up ; and had their faces  
Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy  
I never saw before. No man living  
Could say, *This is my wife*, there ; all were woven  
So strangely in one piece.

2 *Gent.* But what follow'd ?

3 *Gent.* At length her Grace rose, and with modest  
paces

Came to the alter ; where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,  
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and pray'd devoutly ;  
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :  
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury  
She had all the royal makings of a queen ;  
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,  
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems  
Laid nobly on her : which perform'd, the choir,  
With all the choicest music<sup>7</sup> of the kingdom,  
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,<sup>8</sup>  
And with the same full state paced back again

<sup>7</sup> *Music for musicians, or musical instruments ; a common figure.*

<sup>8</sup> The Poet often uses *part* for *depart*. So in iii. 2: " He *parted* frowning from me." See, also, *The Winter's Tale*, page 40, note 2.

To York-place, where the feast is held.<sup>9</sup>

1 *Gent.*

Sir, you

Must no more call it York-place, that is past ;

For, since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost :

'Tis now the King's, and call'd Whitehall.

3 *Gent.*

I know it ;

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that th' old name

Is fresh about me.

2 *Gent.*

What two reverend bishops

Were those that went on each side of the Queen ?

3 *Gent.* Stokesly and Gardiner ; the one of Winchester,

Newly preferr'd from the King's secretary ;<sup>10</sup>

The other, London.

2 *Gent.*

He of Winchester

Is held no great good lover of th' Archbishop's,

The virtuous Cranmer.

3 *Gent.*

All the land knows that :

However, yet there is no great breach ; when it comes,

Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 *Gent.* Who may that be, I pray you ?

3 *Gent.*

Thomas Cromwell ;

A man in much esteem wi' th' King,<sup>11</sup> and truly

A worthy friend. The King

Has made him master o' the jewel-house,

And one, already, of the Privy-Council.

<sup>9</sup> The coronation of Anne took place June 1, 1533; the divorcement of Catharine having been formally pronounced the 17th of May.

<sup>10</sup> That is, lately *promoted* from *being* the King's secretary, or from the office of secretary. This use of *to prefer* was common.

<sup>11</sup> This play has many instances of *the* elided, so as to coalesce with a preceding word; as *by th'*, *for th'*, *to th'*, &c. Here we have a double elision of *with* and *the*, so as to make one syllable of them. The Poet often has it so. See *The Tempest*, page 47, note 16.

2 *Gent.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gent.* Yes, without all doubt.

Come, gentlemen, ye shall go my way, which  
Is to the Court, and there shall be my guests :  
Something I can command. As I walk thither,  
I'll tell ye more.

*Both.* You may command us, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. — *Kimbolton.*

*Enter* CATHARINE, *sick* ; *led between* GRIFFITH and PATIENCE.

*Grif.* How does your Grace?

*Cath.* O Griffith, sick to death !

My legs, like loaden branches, bow to th' earth,  
Willing to leave their burden. Reach a chair : —  
So ; now, methinks, I feel a little ease.  
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,  
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,  
Was dead ?<sup>1</sup>

*Grif.* Yes, madam ; but I thought your Grace,  
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

*Cath.* Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he died :  
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,<sup>2</sup>  
For my example.

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam :  
For, after the stout Earl Northumberland  
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward —

<sup>1</sup> Wolsey died Nov. 29, 1530; and the events of this scene did not occur till January, 1536, which was more than two years after the event that closes the play.

<sup>2</sup> *Happily* is sometimes used by Shakespeare for *haply*, *peradventure* ; but it here more probably means *opportunistically*.

As a man sorely tainted<sup>3</sup>—to his answer,  
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill  
He could not sit his mule.<sup>4</sup>

*Cath.* Alas, poor man !

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads,<sup>5</sup> he came to Leicester,  
Lodged in the abbey ; where the reverend Abbot,  
With all his convent, honourably received him ;  
To whom he gave these words, *O father Abbot,*  
*An old man, broken with the storms of State,*  
*Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;*  
*Give him a little earth for charity !*

So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness  
Pursued him still : and, three nights after this,  
About the hour of eight,—which he himself  
Foretold should be his last,—full of repentance,  
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,  
He gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessèd part to Heaven, and slept in peace.

*Cath.* So may he rest ; his faults lie gently on him !  
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,  
And yet with charity. He was a man  
Of an unbounded stomach,<sup>6</sup> ever ranking

<sup>3</sup> I am not quite clear in what sense *tainted* is used here. Sometimes the word means *touched* ; as in *3 Henry VI.*, iii. 1 : " And Nero will be *tainted* with remorse" ; that is, *touched* with *compassion*. Sometimes it means *attainted* or *under an attainder* ; that is, an *impeachment*.

<sup>4</sup> Cardinals generally rode on mules, as a mark perhaps of humility. Cavendish says that Wolsey " rode like a cardinal sumptuously upon his mule, trapped altogether in crimson velvet and gilt stirrups."

<sup>5</sup> *Roads*, or *rodes*, here, is the same as *courses*, *stages*, or *journeys*.

<sup>6</sup> *Stomach* was often used for *pride* or *haughtiness*. The *Chronicles* abound in passages showing up this trait in Wolsey's character. Thus : " It fortune'd that the archbishop of Canterbury wrote to the cardinall anon after that he had received his power legantine, the which letter after his old

Himself with princes ; one that by suggestion  
Tithed all the kingdom : simony was fair-play ;  
His own opinion was his law : i' the presence  
He would say untruths ; and be ever double  
Both in his words and meaning : he was never,  
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful :  
His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;  
But his performance, as he now is, nothing :  
Of his own body he was ill, and gave  
The clergy ill example.<sup>7</sup>

*Grif.* Noble madam,  
Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues  
We write in water. May it please your Highness  
To hear me speak his good now ?

*Cath.* Yes, good Griffith ;  
I were malicious else.

*Grif.* This Cardinal,  
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly  
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.  
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;

familiar maner he subscribed, Your brother William of Canterburie. With which subscription he was so much offended, that he could not temper his mood, but in high displeasure said that he would so worke within a while, that he should well understand how he was his superiour, and not his brother."—" *Tithed* all the kingdom " means took a tenth part, or, as we should say, ten per cent., of all the income of the nation. Hall relates that he once claimed from the citizens of London a *tithe* of their substance.

<sup>7</sup> This speech was evidently founded upon the following, copied 'by Holinshed from Hall: " 'This cardinall was of a great *stomach*, for he compted himselfe equall with princes, and by craftie *suggestion* got into his hands innumerable treasure : he forced little on simonic, and was not pittifull, and stood affectionate in his own opinion : in open presence he would lie and seie untruth, and was double both in speech and meaning : he would promise much and perform little : he was vicious of his bodie, and gave the clergie evill example."



Exceeding wise, fair-spoken, and persuading :  
Lofty and sour to them that loved him not ;  
But to those men that sought him sweet as Summer,  
And though he were unsatisfied in getting, —  
Which was a sin, — yet in bestowing, madam,  
He was most princely : ever witness for him  
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,  
Ipswich and Oxford ! one of which fell with him,  
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;<sup>8</sup>  
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,  
So excellent in art, and still so rising,  
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.  
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;  
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,  
And found the blessedness of being little :  
And, to add greater honours to his age  
Than man could give him, he died fearing God.<sup>9</sup>

*Cath.* After my death I wish no other herald,  
No other speaker of my living actions,  
To keep mine honour from corruption,

<sup>8</sup> This is commonly, perhaps rightly, explained to mean "the *goodness* that *founded* it." See Critical Notes.

<sup>9</sup> This speech is formed on the following passage in Holinshed : "This cardinall was a man undoubtedly born to honour ; exceeding wise, faire-spoken, high-minded, full of revenge, vitious of his bodie ; loftie to his enemies, were they never so big, to those that accepted and sought his friendship wonderful courteous ; a ripe schooleman ; thrall to affections, brought a-bed with flatterie ; insatiable to get, and more princelie in bestowing ; as appeareth by his two colleges at Ipswich and Oxenford, the one overthrowen with his fall, the other unfinished, and yet, as it lyeth, for an house of studentes incomparable throughout Christendome. A great prefferer of his servants, an advauncer of learning, stoute in every quarrel, never happy till this his overthrow ; wherein he shewed such moderation, and ended so perfectlie, that the houre of his death did him more honour than all the pomp of his life passed."

But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.  
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and modesty,  
Now in his ashes honour : peace be with him !—  
Patience, be near me still ; and set me lower :  
I have not long to trouble thee. — Good Griffith,  
Cause the musicians play me that sad note  
I named my knell, whilst I sit meditating  
On that celestial harmony I go to. [*Sad and solemn music.*]

*Grif.* She is asleep : good wench, let's sit down quiet,  
For fear we wake her : softly, gentle Patience.

*The Vision. Enter, solemnly tripping one after another, six Personages, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden visards on their faces; branches of bays or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which the other four make reverent curtsies; then the two that held the garland deliver the same to the other next two, who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order; at which (as it were by inspiration) she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven: and so in their dancing they vanish, carrying the garland with them. The music continues.*

*Cath.* Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,  
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

*Grif.* Madam, we're here.

*Cath.* It is not you I call for :  
Saw ye none enter since I slept?

*Grif.* None, madam.

*Cath.* No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop  
Invite me to a banquet ; whose bright faces  
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the Sun?  
They promised me eternal happiness ;  
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel  
I am not worthy yet to wear : I shall,  
Assuredly.

*Grif.* I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams  
Possess your fancy.

*Cath.* Bid the music leave ;  
They're harsh and heavy to me. [*Music ceases.*]

*Pat.* [*Aside to GRIF.*] Do you note  
How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden?  
How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks,  
And of an earthy colour? Mark her eyes !

*Grif.* [*Aside to PAT.*] She's going, wench : pray, pray.

*Pat.* [*Aside to GRIF.*] Heaven comfort her !

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* An't like your Grace, —

*Cath.* You are a saucy fellow :  
Deserve we no more reverence ?

*Grif.* You're to blame,  
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,  
To use so rude behaviour :<sup>10</sup> go to, kneel.

*Mess.* I humbly do entreat your Highness' pardon ;

<sup>10</sup> Queen Catharine's servants, after the divorce at Dunstable, were directed to be sworn to serve her not as *queen* but as *princess dowager*. Some refused to take the oath, and so were forced to leave her service ; and as for those who took it and stayed, she would not be served by them, by which means she was almost destitute of attendants.

My haste made me unmannerly. There's staying  
A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you.

*Cath.* Admit him entrance, Griffith : but this fellow  
Let me ne'er see again. — [*Exeunt GRIFFITH and Messenger.*]

*Re-enter GRIFFITH, with CAPUCIUS.*

If my sight fail not,  
You should be lord ambassador from th' Emperor,  
My royal nephew, and your name Capucius.

*Cap.* Madam, the same ; your servant.

*Cath.* O my lord,  
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely  
With me since first you knew me. But, I pray you,  
What is your pleasure with me?

*Cap.* Noble lady,  
First, mine own service to your Grace ; the next,  
The King's request that I would visit you ;  
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me  
Sends you his princely commendations,  
And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

*Cath.* O my good lord, that comfort comes too late ;  
'Tis like a pardon after execution :  
That gentle physic, given in time, had cured me ;  
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.  
How does his Highness?

*Cap.* Madam, in good health.

*Cath.* So may he ever do ! and ever flourish,  
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name  
Banish'd the kingdom ! — Patience, is that letter,  
I caused you write, yet sent away?

*Pat.*

No, madam.

[*Giving it to CATHARINE.*]

*Cath.* Sir, I most humbly pray you to deliver  
This to my lord the King ; —

*Cap.* Most willing, madam.

*Cath.* — In which I have commended to his goodness  
The model<sup>11</sup> of our chaste loves, his young daughter, —  
The dews of heaven fall thick in blessings on her ! —  
Beseeching him to give her virtuous breeding ; —  
She's young, and of a noble modest nature ;  
I hope she will deserve well ; — and a little  
To love her for her mother's sake, that loved him,  
Heaven knows how dearly. My next poor petition  
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity  
Upon my wretched women, that so long  
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully :  
Of which there is not one, I dare avow, —  
And now I should not lie, — but will deserve,  
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,  
For honesty and decent carriage,  
A right good husband, let him be a noble ;<sup>12</sup>  
And, sure, those men are happy that shall have 'em.  
The last is, for my men ; — they are o' the poorest,  
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ; —  
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,  
And something over to remember me by :  
If Heaven had pleased t' have given me longer life  
And abler means, we had not parted thus.  
These are the whole contents.<sup>13</sup> And, good my lord,

<sup>11</sup> *Model* here means *image* or *representation*. An old usage.

<sup>12</sup> Even though he be a nobleman.

<sup>13</sup> Here is the letter, as given by Lord Herbert : " My most dear lord, king, and husband : The hour of my death now approaching, I cannot choose but, out of the love I bear you, advise you of your soul's health,

By that you love the dearest in this world,  
As you wish Christian peace to souls departed,  
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King  
To do me this last right.

*Cap.* By Heaven, I will,  
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

*Cath.* I thank you, honest lord. Remember me  
In all humility unto his Highness :  
Say to him his long trouble now is passing  
Out of this world ; tell him, in death I bless'd him,  
For so I will. Mine eyes grow dim. Farewell,  
My lord. — Griffith, farewell. — Nay, Patience,  
You must not leave me yet : I must to bed ;  
Call in more women. When I'm dead, good wench,  
Let me be used with honour : strew me over  
With maiden flowers,<sup>14</sup> that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave : embalm me,  
Then lay me forth ; although unqueen'd, yet like  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.  
I can no more. [*Exeunt, leading CATHARINE.*]

which you ought to prefer before all considerations of the world or flesh whatsoever, for which yet you have cast me into many calamities, and yourself into many troubles. But I forgive you all, and pray God to do so likewise. For the rest, I commend unto you Mary, our daughter, beseeching you to be a good father to her, as I have hitherto desired. I must entreat you also to respect my maids, and give them in marriage (which is not much, they being but three), and to my other servants a year's pay besides their due, lest otherwise they should be unprovided for. Lastly, I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things. Farewell."

<sup>14</sup> At the burial of maidens, it was the custom to scatter flowers in the grave. So at the burial of Ophelia, in *Hamlet*, v. 1: "She is allow'd her virgin crants, her *maiden strewnments*"; and the Queen strews flowers, with the words, "I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid, and not have strew'd thy grave."

## ACT V.

SCENE I. — *London. A Gallery in the Palace.**Enter GARDINER, Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him.**Gard.* It's one o'clock, boy, is't not?*Boy.*

It hath struck.

*Gard.* These should be hours for necessities,  
Not for delights ;<sup>1</sup> times to repair our nature  
With comforting repose, and not for us  
To waste these times. —*Enter Sir THOMAS LOVELL.*

Good hour of night, Sir Thomas !

Whither so late ?

*Lov.* Came you from the King, my lord ?*Gard.* I did, Sir Thomas ; and left him at primero<sup>2</sup>  
With the Duke of Suffolk.*Lov.* I must to him too,  
Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.*Gard.* Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell. What's the matter ?  
It seems you are in haste : an if there be  
No great offence belongs to't, give your friend

<sup>1</sup> Gardiner himself is not much delighted. The delights at which he hints seem to be the King's diversions, which keep him in attendance.

<sup>2</sup> Primero, or prime, supposed to be the most ancient game of cards in England, was very fashionable in Shakespeare's time.

Some touch of your late business :<sup>3</sup> affairs that walk —  
As they say spirits do — at midnight have  
In them a wilder nature than the business  
That seeks dispatch by day.

*Lov.* My lord, I love you ;  
And durst commend a secret to your ear  
Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in labour,  
They say, in great extremity ; and fear'd  
She'll with the labour end.

*Gard.* The fruit she goes with  
I pray for heartily, that it may find  
Good time, and live ; but, for the stock, Sir Thomas,  
I wish it grubb'd up now.

*Lov.* Methinks I could  
Cry the amen ; and yet my conscience says  
She's a good creature, and, sweet lady, does  
Deserve our better wishes.

*Gard.* But, sir, sir, —  
Hear me, Sir Thomas : you're a gentleman  
Of mine own way ;<sup>4</sup> I know you wise, religious ;  
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well, —  
'Twill not, Sir Thomas Lovell, take't of me, —  
Till Cranmer, Cromwell, her two hands, and she,  
Sleep in their graves.

*Lov.* Now, sir, you speak of two  
The most remark'd i' the kingdom. As for Cromwell,  
Besides that of the jewel-house, he's made Master  
O' the Rolls,<sup>5</sup> and the King's secretary ; further, sir,

<sup>3</sup> "Some touch of your *late* business" is explained by Johnson, "Some *hint* of the business that *keeps you awake so late*."

<sup>4</sup> My own way of thinking in religion.

<sup>5</sup> The Master of the Rolls is the officer who has charge of the patents and



Stands in the gap and trade<sup>6</sup> of more preferments,  
 With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop  
 Is the King's hand and tongue ; and who dare speak  
 One syllable against him?

*Gard.* Yes, yes, Sir Thomas,  
 There are that dare ; and I myself have ventured  
 To speak my mind of him : and, indeed, this day —  
 Sir, I may tell it you, I think — I have  
 Incensed<sup>7</sup> the lords o' the Council that he is —  
 For so I know he is, they know he is —  
 A most arch heretic, a pestilence  
 That does infect the land : with which they moved  
 Have broken with the King ;<sup>8</sup> who hath so far  
 Given ear to our complaint, — of his great grace  
 And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs  
 Our reasons laid before him, — 'hath commanded  
 To-morrow morning to the Council-board  
 He be convented.<sup>9</sup> He's a rank weed, Sir Thomas,

other instruments that have passed the great seal, and of the records of the chancery ; while, again, the chancery is the court of the Lord Chancellor, to decide cases of equity, the highest court of judicature in England next to Parliament. — " Besides that of the jewel-house " is besides the mastership of the jewels and other ornaments belonging to the crown.

<sup>6</sup> *Trade* is, in general, a *road* or *way* ; that which is *trodden*. So in Udal's *Apothegms* : " Although it repent them of the *trade* or *way* that they have chosen." So that *the gap and trade* means simply the *open road*, or *free course*.

<sup>7</sup> *Incensed* or *insensed* in this instance, and in some others, only means *instructed*, *informed* ; still used in Staffordshire. It properly signifies to *infuse into the mind*, to *prompt* or *instigate*. " Invidiæ stimulo mentes Patrum fodit Saturnia : Juno incenseth the senators' minds with secret envy against." — COOPER.

<sup>8</sup> Have broken or opened the subject to him. Often so.

<sup>9</sup> *Convented* is *summoned* or *cited* to meet his accusers. The word was much used in reference to trials under charges of heresy.

And we must root him out. From your affairs  
I hinder you too long : good night, Sir Thomas.

*Lov.* Many good nights, my lord : I rest your servant.

[*Exeunt* GARDINER and Page.]

*As* LOVELL *is going out, enter the King and the Duke of*  
SUFFOLK.

*King.* Charles, I will play no more to-night ;  
My mind's not on't ; you are too hard for me.

*Suf.* Sir, I did never win of you before.

*King.* But little, Charles ;  
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play. —  
Now, Lovell, from the Queen what is the news ?

*Lov.* I could not personally deliver to her  
What you commanded me, but by her woman  
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks  
In the great'st humbleness, and desired your Highness  
Most heartily to pray for her.

*King.* What say'st thou, ha ?  
To pray for her ? what, is she crying out ?

*Lov.* So said her woman ; and that her sufferance made  
Almost each pang a death.

*King.* Alas, good lady !

*Suf.* God safely quit<sup>10</sup> her of her burden, and  
With gentle travail, to the gladding of  
Your Highness with an heir !

*King.* 'Tis midnight, Charles ;  
Pr'ythee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remember  
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone ;

<sup>10</sup> A rather peculiar use of *quit*, but meaning *release* or *set free* ; *grant her ease, rest, or quiet* ; like the Latin *quietus*.

For I must think of that which company  
Would not be friendly to.

*Suf.* I wish your Highness  
A quiet night ; and my good mistress will  
Remember in my prayers.

*King.* Charles, good night. —  
[*Exit* SUFFOLK.]

*Enter Sir ANTHONY DENNY.*

Well, sir, what follows ?

*Den.* Sir, I have brought my lord the Archbishop,  
As you commanded me.

*King.* Ha ! Canterbury ?

*Den.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* 'Tis true : where is he, Denny ?

*Den.* He attends your Highness' pleasure.

*King.* Bring him to us.  
[*Exit* DENNY.]

*Lov.* [*Aside.*] This is about that which the bishop spake :  
I'm happily<sup>11</sup> come hither.

*Re-enter DENNY, with CRANMER.*

*King.* Avoid the gallery. [*LOVELL seems to stay.*] Ha ! I  
have said. Be gone.

What ! [*Exeunt LOVELL and DENNY.*]

*Cran.* [*Aside.*] I am fearful : wherefore frowns he  
thus ?

'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

*King.* How now, my lord ! you do desire to know  
Wherefore I sent for you.

<sup>11</sup> *Happily* here means *luckily*, or *opportunately* ; as in page 140, note 2.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] It is my duty  
T' attend your Highness' pleasure.

*King.* Pray you, arise,  
My good and gracious Lord of Canterbury. [*He rises.*  
Come, you and I must walk a turn together ;  
I've news to tell you : come, come, give me your hand.  
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak,  
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.  
I have, and most unwillingly, of late  
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,  
Grievous complaints of you ; which, being consider'd,  
Have moved us and our Council, that you shall  
This morning come before us ; where, I know,  
You cannot with such freedom purge yourself,  
But that, till further trial in those charges  
Which will require your answer, you must take  
Your patience to you, and be well contented  
To make your house our Tower : you a brother of us,<sup>12</sup>  
It fits we thus proceed, or else no witness  
Would come against you.

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] I humbly thank your Highness ;  
And am right glad to catch this good occasion  
Most thoroughly to be winnow'd,<sup>13</sup> where my chaff  
And corn shall fly asunder : for, I know,  
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues

<sup>12</sup> " You being one of the Council, it is necessary to imprison you, that the witnesses against you may not be deterred."

<sup>13</sup> *Thoroughly* and *thoroughly*, as also *through* and *thorough*, are used interchangeably by our old writers : in fact, the two are but different forms of the same word ; as to be *thorough* in a thing is to go *through* it. — Cranmer has in mind St. Matthew, iii. 12 : " Whose fan is in his hand, and he will *thoroughly* purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner ; but he will **burn up the chaff.**"

Than I myself, poor man.

*King.* Stand up, good Canterbury :  
Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted  
In us, thy friend : give me thy hand, stand up :  
Pr'ythee, let's walk. [*He rises.*] Now, by my halidom,<sup>14</sup>  
What manner of man are you ! My lord, I look'd  
You would have given me your petition, that  
I should have ta'en some pains to bring together  
Yourself and your accusers ; and t' have heard you,  
Without indurance,<sup>15</sup> further.

*Cran.* Most dread liege,  
The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :  
If they shall fail, I, with mine enemies,  
Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,  
Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing  
What can be said against me.

*King.* Know you not  
How your state stands i' the world, with the whole world ?  
Your enemies are many, and not small ; their practices  
Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever<sup>16</sup>  
The justice and the truth o' the question carries  
The due o' the verdict with it : at what ease  
Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt

<sup>14</sup> *Halidom*, says Minsheu, 1617, is "an old word used by old country-women, by manner of swearing." According to Nares, it is composed of *holy* and *dom*, like *kingdom*. So that the oath is much the same as "by my faith."

<sup>15</sup> *Indurance* is here used for *imprisonment*, or being put or held in *durance*. The word is often used thus in the book whence the materials of this scene are drawn. So, likewise, in Montagu's *Appeal to Cæsar* : "If they are not beneficed, their *indurance* is the longer ; the punishment allotted is one whole yeares imprisonment."

<sup>16</sup> *Not ever* is uncommon, and means *not always*. See *Much Ado*, page 53, note 31.

To swear against you ! such things have been done.  
You're potently opposed ; and with a malice  
Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,  
I mean, in perjured witness', than your Master,  
Whose minister you are, whiles here He lived  
Upon this naughty Earth? Go to, go to ;  
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,  
And woo your own destruction.

*Cran.* God and your Majesty  
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into  
The trap is laid for me !

*King.* Be of good cheer ;  
They shall no more prevail than we give way to.  
Keep comfort to you ; and this morning see  
You do appear before them. If they shall chance,  
In charging you with matters, to commit you,  
The best persuasions to the contrary  
Fail not to use, and with what vehemency  
Th' occasion shall instruct you : if entreaties  
Will render you no remedy, this ring [*Giving ring.*  
Deliver them, and your appeal to us  
There make before them. — Look, the good man weeps !  
He's honest, on mine honour. God's bless'd Mother !  
I swear he is true-hearted ; and a soul  
None better in my kingdom. — Get you gone,  
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit CRAN.*] — He has strangled  
His language in his tears.

*Enter old Lady*

*Gent.* [*Within.*] Come back : what mean you ?

*Old L.* I'll not come back ; the tidings that I bring  
Will make my boldness manners. — Now, good angels

Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person  
Under their blessèd wings !

*King.* Now, by thy looks  
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?  
Say ay ; and of a boy.

*Old L.* Ay, ay, my liege ;  
And of a lovely boy : the God of Heaven  
Both now and ever bless her ! — 'tis a girl,  
Promises boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen  
Desires your visitation, and to be  
Acquainted with this stranger : 'tis as like you  
As cherry is to cherry.

*King.* Lovell !

*Re-enter LOVELL.*

*Lov.* Sir ?

*King.* Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the Queen.

[*Exit.*

*Old L.* An hundred marks ! By this light, I'll ha' more.  
An ordinary groom is for such payment.  
I will have more, or scold it out of him.  
Said I for this, the girl was like to him?  
I will have more, or else unsay't ; and now,  
While it is hot, I'll put it to the issue.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Lobby before the Council-Chamber.*

*Enter CRANMER ; Servants, Door-keeper, &c., attending.*

*Cran.* I hope I'm not too late ; and yet the gentleman,  
That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me  
To make great haste. — All fast ? what means this ? — Ho !

Who waits there? — Sure, you know me?

*D. Keep.*

Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

*Cran.* Why?

*D. Keep.* Your Grace must wait till you be call'd for.

*Enter Doctor BUTTS.*

*Cran.*

So

*Butts.* [*Aside.*] This is a piece of malice. I am glad I came this way so happily: the King shall understand it presently.

*Cran.* [*Aside.*] 'Tis Butts,  
The King's physician: as he pass'd along,  
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me!  
Pray Heaven, he sound<sup>1</sup> not my disgrace! For certain,  
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me —  
God turn their hearts! I never sought their malice —  
To quench mine honour: they would shame to make me  
Wait else at door, a fellow-counsellor,  
Among boys, grooms, and lacqueys. But their pleasures  
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

*The King and BUTTS appear at a window above.*<sup>2</sup>

*Butts.* I'll show your Grace the strangest sight, —

<sup>1</sup> To *sound*, as the word is here used, is to *report*, or *noise abroad*.

<sup>2</sup> The suspicious vigilance of our ancestors contrived windows which overlooked the insides of chapels, halls, kitchens, passages, &c. Some of these convenient peepholes may still be seen in colleges, and such ancient houses as have not suffered from the reformations of modern architecture. In a letter from Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1573, printed in Seward's *Anecdotes*: "And if it please her majestie, she may come in through my gallerie, and see the disposition of the hall in dynner time, at a window opening thereinto."



*King.* What's that, Butts?

*Butts.* — I think, your Highness saw this many a day.

*King.* Body o' me, where is it?

*Butts.* There, my lord :

The high promotion of his Grace of Canterbury ;  
Who holds his state at door, 'mongst pursuivants,  
Pages, and footboys.

*King.* Ha ! 'tis he, indeed :

Is this the honour they do one another?

'Tis well there's one above 'em yet. I had thought

They had parted<sup>3</sup> so much honesty among 'em —

At least, good manners — as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures,

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy Mary, Butts, there's knavery :

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close ;<sup>4</sup>

We shall hear more anon.

[ *Curtain drawn.* ]

#### THE COUNCIL-CHAMBER.<sup>5</sup>

*Enter the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk, the Duke of Norfolk, Earl of Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, GARDINER, and CROMWELL. The Chancellor places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand ; a seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. The*

<sup>3</sup> *Parted*, here, is *shared*.

<sup>4</sup> The curtain of the balcony or upper stage, where the King now is.

<sup>5</sup> Here the audience had to *suppose* or *imagine* a change of scene, namely, from the Lobby before the Council-chamber to the interior of the same. In the Poet's time, people were contented to be *told* that the same spot, with, perhaps, some slight changes of furniture, or the drawing of a curtain, was at once the outside and the inside of the Council-chamber.

*rest seat themselves in order on each side. CROMWELL at the lower end, as Secretary.*

*Chan.* Speak to the business, master secretary :  
Why are we met in Council?

*Crom.* Please your honours,  
The chief cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

*Gard.* Has he had knowledge of it?

*Crom.* Yes.

*Nor.* Who waits there?

*D. Keep.* Without, my noble lords?

*Gard.* Yes.

*D. Keep.* My lord Archbishop ;  
And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

*Chan.* Let him come in.

*D. Keep.* Your Grace may enter now.

[CRANMER *approaches the Council-table.*

*Chan.* My good lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry  
To sit here at this present, and behold  
That chair stand empty : but we all are men,  
In our own natures frail, and capable  
Of our flesh ;<sup>6</sup> few are angels : out of which frailty  
And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,  
Have misdemean'd yourself, and not a little,  
Toward the King first, then his laws, in filling

<sup>6</sup> A very troublesome passage. Steevens explains it, "While they are capable of being invested with flesh"; Staunton, "*Susceptible of fleshly temptations*"; Singer, "*Susceptible of the failings inherent in humanity.*" In *Hamlet*, iv. 4, Ophelia is said to be "as one *incapable* of her own distress." Here *incapable* plainly means *unconscious*. See, also, *Richard III.*, p. 95, n. 3. So, in the text, I suspect *capable* has the sense of *conscious*. So that the meaning would seem to be, "In our own natures frail, and *conscious* of our *frailty*," or of our carnal will and tendency. Cranmer is charged with *heresy*, and heresy was regarded as a work of the flesh. See Critical Notes.

The whole realm, by your teaching and your chaplains, —  
For so we are inform'd, — with new opinions,  
Divers and dangerous ; which are heresies,  
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

*Gard.* Which reformation must be sudden too,  
My noble lords ; for those that tame wild horses  
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle,  
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,  
Till they obey the manage. If we suffer —  
Out of our easiness, and childish pity  
To one man's honour — this contagious sickness,  
Farewell all physic : and what follows then ?  
Commotions, uproars, with a general taint  
Of the whole State ; as, of late days, our neighbours,  
The upper Germany,<sup>7</sup> can dearly witness,  
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

*Cran.* My good lords, hitherto, in all the progress  
Both of my life and office, I have labour'd,  
And with no little study, that my teaching  
And the strong course of my authority  
Might go one way, and safely ; and the end  
Was ever, to do well : nor is there living —  
I speak it with a single heart, my lords —  
A man that more detests, more stirs against,  
Both in his private conscience and his place,

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to the monstrous fanaticisms that ran wild in Thuringia, under the leading of Thomas Muncer, in 1521. Hooker, in his *Preface*, says of them, "When they and their Bibles were alone together, what strange fantastical opinion soever at any time entered into their heads, their use was to think the Spirit taught it them." At length they got so bewitched or bewitched with special licentious revelations, that the Elector of Saxony had to take them in hand with a military force.

Defacers of the public peace, than I do.  
Pray Heaven, the King may never find a heart  
With less allegiance in it ! Men that make  
Envy and crookèd malice nourishment  
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships  
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,  
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,  
And freely urge against me.

*Suf.* Nay, my lord,  
That cannot be : you are a counsellor,  
And, by that virtue, no man dare accuse you.

*Gard.* My lord, because we've business of more moment,  
We will be short with you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,  
And our consent, for better trial of you,  
From hence you be committed to the Tower ;  
Where, being but a private man again,  
You shall know many dare accuse you boldly,  
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

*Cran.* Ah, my good Lord of Winchester, I thank you ;  
You're always my good friend : if your will pass,  
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,  
You are so merciful. I see your end ;  
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,  
Become a churchman better than ambition :  
Win straying souls with modesty<sup>8</sup> again ;  
Cast none away. That I shall clear myself,  
Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience,  
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience  
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,  
But reverence to your calling makes me modest.

<sup>8</sup> *Modesty* in its old sense of *moderation* ; that is, *mildness* or *gentleness*.

*Gard.* My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,  
That's the plain truth : your painted gloss discovers,  
To men that understand you, words and weakness.<sup>9</sup>

*Crom.* My Lord of Winchester, you are a little,  
By your good favour, too sharp ; men so noble,  
However faulty, yet should find respect  
For what they have been : 'tis a cruelty  
To load a falling man.

*Gard.* Good master secretary,  
I cry your Honour mercy ; you may, worst  
Of all this table, say so.

*Crom.* Why, my lord ?

*Gard.* Do not I know you for a favourer  
Of this new sect ? ye are not sound.

*Crom.* Not sound ?

*Gard.* Not sound, I say.

*Crom.* Would you were half so honest !  
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

*Gard.* I shall remember this bold language.

*Crom.* Do.

Remember your bold life too.

*Chan.* This is too much :

Forbear, for shame, my lords.

*Gard.* I've done.

*Crom.* And I.

*Chan.* Then thus for you, my lord : It stands agreed,  
I take it, by all voices, that forthwith  
You be convey'd to th' Tower a prisoner ;

<sup>9</sup> "Those that understand you discover, beneath this *painted gloss* or *fair outside*, nothing but empty talk and false reasoning." To *gloss* or to *gloze* was often used in the sense of to *explain away*, or to dress up in plausibilities. See *King Henry the Fifth*, page 46, note 7.

There to remain till the King's further pleasure  
Be known unto us : — are you all agreed, lords?

*All.* We are.

*Cran.* Is there no other way of mercy,  
But I must needs to th' Tower, my lords?

*Gard.* What other  
Would you expect? you're strangely troublesome. —  
Let some o' the guard be ready there !

*Enter Guard.*

*Cran.* For me?  
Must I go like a traitor thither?

*Gard.* Receive him,  
And see him sa'e i' the Tower.

*Cran.* Stay, good my lords,  
I have a little yet to say. Look there, my lords :  
By virtue of that ring I take my cause [*Showing ring.*  
Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it  
To a most noble judge, the King my master.

*Chan.* This is the King's ring.<sup>10</sup>

*Sur.* 'Tis no counterfeit.

*Suf.* 'Tis the right ring, by Heaven ! I told ye all,  
When we first put this dangerous stone a-rolling,  
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

*Nor.* Do you think, my lords,

<sup>10</sup> It seems to have been a custom, begun probably before the regal power came under legal limitations, for every monarch to have a ring, the temporary possession of which invested the holder with the same authority as the owner himself could exercise. The production of it was sufficient to suspend the execution of the law ; it procured indemnity for offences committed, and imposed acquiescence and submission to whatever was done under its authority. The traditional story of the Earl of Essex, Queen Elizabeth, and the Countess of Nottingham, long considered as an incident of a romance, is generally known, and now as generally credited.

The King will suffer but the little finger  
Of this man to be vex'd?

*Chan.* 'Tis now too certain :  
How much more is his life in value with him !  
Would I were fairly out on't !

*Crom.* My mind gave me,  
In seeking tales and informations  
Against this man, — whose honesty the Devil  
And his disciples only envy at, —  
Ye blew the fire that burns ye : now have at ye !

*Enter the King, frowning on them ; he takes his seat.*

*Gard.* Dread sovereign, how much are we bound to  
Heaven  
In daily thanks, that gave us such a prince !  
Not only good and wise, but most religious ;  
One that, in all obedience, makes the Church  
The chief aim of his honour ; and, to strengthen  
That holy duty, out of dear respect,  
His royal self in judgment comes to hear  
The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

*King.* You were ever good at sudden commendations,  
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not  
To hear such flatteries now ; and in my presence  
They are too thin and bare to hide offences.  
To me, you cannot reach, you play the spaniel,<sup>11</sup>  
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me ;  
But, whatsoe'er thou takest me for, I'm sure  
Thou hast a cruel nature and a bloody. —  
[*To CRAMNER.*] Good man, sit down. Now let me see the  
proudest,

<sup>11</sup> "To me, *whom* you cannot reach, you play the spaniel."

He that dares most, but wag his finger at thee :  
By all that's holy, he had better starve  
Than but once think this place becomes thee not.

*Sur.* May't please your Grace, —

*King.* No, sir, it does not please me.

I had thought I had men of some understanding  
And wisdom of my Council ; but I find none.  
Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,  
This good man, — few of you deserve that title,  
This honest man, wait like a lousy footboy  
At chamber-door ? and one as great as you are ?  
Why, what a shame was this ! Did my commission  
Bid ye so far forget yourselves ? I gave ye  
Power as he was a counsellor to try him,  
Not as a groom : there's some of ye, I see,  
More out of malice than integrity,  
Would try him to the utmost, had ye means ;  
Which ye shall ne'er have while I live.

*Chan.*

Thus far,

My most dread sovereign, may it like your Grace  
To let my tongue excuse all : What was purposed  
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather —  
If there be faith in men — meant for his trial,  
And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;  
I'm sure, in me.

*King.*

Well, well, my lords, respect him ;

Take him, and use him well, he's worthy of it.

I will say thus much for him : If a prince

May be beholding to a subject, I

Am, for his love and service, so to him.

Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :

Be friends, for shame, my lords ! — My Lord of Canterbury,



I have a suit which you must not deny me :  
There is a fair young maid that yet wants baptism ;  
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

*Cran.* The greatest monarch now alive may glory  
In such an honour : how may I deserve it,  
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

*King.* Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons :<sup>12</sup>  
you shall have two noble partners with you ; the old Duchess  
of Norfolk, and Lady Marquess Dorset : will these please  
you ? —

Once more, my Lord of Winchester, I charge you,  
Embrace and love this man.

*Gard.* With a true heart  
And brother-love I do it.

*Cran.* And let Heaven  
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

*King.* Good man, those joyful tears show thy true heart :  
The common voice, I see, is verified  
Of thee, which says thus, *Do my Lord of Canterbury*  
*A shrewd turn,*<sup>13</sup> *and he is your friend for ever.* —  
Come, lords, we trifle time away ; I long

<sup>12</sup> It was an ancient custom for the sponsors at christenings to offer silver or silver-gilt spoons as a present to the child. The ancient offerings upon such occasions were called *Apostle-spoons*, because the extremity of the handle was formed into the figure of one or other of the Apostles. Such as were opulent and generous gave the whole *twelve* ; those who were more moderately rich or liberal, escaped at the expense of the four Evangelists ; or even sometimes contented themselves with presenting one spoon only, which exhibited the figure of any saint in honour of whom the child received its name.

<sup>13</sup> "A *shrewd turn*" is an *unkind* turn, or a *sharp* one ; such being the proper sense of *shrewd*. The King has in mind the injunction, "love your enemies," and means a delicate compliment to Cranmer as acting in accordance with that divine precept.

To have this young one made a Christian.  
As I have made ye one, lords, one remain ;  
So I grow stronger, you more honour gain.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. — *The Palace-Yard.*

*Noise and tumult within. Enter a Porter and his Man.*

*Port.* You'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals : do you take the Court for Paris-garden ?<sup>1</sup> ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.<sup>2</sup>

[*Within.*] Good master porter, I belong to the larder.

*Port.* Belong to the gallows, and be hang'd, ye rogue ! is this a place to roar in ? — Fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones : these are but switches to 'em. — I'll scratch your heads : you must be seeing christenings ! do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals ?

*Man.* Pray, sir, be patient : 'tis as much impossible — Unless we sweep 'em from the door with cannons — To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On May-day morning ;<sup>3</sup> which will never be : We may as well push against Paul's as stir 'em.

*Port.* How got they in, and be hang'd ?

*Man.* Alas, I know not ; how gets the tide in ?

<sup>1</sup> This celebrated bear-garden, on the Bankside, was so called from Robert de Paris, who had a house and garden there in the time of King Richard II. In Shakespeare's time it was noted for tumult and disorder, and was often alluded to by the writers of that day, as a place where bears, bulls, and horses were baited.

<sup>2</sup> That is, *shouting or roaring* ; a sense the word has now lost. Littleton, in his *Dictionary*, has "To *gape* or *bawl* : vociferor."

<sup>3</sup> Anciently the first of May was observed by all classes of Englishmen as a holiday. See *A Midsummer*, page 30, note 22.

As much as one sound cudgel of four foot —  
You see the poor remainder — could distribute,  
I made no spare, sir.

*Port.* You did nothing, sir.

*Man.* I am not Samson, nor Sir Guy, nor Colbrand,<sup>4</sup>  
To mow 'em down before me : but if I spared any  
That had a head to hit, either young or old,  
Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again ;  
And that I would not for my cow, God save her !<sup>5</sup>

[*Within.*] Do you hear, master porter ?

*Port.* I shall be with you presently, good master puppy.  
— Keep the door close, sirrah.

*Man.* What would you have me do ?

*Port.* What should you do, but knock 'em down by the  
dozens ? Is this Moorfields to muster in ?<sup>6</sup> or have we some  
strange Indian come to Court, the women so besiege us ?  
Bless me, what a fry is at door !

*Man.* There is a fellow somewhat near the door ; he should

<sup>4</sup> Sir Guy of Warwick and Colbrand the Danish giant were famous characters in some of the old romances. The story was that Sir Guy subdued the giant at Winchester.

<sup>5</sup> That is, "I would not *miss seeing* a chine again." A chine of beef is the article meant, which seems to have been held in special honour among the riches of an English table. So in Peele's play, *The Old Wives' Tale* : "A chine of English Beef, *meat for a king.*" Staunton observes that "the expression, 'my cow, God save her!' or 'my marc, God save her!' or 'my sow, God bless her!' seems to have been proverbial ; thus, in Greene and Lodge's *Looking-Glass for London*, 1598 : 'My blind mare, God bless her!'" He also shows that the expression "God save her!" applied to any beast, was regarded as a charm against witchcraft. So in Scot's *Discovery of Witchcraft* : "You shall hear a butcher or horse-courser cheapen a bullock or a jade, but, if he buy him not, he saith *God save* him ; if he do forget it, and the horse or bullock chance to die, the fault is imputed to the chapman." — See Critical Notes.

<sup>6</sup> The trained bands of the city were exercised in Moorfields.

be a brazier<sup>7</sup> by his face, for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose : all that stand about him are under the line ;<sup>8</sup> they need no other penance. That fire-drake<sup>9</sup> did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me : he stands there, like a mortar-piece, to blow us. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me till her pink'd porringer<sup>10</sup> fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the State. I miss'd the meteor<sup>11</sup> once, and hit that woman, who cried out Clubs !<sup>12</sup> when I might see from far some forty truncheoners draw to her succour, which were the hope o' the Strand, where she was quartered. They fell on ; I made good my place : at length they came to the broomstaff with me : I defied 'em still ; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em, loose shot,<sup>13</sup> deliver'd such a shower of pebbles, that I

<sup>7</sup> A *brazier* signifies a man that manufactures brass, and also a reservoir for charcoal occasionally heated to convey warmth. Both these senses are understood.

<sup>8</sup> Under the *equator*, where the heat is somewhat.

<sup>9</sup> "*Fire-drake* ; a *fire* sometimes seen flying in the night like a *dragon*. Common people think it a spirit that keepeth some treasure hid ; but philosophers affirme it to be a great unequal *exhalation* inflamed betweene two clouds, the one hot the other cold, which is the reason that it also smoketh ; the middle part whereof, according to the proportion of the hot cloud, being greater than the rest, maketh it seeme like a bellie, and both ends like unto a head and taile." — BULLOKAR'S *Expositor*, 1616. A *fire-drake* appears to have been also an artificial *firework*.

<sup>10</sup> Her pink'd *cap*, which looked as if it had been moulded on a porringer. So in the *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 4 :

*Hab.* Here is the *cap* your Worship did bespeak.

*Pet.* Why, this was moulded on a *porringer*.

<sup>11</sup> The *meteor* is the brazier aforesaid.

<sup>12</sup> Among the London apprentices, "clubs! clubs!" was a common cry to the rescue. See *As You Like It*, page 126, note 4.

<sup>13</sup> That is, loose or random *shooters*.

was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work :<sup>14</sup> the Devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

*Port.* These are the youths that thunder at a playhouse, and fight for bitten apples ; that no audience, but the Tribulation of Tower-hill, or the Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers, are able to endure.<sup>15</sup> I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*,<sup>16</sup> and there they are like to dance these three days ; besides the running banquet<sup>17</sup> of two beadles that is to come.

*Enter the Lord Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Mercy o' me, what a multitude are here ! They grow still too : from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair here ! Where are these porters, These lazy knaves ?—Ye've made a fine hand, fellows ; There's a trim rabble let in : are all these Your faithful friends o' the suburbs ? We shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from the christening.

<sup>14</sup> The *work* is the *fortress*, the place they are besieging or assaulting.

<sup>15</sup> The object-matter of these allusions has been variously disputed, and much learned rubbish has been gathered about them. The best explanation, it seems to me, is that of Dyce, who regards it as a "fling at the affected meekness of the Puritans." He adds, "'The Tribulation of Tower-hill' evidently means some particular set or meeting of Puritans, and the 'Limbs of Limehouse, their dear brothers,' another set." *Limbs* of course means *members*. In Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, one of the characters is "*Tribulation Wholesome*, a Pastor of Amsterdam." It is well known how cordially the Puritans hated plays and theatres. Knight asks, "Is it not that the Puritans, hating playhouses, approved of the uproar of those who 'fight for bitten apples,' because it disturbed those that came to hear ?"

<sup>16</sup> That is, in confinement. In *limbo* continues to be a cant phrase in the same sense to this day. The *Limbus Patrum* is, properly, the place where the old fathers and patriarchs are supposed to be waiting for the resurrection.

<sup>17</sup> A public whipping. A *banquet* here is used for a *dessert*. To the confinement of these rioters a whipping was to be the *dessert*.

*Port.* An't please your Honour,  
We are but men ; and what so many may do,  
Not being torn a-pieces, we have done :  
An army cannot rule 'em.

*Cham.* As I live,  
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all  
By th' heels,<sup>18</sup> and suddenly ; and on your heads  
Clap round fines for neglect : ye're lazy knaves ;  
And here ye lie baiting of bombards,<sup>19</sup> when  
Ye should do service. Hark ! the trumpets sound ;  
They're come already from the christening.  
Go, break among the press, and find a way out  
To let the troop pass fairly ; or I'll find  
A Marshalsea<sup>20</sup> shall hold ye play these two months.

*Port.* Make way there for the Princess !

*Man.* You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your  
head ache !

*Port.* You i' the camlet, get up off the rail ; I'll pick<sup>21</sup> you  
o'er the pales else ! [*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV.—*The Palace.*

*Enter trumpets, sounding ; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor,  
Garter, CRANMER, Duke of NORFOLK with his Marshal's  
staff, Duke of SUFFOLK, two Noblemen bearing great*

<sup>18</sup> Lord Campbell tells us that "to lay by the heels was the technical expression for committing to prison." See 2 *Henry IV.*, page 70, note 18.

<sup>19</sup> A *bombard* or *bumbard* was a large leathern jack for holding liquor.

<sup>20</sup> *Marshalsea* was the name of one of the prisons in London.

<sup>21</sup> *Pick* and *Peck* appear to have been both of them old forms of *pitch*. Thus Baret: "To *picke* or *cast*." And Stubbes in his *Anatomy of Abuses*: "To catch him on the hip, and *picke* him on his necke."

*standing-bowls*<sup>1</sup> for the christening-gifts ; then four Noble-men bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of NORFOLK, godmother, bearing the Child richly habited in a mantle, &c., train borne by a Lady ; then follows the Marchioness of DORSET, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

*Gart.* Heaven, from Thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth !

*Flourish. Enter the King and Train.*

*Cran.* [*Kneeling.*] And for your royal Grace and the good Queen,

My noble partners and myself thus pray :  
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,  
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,  
May hourly fall upon ye !

*King.* Thank you, good Lord Archbishop :  
What is her name ?

*Cran.* Elizabeth.

*King.* Stand up, lord. —

[CRANMER rises. — The King kisses the Child.

With this kiss take my blessing : God protect thee !  
Into whose hand I give thy life.

*Cran.* Amen.

*King.* My noble gossips,<sup>2</sup> ye have been too prodigal :  
I thank ye heartily ; so shall this lady,  
When she has so much English.

<sup>1</sup> *Standing-bowls* were bowls elevated on feet or pedestals.

<sup>2</sup> *Gossip* is an old term for *sponsor* or *god-parent*. See *The Winter's Tale*, page 76, note 5.

*Cran.* Let me speak, sir,  
For Heaven now bids me ; and the words I utter  
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.  
This royal infant — Heaven still move about her ! —  
Though in her cradle, yet now promises  
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,  
Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be —  
But few now living can behold that goodness —  
A pattern to all princes living with her,  
And all that shall succeed : Saba<sup>3</sup> was never  
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue  
Than this pure soul shall be : all princely graces,  
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,  
With all the virtues that attend the good,  
Shall still be doubled on her : truth shall nurse her,  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her :  
She shall be loved and fear'd : her own shall bless her ;  
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,  
And hang their heads with sorrow : good grows with her.  
In her days every man shall eat in safety,  
Under his own vine, what he plants ; and sing  
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours :  
God shall be truly known ; and those about her  
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,  
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.  
Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but, as when  
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in admiration as herself ;

<sup>3</sup> So the name of Solomon's queen-pupil is spelt both in the Septuagint and the vulgate ; such too is the old English form of it ; though some have changed it here to *Sheba*, as it is in our authorized version.



So shall she leave her blessedness to one,  
When Heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,  
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour  
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,  
And so stand fix'd : peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,  
That were the servants to this chosen infant,  
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him :  
Wherever the bright Sun of heaven shall shine,  
His honour and the greatness of his name  
Shall be, and make new nations : <sup>4</sup> he shall flourish,  
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches  
To all the plains about him.<sup>5</sup> Our children's children  
Shall see this, and bless Heaven.

*King.* Thou speakest wonders.

*Cran.* She shall be, to the happiness of England,  
An aged princess ; many days shall see her,  
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.  
Would I had known no more ! but she must die ;  
She must, the saints must have her : yet a virgin,  
A most unspotted lily, shall she pass  
To th' ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

*King.* O Lord Archbishop,  
Thou hast made me now a man ! never before  
This happy child did I get any thing.

<sup>4</sup> On a picture of King James, which formerly belonged to Bacon, and is now in the possession of Lord Grimston, he is styled *Imperii Atlantici Conditor*. In 1612 there was a lottery for the plantation of Virginia. The lines probably allude to the settlement of that colony.

<sup>5</sup> Alluding, most likely, to the marriage of the King's daughter Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine, which took place in February, 1613. The marriage was a theme of intense joy and high anticipations to the English people, as it seemed to knit them up with the Protestant interest of Germany. The present royal family of England comes from that marriage.

This oracle of comfort has so pleased me,  
That when I am in Heaven I shall desire  
To see what this child does, and praise my Maker. —  
I thank ye all. — To you, my good Lord Mayor,  
And your good brethren, I am much beholding :  
I have received much honour by your presence,  
And ye shall find me thankful. — Lead the way, lords :  
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye ;  
She will be sick else. This day no man think  
'Has business at his house ; for all shall stay :  
This little one shall make it holiday.

[*Exeunt.*]

## EPILOGUE.

'Tis ten to one this play can never please  
All that are here. Some come to take their ease,  
And sleep an Act or two ; but those, we fear,  
We've frightened with our trumpets ; so, 'tis clear,  
They'll say 'tis naught : others, to hear the city  
Abused extremely, and to cry, *That's witty !*  
Which we have not done neither : that, I fear,  
All the expected good we're like to hear  
For this play at this time, is only in  
The merciful construction of good women ;  
For such a one we show'd 'em. If they smile,  
And say 'twill do, I know, within a while  
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,  
If they hold when their ladies bid 'em clap.

THE TEMPEST.



## THE TEMPEST.



### Suggestions for the Study of "The Tempest."

Life, with its many-sidedness, with its struggles, is at all times revealing various phases of the conflict between good and evil. Whether we consider the life of the individual or of nations, there comes a time in which all the accumulated unrest bursts forth and a tempest threatens to overwhelm. This poem, "The Tempest," is the product of the poet's latest period. He had had a varied experience; he had sounded the depths of life; his great soul had been tempest-tossed. Is it not likely that he had come to see the spiritual significance of life and its forces?

The opening scene of "The Tempest" is a wonderful description of the management of the vessel in a storm. The first glimpse we get of Miranda is when she appeals to her father to allay the waters. She has seen the wrecked vessel, and her heart goes out in sympathy for the human suffering which has resulted. "O, I have suffer'd with those that I saw suffer!" she says, "O, the cry did knock against my very heart!"

Then Prospero explains why he has caused the storm, and so recites to her the story of their former life. Here the poet introduces in narrative their twelve years' residence upon the island and the causes leading to their

coming. Through this dialogue Miranda is by every word shown to be a genuine, kindly being, well worthy of our admiration. It is not resentment that stirs her nature as she hears that they have been deprived of their rights, but the first thought that finds utterance is —

O, the Heavens!  
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or blessed was 't we did?

in which she recognizes the possibility of good having come out of the injustice.

Her next thought comes as the expression of her sympathetic appreciation of what her father had done for her in her years of helplessness :—

O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to,  
Which is from my remembrance!

Prospero seems fully conscious that he has deprived his daughter of her rights by his own neglect of the practical duties of his position :—

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but by being so retired,  
O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature.

Me, poor man, my library  
Was dukedom large enough.

As Prospero recounts the good offices of Gonzalo, how he had provided them with food, fresh water, rich garments, linens, stuffs, books "from mine own library," he awakens in the heart of Miranda a desire to see their

good friend. He had secured to them physical necessities, and to Prospero the books which had contributed to his happiness.

Then under the magical influence of her father, Miranda sleeps.

The realm of magic is now entered. Prospero is the directing force and the dainty Ariel his chosen minister. Ariel recounts his work, and as the airy sprite says,

Sometime I'd divide  
And burn in many places;  
All but mariners  
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all a-fire with me,

we see that this servant of Prospero is the embodiment of air and fire. Prospero anxiously inquires as to whether all are safe. He has not intended his magic to bring destruction. Ariel has well performed his mission, "Not a hair perish'd." His task accomplished, Ariel now pleads for liberty. Prospero is aroused to anger by the demand of Ariel and reminds him from what he had been set free, recounts the thralldom under which he had been held by Sycorax and from which the art of Prospero releases him. Ariel is again submissive and is promised freedom after ten days more of service.

A visit to Caliban reveals the man of earth, for by his curses he at once shows himself to be in antagonism to all that is of the upper world. He keenly feels that he has been wronged. Prospero had in the beginning well treated him: —

Thou strokedst me and madest much of me; wouldst give me  
Water with berries in it; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light and how the less,

That burn by day and night : and then I loved thee,  
And showed thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile.

He rebels against being subject where he was king before. Prospero through his experience with this personification of evil has concluded that stripes, not kindness, are needed to protect from such as he. Caliban had been taught a language. "I endowed thy purposes with words that made them known," says Prospero. Caliban replies, —

You taught me language ; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse,

thus revealing the dangerous power of knowledge when lodged with such a being.

The invisible Ariel sings his song and Ferdinand is soothed by its magic, and Miranda beholds him as a "spirit that carries a brave form."

I might call him  
A thing divine ; for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

At once Ferdinand is touched by the same power of love, and so both are by it held captive. Prospero sees himself successful in his plan. "At the first sight they have changed eyes." Prospero must check this swift business —

Lest too light winning  
Make the prize light.

Ferdinand, under the spell of Prospero, is powerless to defend himself, submits to his great griefs and declares them all to be light. "Might he not through his prison once a day behold this maid !"



In the second act the three good characters Gonzalo, Adrian, and Francisco stand opposed to the three bad characters Antonio, Alonzo, and Sebastian. Gonzalo is the special object of the ridicule of Sebastian and Antonio. Alonzo has been touched by the supposed loss of his son, Ferdinand, and begins to feel repentant. He is crushed by his grief and repeatedly pleads for peace. The man whom he had helped to usurp the dukedom of Milan now plots his death, but his life is saved through the interference of Ariel.

In the fair island to which they have come by the power of fate, Gonzalo sees a fit place for his ideal state. The poet gives a glimpse of "Utopia" in Gonzalo's commonwealth : —

I' the commonwealth I would by contraries  
Execute all things ; for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;  
Letters should not be known ; riches and poverty,  
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;  
No occupation ; all men idle, all  
And women too, but innocent and pure ;  
No sovereignty : —

All things in common Nature should produce  
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
Would I not have ; but Nature should bring forth,  
Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

The dark conspiracy plotted by Antonio and Sebastian against the lives of the good Gonzalo and Alonzo is thwarted by the faithful Ariel.

Caliban fears to meet those whom he believes to be Prospero's spirit lest he chide him "for bringing wood in slowly." Trinculo and Stephano are true representatives of the physical world. They have been separated from the ship's company and have fallen in with Caliban. In this plain, hard prose these two express their sensual natures. Caliban is wild with delight over the contents of the wine bottle. Caliban, the rude child of nature, is brought under the influence of the depraved children of civilization. Caliban kneels to Stephano. His nature reveres the being who has given him the heavenly liquor. His whole nature goes out in these words : —

I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island ;  
And I will kiss thy foot ; I pr'y thee, be my God.

He is willing to perform all sorts of service for this new master ; he will be his willing subject, he will show him the best springs, he'll pluck the best berries, he'll fish for him, he'll get the wood. He finds his new service to be delightful to him because his new master ministers to his sensual nature. Rejoicing, in his drunken frenzy, Caliban fancies that he has attained freedom. License to gratify his appetites has placed him in a condition in which he feels that complete freedom has come to his possession.

The inimitable love-making between Ferdinand and Miranda in the first scene of the third act is not paralleled in literature. To depict this scene, to present the unconventional child of the island whose home has been her father's cell "weather-fended" by a line-groove, to present this girl speaking the love of her whole nature to

the heart of her new-found lover, and yet to do it in such a way as not to offend the most fastidious ear — all this is the height of art. No wonder that Ferdinand could say,

But you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best.

Miranda utters most characteristic words when she has been assured of Ferdinand's love for her. Choking back the tears of joy her soul speaks.

Hence, bashful cunning!  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!  
I am your wife, if you will marry me.

Then Caliban plots with Stephano and Trinculo to kill Prospero. The sensual world is arrayed against Prospero.

Alonzo, Sebastian, and Antonio feel the power of guilt as Ariel, like a harpy, causes the banquet to vanish and then addresses them: —

You are three men of sin whom Destiny —  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in 't — the never-surfeited sea  
Hath caused to belch up; yea, and on this island  
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men  
Being most unfit to live.

Ariel points out the only way by which sin can be expiated when he says to Alonzo: —

Thee of thy son, Alonzo,  
They have bereft; and do pronounce, by me  
Lingering perdition — worse than any death  
Can be at once — shall step by step attend  
You and your ways; whose wraths to guard you from,—  
Which here in the most desolate isle, else falls  
Upon your heads, — is nothing, but heart-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.

This is Christian repentance, "heart sorrow" and something beside, "a clear life ensuing." Alonzo hears in the billows, in the winds, in the thunder, the name of Prospero. It is written deeply on his heart and he at once sees retribution in the loss of his son.

Their great guilt,  
Like poison given to work a long time after,  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits.

The fourth act brings reward to Ferdinand, for Prospero is satisfied with the service he has wrought and bestows upon him the dearest of gifts, Miranda.

The marriage festival is celebrated by the coming of the "many colour'd" Iris and most bounteous Ceres, and Juno with a marriage blessing. "Come temperate nymphs, and celebrate a contract of true love."

Prospero bethinks him of Caliban's foul plot against his life, and as the minute has almost arrived, the spirits

Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

When Prospero has realized the near approach of the threatening evil he is vexed, his old brain is troubled, and then, after a turn or two, to still his beating mind he summons Ariel. "Spirit, we must prepare to meet with Caliban." After Prospero has ordered Ariel to bring

forth the costly trumpery, with which Gonzalo had provided him and his young daughter as they had been sent out in their unseaworthy vessel, and place it for a stale to catch these thieves, he reflects upon the nature of Caliban.

A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick; on whom my pains  
Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost;  
And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers.

When the guilty three approach the cell of Prospero, Caliban has a fruitless struggle with the other two to induce them to heed what is to him the chief end of their design, the destruction of Prospero. They are fascinated by the glittering apparel and "dote on such luggage." Caliban would have the murder first. But Prospero calls to his aid divers spirits, and these hound goblins perform his work.

Ariel recounts the sad condition of "the King, his brother, and all three distracted." Good Gonzalo —

His tears run down his beard, like winter-drops  
From eaves of reeds.

The heart of Prospero is touched. He finds himself moved by the afflictions of those who have wronged him.

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further.

He abjures his rough magic, —

And, when I have required  
Some heavenly music, — which even now I do, —  
To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

Alonzo, not knowing whether it be Próspero who appears before him, still feels that true repentance which prompts him to relinquish the dukedom and to entreat the pardon of his wrongs. Próspero tells no tales of the machinations of Sebastian and Antonio against Alonzo, and even forgives the rankest fault of him he cannot call brother. When the stricken Alonzo asks concerning Ferdinand, Próspero leads him on to his loss of Miranda, and then presents what seems a vision of the island to the eyes of the King-father.

Is she the goddess that hath severed us  
And brought us thus together?

*Ferdinand.*

Sir, she 's mortal;  
But by immortal Providence she 's mine.

Good Gonzalo sums up the good that has come out of evil : —

Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become king of Naples! O rejoice  
Beyond a common joy! and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars! In our voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost; Próspero, his dukedom,  
In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves  
When no man was his own.

All are restored — even the impenitent Antonio and Sebastian, the debauched Stephano and Trinculo. Alonzo receives again his kingdom; Ariel gains his liberty; even Caliban comes to himself and says : —

And I'll be wise hereafter,  
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool!

Prospero himself has abjured his magic, has laid aside his power.

And thence retire me to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

And so "The Tempest" passes to leave behind its lesson of life. In other dramas, Shakespeare has wrought out the terrific conflicts of passion as men have made and unmade nations. Here is shown how the individual soul can solve its own problem of life.

No other play of Shakespeare's, except possibly Hamlet, has had bestowed upon it so much skill in the effort to discover its significance. Few students have doubted that the poet meant to symbolize some truth. If it be only a fairy story, a tale of enchantment, it has carried us into a country where good fairies triumph over evil. The songs of Ariel, with their gentle witchery, accomplish the behests of his master. "Merrily, merrily shall he live now." If we do not find it profitable to follow the interpreters of this drama through all their minute details, even if we care not to enter at all into an elaborately thought-out commentary, it cannot fail to be of interest to have suggested to our minds the interpretations offered by

some of the greatest students of Shakespeare. Dr. Hudson, as an addition to his own characterization, has quoted Prof. Dowden's comments. Hudson looks upon Prospero as a kind of subordinate Providence, reconciling the diverse elements to himself and in himself to one another.

Dowden sees running through the whole play appearing here and there, like a colored thread in some web, the thought that true freedom of man consists in service.

Gervinus thinks <sup>1</sup> "it not impossible that Shakespeare in this play, and especially in regard to this Caliban (whose name is a mere anagram of Cannibal), meant to answer the great question of the day concerning the justifiableness of European usurpation over the wild aborigines of the new world; he felt a warm interest in English colonization, in the creation of new nations, that marked the reign of James; Southampton was a prominent character in the Virginia Company, and shared with Sandys and Wyatt the merit of first founding the political freedom of the colonists. If it were indeed the poet's intention to give this historical background to the story of Antonio's usurpation, it is further evidence of his wide views of history and of his unbiased mind, entirely free as it is from all false sentimentality. He shows the scrupulous philosophers, who doubted the lawfulness of colonization, the evils of policy and morality at home, where deeds quite as unnatural are practiced as could have been accomplished there. He perceived that what happened in the new world at that time was necessary, that with the extension of mankind superiority of spiritual and moral power would ever inundate the realms of rudeness and

<sup>1</sup> "Shakespeare's Commentaries," p. 799.



barbarism, streaming, as it were, into an empty space." Gervinus also suggests the soundness of Shakespeare's political wisdom in his treatment of Gonzalo's scheme of government.

Lowell says :<sup>1</sup> "Shakespeare is wont to take some familiar story, to lay his scene in some place the name of which, at least, is familiar, — well knowing the reserve of power there is in the familiar as a background, when things are set in front of it under a new and unexpected light. But in 'The Tempest' the scene is laid nowhere, or certainly in no country laid down on any map. Nowhere, then? At once no where and any where, —for it is the soul of man, that still vexed island hung between the upper and the nether world, and liable to incursions from both. There is scarce a play of Shakespeare's in which there is such rarity of character, none in which character has so little to do in the carrying on and development of the story. But consider for a moment if ever the imagination has been so embodied as in Prospero, the Fancy as in Ariel, the brute Understanding as in Caliban, who, the moment his poor wits are warmed with the glorious liquor of Stephano, plots rebellion against his natural lord, the higher Reason. Miranda is mere abstract womanhood, as truly so before she sees Ferdinand as Eve before she was wakened to consciousness by the echo of her own nature coming back to her, the same, and yet not the same, from that of Adam. Ferdinand is nothing more than Youth, compelled to drudge at something he despises, till the sacrifice of will and abnegation of self win him his ideal in Miranda."

<sup>1</sup> *Among my Books* (Shakespeare once more), p. 199.

Snider conceives<sup>1</sup> Prospero to be a portraiture of universal or rational life. He is thus victorious in the final collision; all his enemies are now in his power; he has mastered the conflicts of his individual existence. Nay, further, he has not merely punished, but even reconciled, all his enemies. Caliban himself submits, manifests hearty repentance, and is cured of his delusive worship. Sense thus yields to Reason. Such is the truly positive function of Spirit to bring all into harmony with itself, to make all reflect its own image. It may crush out with its power; but that is a negative result, and really no solution of a conflict. The highest attainment of intelligence may be expressed by just this word — reconciliation. The colliding individuals of the story are now united in spirit, and the harmony is perfect. They all have come to see the nature of their deeds. This is their common insight, and, therefore, their common concord; furthermore, they hasten to make their wicked deeds undone. Hence, when the criminals arrive at this island, their destiny is to rise above their hitherto selfish, individual existence, and become reconciled with the Rational — the Universal.

Ulrici says: <sup>2</sup> "What I have called the ideal point of unity, the fundamental motive, the leading thought of the piece, is expressed by old Gonzalo — not indeed in the form of reflecting thought, but still as a simple statement when at the close he says: —

"Set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars; in one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis:

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare's Dramas* ("Tempest"), p. 158.

<sup>2</sup> *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*, vol. II., "The Tempest," p. 268.

And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
 Where he himself was lost ; Prospero, his dukedom  
 In a poor isle ; and all of us ourselves,  
 When no man was his own.

" Indeed, the very fact of all the characters losing and recovering not only their outward fortune but their *own selves*, forms the actual substance of the drama. This utterance is the strongest proof of the effect which a general state of excitement and stormy commotion in life must exercise upon individuals. But in reality, our life is perpetually threatened by this influence ; the storms, at times, place it in a violent state of agitation perceptible to every one ; they do not rise from without but from within, from internal discord, from the perennial struggle between good and evil. And life itself is, in fact, but like a passing wave in the surging ocean of time, set in motion by some higher mysterious power. This thought, which must arise in the mind of every thoughtful reader when viewing the course of the action, is emphatically expressed by Prospero when, in the celebrated lines that adorn Shakespeare's monument in Westminster Abbey, he says : —

Like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
 Leave not a rack behind ; we are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep."

Moulton : <sup>1</sup> " In ' The Tempest ' we shall find a peculiarity that separates this from all other plays of Shake-

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, p. 268.

speare. The course of human events leaves upon thinkers two impressions, different but not inconsistent. All spectators behold the chaos of chance giving place to order, and see the emergence of moral laws. But some thinkers go further, and trace in what happens the guidance of a Personal Providence, never losing touch of the issues of life, though hiding himself till he appears in striking displays of his will. So Shakespeare's dramas as a whole make up a world in which moral law is forever being displayed. But in this one play of 'The Tempest' something more has been done. The whole course of circumstances is controlled by Prospero, who is for the purpose endowed with the power of enchantment. Now enchantment is, within its sphere, omnipotence; thus within the field of the play Prospero has been made the Providence which irresistibly controls the issues of events. Of course the mere sense of an overruling Providence, such as Gonzalo expresses, may be paralleled from many other plays as simply the opinion of an individual personage. But in 'The Tempest' it is the dramatic machinery itself that unveils to us the governing power of its universe in the magically-endowed Prospero. If then, we review the successive incidents of this play as they unfold themselves, we shall be seeing, under Shakespeare's guidance, the different aspects of Personal Providence."

After all, the real good that each learner, for himself, can get from the study of "The Tempest" is his measure of its value for him. If one can live in the atmosphere of Prospero's island, in his ideal world, and be led by its lessons to idealize the real every-day facts of life in such a way as to make them contribute to soul growth, then

has "The Tempest" served its purpose for that person. If Caliban, in the gratification of his sensual nature, has revealed the absolute slavery of appetite, then, indeed, has dawned upon the soul the omnipotent truth that freedom means the mastery of self. If in the unaffected, simple heart of Miranda one finds the true love which has the power to transform all that is base into the noble, the God-like, then has she given of her own sweet self a renewed faith in the genuineness of that holy, divine passion. If in Prospero one sees only the kindly father, ever watchful for the good of his child, and trying to right the wrong he has done in neglecting the practical affairs of life ; if he, from out his treasure-house of knowledge, teach the higher truths of the overcoming of evil, and the bringing of harmony where discord dwelt, then Prospero too is an inspiration.

Whatever else these creations of the poet may mean, if they contribute something to a higher conception of duty and to the doing of a righteous deed, they have served a lofty purpose — the true aim of all art.



## INTRODUCTION.<sup>1</sup>

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### State of the Text.

THE TEMPEST is one of the plays that were never printed till in the folio of 1623 ; where, for reasons unknown to us, it stands the first in the division of Comedies, and the first in the volume, though it was undoubtedly among the latest of the Poet's works.

The play is badly printed, considerably worse than most of the plays first printed in that volume ; though not so badly as *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Coriolanus*. Besides many slighter errors, not very difficult of correction, it has a number of passages that are troublesome in the highest degree, and some that have hitherto baffled the most persevering and painstaking efforts to bring them into a satisfactory state ; insomuch that they should, perhaps, be left untouched, as hopelessly incurable. Still I suppose it would hardly do to give up the cause on the plea that the resources of corrective art have here been exhausted : so I have, though without any great confidence of success, ventured to try my hand on several of them, and, after many years of careful study, have done the best I could with them. The details of the matter are, I believe, fully presented in the Critical Notes, and therefore need not be further enlarged upon here. It will be seen that I have adopted several new

<sup>1</sup> From Hudson's *School Shakespeare*.

readings recently proposed by eminent contemporary Shakespeareans; and in these, as I can hardly have any self-partiality to warp my judgment, so I feel more confident as to the result.

### Date of the Writing.

It has been ascertained beyond question that *The Tempest* was written at some time between the years 1603 and 1613. On the one hand, the leading features of Gonzalo's Commonwealth, as described in Act ii., Scene 1, were evidently taken from John Florio's translation of Montaigne, which was published in 1603. As the passage is curious in itself, and as it aptly illustrates the Poet's method of appropriating from others, I subjoin it together with the original: —

Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,  
 And were the King on't, what would I do?  
 I' the commonwealth I would by contraries  
 Execute all things: for no kind of traffic  
 Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
 Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,  
 And use of service, none; contract, succession,  
 Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;  
 No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
 No occupation; all men idle, all,  
 And women too, but innocent and pure;  
 No sovereignty:  
 All things in common Nature should produce  
 Without sweat or endeavour: treason, felony,  
 Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,  
 Would I not have; but Nature should bring forth,  
 Of its own kind, all foison, all abundance,  
 To feed my innocent people.  
 I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
 T' excel the golden age.

In Montaigne's essay *Of the Cannibals*, as translated by Florio, we have the following: "Meseemeth that what in



those nations we see by experience doth not only exceed all the pictures wherewith licentious Poesy hath proudly embellished the golden age, and all her quaint inventions to feign a happy condition of man, but also the conception and desire of Philosophy. It is a nation, would I answer Plato, that hath no kind of traffic, no knowledge of letters, no intelligence of numbers, no name of magistrate, nor of politic superiority ; no use of service, of riches, or of poverty ; no contracts, no successions, no dividences ; no occupation, but idle ; no respect of kindred, but common ; no apparel but natural ; no manuring of lands ; no use of wine, corn, or metal : the very words that import lying, falsehood, treason, dissimulation, covetousness, envy, detraction, and pardon, were never heard amongst them."

Here the borrowing is too plain to be questioned ; and this fixes the writing of *The Tempest* after 1603. On the other hand, Malone ascertained from some old records that the play was acted by the King's players "before Prince Charles, the Princess Elizabeth, and the Prince Palatine, in the beginning of 1613."

But the time of writing is to be gathered more nearly from another source. The play has several points clearly connecting with some of the then recent marvels of Transatlantic discovery : in fact, I suspect America may justly claim to have borne a considerable part in suggesting and shaping this delectable workmanship. In May, 1609, Sir George Somers, with a fleet of nine ships, headed by the *Sea-Venture*, which was called the Admiral's Ship, sailed for Virginia. In mid-ocean they were struck by a terrible tempest, which scattered the whole fleet ; seven of the ships, however, reached Virginia ; but the *Sea-Venture* was parted from the rest, driven out of her course, and finally wrecked

on one of the Bermudas. These islands were then thought to be "a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing but gusts, storms, and foul weather"; on which account they had acquired a bad name, as "an enchanted pile of rocks, and a desert inhabitation of devils."

In 1610 appeared a pamphlet entitled *A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Devils*, giving an account of the storm and shipwreck. The sailors had worked themselves into complete exhaustion, had given over in despair, and taken leave of each other, when the ship was found to be jammed in between two rocks, so that all came safe to land. They found the island uninhabited, the air mild and wholesome, the land exceedingly fruitful; "all the fairies of the rocks were but flocks of birds, and all the devils that haunted the woods were but herds of swine." Staying there some nine months, they had a very delightful time of it, refitted their ship, and then put to sea again, with an ample supply of provisions, and their minds richly freighted with the beauties and wonders of the place.

There can be no rational doubt that from this narrative Shakespeare took various hints for the matter of his drama. Thus much is plainly indicated by his mention of "the still-vex'd Bermoothes," as the Bermudas were then called, and also by the qualities of air and soil ascribed to his happy island. So that 1610 is as early a date as can well be assigned for the composition. The supernatural in the play was no doubt the Poet's own creation; but it would have been in accordance with his usual method to avail himself of whatever interest might spring from the popular notions touching the Bermudas. In his marvellous creations the people would see nothing but the distant marvels with which their fancies were prepossessed.

Concurrent with all this is the internal evidence of the play itself. The style, language, and general cast of thought, the union of richness and severity, the grave, austere beauty of character which pervades it, and the organic compactness of the whole structure, all go to mark it as an issue of the Poet's ripest years. Coleridge regarded it as "certainly one of Shakespeare's latest works, judging from the language only." Campbell the poet considers it his very latest. "*The Tempest*," says he, "has a sort of sacredness as the last work of a mighty workman. Shakespeare, as if conscious that it would be his last, and as if inspired to typify himself, has made his hero a natural, a dignified, and benevolent magician, who could conjure up 'spirits from the vasty deep,' and command supernatural agency by the most seemingly-natural and simple means. Shakespeare himself is Prospero, or rather the superior genius who commands both Prospero and Ariel. But the time was approaching when the potent sorcerer was to break his staff, and bury it fathoms in the ocean 'deeper than did ever plummet sound.' That staff has never been and will never be recovered."

But I suspect there is more of poetry than of truth in this ; at least I can find no warrant for it : on the contrary, we have fair ground for believing that at least *Coriolanus*, *King Henry the Eighth*, and perhaps *The Winter's Tale* were written after *The Tempest*. Verplanck, rather than give up the notion so well put by Campbell, suggests that the Poet may have revised *The Tempest* after all his other plays were written, and inserted the passage where Prospero abjures his "rough magic," and buries his staff, and drowns his book. But I can hardly think that Shakespeare had any reference to himself in that passage : for, besides that he did not use to put his own feelings and purposes into the mouth of his

characters, the doing so in this case would infer such a degree of self-exultation as, it seems to me, his native and habitual modesty would scarce permit.

### Source of the Plot.

Shakespeare was so unconscious of his great inventive faculty, so unambitious of originality in his plots and materials, and so apt to found his plays upon some popular chronicle or tale or romance, that he is generally, perhaps justly, presumed to have done so in this instance. Yet no play or novel has been identified as having furnished, in any sort, the basis of *The Tempest*, or any materials towards the composition. Commentators have been very diligent and inquisitive in the search ; still, for aught appears thus far, the probability is, that, in this case, the plot had its origin in the Poet's mind. Collins the poet, indeed, told Thomas Warton that he had met with a novel called *Aurelio and Isabella*, dated 1588, and printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English, upon which he thought *The Tempest* to have been founded : but poor Collins was at the time suffering under his mental disorder ; and, as regards the particular novel he mentioned, his memory must have been at fault ; for the story of Aurelio and Isabella has nothing in common with the play.

In the year 1841, however, Mr. Thoms called attention, in *The New Monthly Magazine*, to some remarkable coincidences between *The Tempest* and a German dramatic piece entitled *The Beautiful Sidea*, composed by Jacob Ayrer, who was a notary of Nuremberg, and contemporary with Shakespeare. In this piece, Prince Ludolph and Prince Leudegast answer to Prospero and Alonso. Ludolph is a magician, has an only daughter, Sidea, and an attendant spirit, Runcifal, who has

some points of resemblance to Ariel. Soon after the opening of the piece, Ludolph, having been vanquished by his rival, and with his daughter driven into a forest, rebukes her for complaining of their change of fortune ; and then summons his spirit Runcifal, in order to learn from him their future destiny, and their prospects of revenge. Runcifal, who, like Ariel, is somewhat "moody," announces to Ludolph that the son of his enemy will shortly become his prisoner. After a comic episode, Prince Leudegast, with his son Engelbrecht and the counsellors, is seen hunting in the same forest, when Engelbrecht and his companion Famulus, having separated from their associates, are suddenly encountered by Ludolph and his daughter. He commands them to yield themselves prisoners ; they refuse, and attempt to draw their swords, when he renders them powerless by a touch of his magical wand, and gives Engelbrecht over to Sidea, to carry logs of wood for her, and to obey her in all things. Later in the piece, Sidea, moved with pity for the prince's labour in carrying logs, declares that she would "feel great joy, if he would prove faithful to me, and take me in wedlock" ; an event which is at last happily brought to pass, and leads to a reconciliation of their parents.

Here the resemblances are evidently much too close to have been accidental : either the German must have borrowed from Shakespeare, or Shakespeare from the German, or both of them from some common source. Tieck gave it as his opinion that the German was derived from an English original now lost, to which Shakespeare was also indebted for the incidents of *The Tempest*. There the matter has to rest for the present. — There is, besides, an old ballad called *The Enchanted Island*, which was once thought to have contributed something towards the play : but it is now generally

held to be more modern than the play, and probably founded upon it ; the names and some of the incidents being varied, as if on purpose to disguise its connection with a work that was popular on the stage.

### Locality of the Scene.

There has been considerable discussion as to the scene of *The Tempest*. A wide range of critics from Mr Chalmers to Mrs. Jameson have taken for granted that the Poet fixed his scene in the Bermudas. For this they have alleged no authority but his mention of "the still-vex'd Bermoothes." Ariel's trip from "the deep nook to fetch dew from the still-vex'd Bermoothes" does indeed show that the Bermudas were in the Poet's mind ; but then it also shows that his scene was not there ; for it had been no feat at all worth mentioning for Ariel to fetch dew from one part of the Bermudas to another. An aerial voyage of some two or three thousand miles was the least that so nimble a messenger could be expected to make any account of. Besides, in less than an hour after the wrecking of the King's ship, the rest of the fleet are said to be upon the Mediterranean, "bound sadly home for Naples." On the other hand, the Rev. Mr. Hunter is very positive that, if we read the play with a map before us, we shall bring up at the island of Lampedusa, which "lies midway between Malta and the African coast." He makes out a pretty fair case, nevertheless I must be excused ; not so much that I positively reject his theory as that I simply do not care whether it be true or not. But, if we must have any supposal about it, the most reasonable as well as the most poetical one seems to be, that the Poet, writing without a map, placed his scene upon an island of the mind ; and that it suited his purpose to transfer to his

ideal whereabout some of the wonders of Transatlantic discovery. I should almost as soon think of going to history for the characters of Ariel and Caliban, as to geography for the size, locality, or whatsoever else, of their dwelling-place. And it is to be noted that the old ballad just referred to seems to take for granted that the island was but an island of the mind ; representing it to have disappeared upon Prospero's leaving it : —

From that day forth the isle has been  
By wandering sailors never seen :  
Some say 'tis buried deep  
Beneath the sea, which breaks and roars  
Above its savage rocky shores,  
Nor e'er is known to sleep.

### General Characteristics.

*The Tempest* is on all hands regarded as one of Shakespeare's perfectest works. Some of his plays, I should say, have beams in their eyes ; but this has hardly so much as a mote ; or, if it have any motes, my own eyes are not clear enough to discern them. I dare not pronounce the work faultless, for this is too much to affirm of any human workmanship ; but I venture to think that whatever faults it may have are such as criticism is hardly competent to specify. In the characters of Ariel, Miranda, and Caliban, we have three of the most unique and original conceptions that ever sprang from the wit of man. We can scarce imagine how the Ideal could be pushed further beyond Nature ; yet we here find it clothed with all the truth and life of Nature. And the whole texture of incident and circumstance is framed in keeping with that Ideal ; so that all the parts and particulars cohere together, mutually supporting and supported.

The leading sentiment naturally inspired by the scenes of this drama is, I believe, that of delighted wonder. And such, as appears from the heroine's name, Miranda, who is *the* potency of the drama, is probably the sentiment which the play was meant to inspire. But the grace and efficacy in which the workmanship is steeped are so ethereal and so fine, that they can hardly be discoursed in any but the poetic form: it may well be doubted whether Criticism has any fingers delicate enough to grasp them. So much is this the case, that it seemed to me quite doubtful whether I should do well to undertake the theme at all. For Criticism is necessarily obliged to substitute, more or less, the forms of logic for those of art; and art, it scarce need be said, can do many things that are altogether beyond the reach of logic. On the other hand, the charm and verdure of these scenes are so unwithering and inexhaustible, that I could not quite make up my mind to leave the subject untried. Nor do I know how I can better serve my countrymen than by engaging and helping them in the study of this great inheritance of natural wisdom and unreprieved delight. For, assuredly, if they early learn to be at home and to take pleasure in Shakespeare's workmanship, their whole after-life will be the better and the happier for it.

Coleridge says "*The Tempest* is a specimen of the purely romantic drama." The term *romantic* is here used in a technical sense; that is, to distinguish the Shakespearian from the Classic Drama. In this sense, I cannot quite agree with the great critic that the drama is *purely* romantic. Highly romantic it certainly is, in its wide, free, bold variety of character and incident, and in all the qualities that enter into the picturesque; yet not romantic in such sort, I think, but that it is at the same time equally classic; classic,



not only in that the unities of time and place are strictly observed, but as having the other qualities which naturally go with those laws of the classic form ; in its severe beauty and majestic simplicity, its interfusion of the lyrical and ethical, and in the mellow atmosphere of serenity and composure which envelopes it : as if on purpose to show the Poet's mastery not only of both the Classic and Romantic Drama, but of the common Nature out of which both of them grew. This union of both kinds in one without hindrance to the distinctive qualities of either, — this it is, I think, that chiefly distinguishes *The Tempest* from the Poet's other dramas. Some have thought that in this play Shakespeare specially undertook to silence the pedantic cavillers of his time by showing that he could keep to the rules of the Greek stage, if he chose to do so, without being any the less himself. But it seems more likely that he was here drawn into such a course by the leading of his own wise spirit than by the cavils of contemporary critics ; the form appearing too cognate with the matter to have been dictated by any thing external to the work itself.

There are some points that naturally suggest a comparison between *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. In both the Poet has with equal or nearly equal success carried Nature, as it were, beyond herself, and peopled a purely ideal region with the attributes of life and reality ; so that the characters touch us like substantive, personal beings, as if he had but described, not created them. But, beyond this, the resemblance ceases : indeed no two of his plays differ more widely in all other respects.

*The Tempest* presents a combination of elements apparently so incongruous that we cannot but marvel how they were brought together ; yet they blend so sweetly, and cö-

operate so smoothly, that we at once feel at home with them, and see nothing to hinder their union in the world of which we are a part. For in the mingling of the natural and the supernatural we here find no gap, no break ; nothing disjointed or abrupt ; the two being drawn into each other so harmoniously, and so knit together by mutual participations, that they seem strictly continuous, with no distinguishable line to mark where they meet and join. It is as if the gulf which apparently separates the two worlds had been abolished, leaving nothing to prevent a free circulation and intercourse between them.

### The Hero.

Prospero, standing in the centre of the whole, acts as a kind of subordinate Providence, reconciling the diverse elements to himself and in himself to one another. Though armed with supernatural might, so that the winds and waves obey him, his magical and mysterious powers are tied to truth and right : his "high charms work" to none but just and beneficent ends ; and whatever might be repulsive in the magician is softened and made attractive by the virtues of the man and the feelings of the father : Ariel links him with the world above us, Caliban with the world beneath us, and Miranda — "thee, my dear one, thee my daughter" — with the world around and within us. And the mind acquiesces freely in the miracles ascribed to him ; his thoughts and aims being so at one with Nature's inward harmonies, that we cannot tell whether he shapes her movements or merely falls in with them ; that is, whether his art stands in submission or command. His sorcery indeed is the sorcery of knowledge, his magic the magic of virtue. For what so marvellous as the inward, vital necromancy of good which

transmutes the wrongs that are done him into motives of beneficence, and is so far from being hurt by the powers of Evil, that it turns their assaults into new sources of strength against them? And with what a smooth tranquillity of spirit he everywhere speaks and acts ! as if the discipline of adversity had but served

to elevate the will,  
And lead him on to that transcendent rest  
Where every passion doth the sway attest  
Of Reason seated on her sovereign hill.

Shakespeare and Bacon, the Prince of poets and the Prince of philosophers, wrought out their mighty works side by side, and nearly at the same time, though without any express recognition of each other. And why may we not regard Prospero as prognosticating in a poetical form those vast triumphs of man's rational spirit which the philosopher fore-saw and prepared? For it is observable that, before Prospero's coming to the island, the powers which cleave to his thoughts and obey his "so potent art" were at perpetual war, the better being in subjection to the worse, and all being turned from their rightful ends into a mad, brawling dissonance : but he teaches them to know their places ; and, "weak masters though they be," without such guidance, yet under his ordering they become powerful, and work together as if endowed with a rational soul and a social purpose ; their insane gabble turning to speech, their savage howling to music ; so that

the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.

Wherein is boldly figured the educating of Nature up, so to speak, into intelligent ministries, she lending man hands because he lends her eyes, and weaving her forces into vital union with him.

You by whose aid —  
Weak masters though ye be — I have bedimm'd  
The noontide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread-rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt: the strong-based promontory  
Have I made shake; and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar.

In this bold imagery we seem to have a kind of prophecy of what human science and skill have since achieved in taming the great forces of Nature to man's hand, and harnessing them into his service. Is not all this as if the infernal powers should be appeased and soothed by the melody and sweetness of the Orphean harp and voice? And do we not see how the very elements themselves grow happy and merry in serving man, when he by his wisdom and eloquence has once charmed them into order and concert? Man has but to learn Nature's language and obey her voice, and she clothes him with plenipotence. The mad warring of her forces turns to rational speech and music when he holds the torch of reason before them and makes it shine full in their faces. Let him but set himself steadfastly to understand and observe her laws, and her mighty energies hasten to wait upon him, as docile to his hand as the lion to the eye and voice of Lady Una. So that we may not unfairly apply to Prospero what Bacon so finely interprets of Orpheus, as "a wonderful and divine person skilled in all kinds of harmony, subduing and drawing all things after him by sweet and gentle methods and modulations."

All this, to be sure, is making the work rather an allegory than a drama, and therein of course misrepresents its quality. For the connecting links in this strange intercourse of man

and Nature are "beings individually determined," and affect us as persons, not as propositions.

### Prospero's Prime Minister.

Ariel and Caliban are equally preternatural, though in opposite directions. Ariel's very being is spun out of melody and fragrance; at least, if a feeling soul and an intelligent will are the warp, these are the woof of his exquisite texture. He has just enough of human-heartedness to know how he would feel were he human, and a proportionable sense of gratitude, which has been aptly called "the memory of the heart": hence he needs to be often reminded of his obligations, but is religiously true to them so long as he remembers them. His delicacy of nature is nowhere more apparent than in his sympathy with right and good: the instant he comes within their touch he follows them without reserve; and he will suffer any torments rather than "act the earthy and abhorr'd commands" that go against his moral grain. And what a merry little personage he is withal! as if his being were cast together in an impulse of play, and he would spend his whole life in one perpetual frolic.

But the main ingredients of Ariel's zephyr-like constitution are shown in his leading inclinations; as he naturally has most affinity for that of which he is framed. Moral ties are irksome to him; they are not his proper element: when he enters their sphere, he feels them to be holy indeed; but, were he free, he would keep out of their reach, and follow the circling seasons in their course, and always dwell merrily in the fringes of Summer. Prospero quietly intimates his instinctive dread of the cold by threatening to make him "howl away twelve Winters." And the chief joy of his promised release from service is, that he will then be free

to live all the year through under the soft rule of Summer, with its flowers and fragrances and melodies. He is indeed an arrant little epicure of perfume and sweet sounds, and gives forth several songs which "seem to sound in the air, and as if the person playing them were invisible."

A part of Ariel's unique texture is well shown in the scene where he relents at the sufferings of the shipwrecked lords, and remonstrates with his master in their behalf: —

<i>Ariel.</i>	The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;	
And the remainder mourning over them,	
Brimful of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly	
He that you term'd <i>the good old lord, Gonzalo</i> :	
His tears run down his beard, like winter-drops	
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,	
That, if you now beheld them, your affections	
Would become tender.	

*Pros.* Dost thou think so, spirit ?

*Ariel.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

Another mark-worthy feature of Ariel is, that his power does not stop with the physical forces of Nature, but reaches also to the hearts and consciences of men ; so that by his music he can kindle or assuage the deepest griefs of the one, and strike the keenest pangs of remorse into the other. This comes out in the different effects of his art upon Ferdinand and the guilty King, as related by the men themselves : —

Where should this music be ? i' the air or th' earth ?  
 It sounds no more : and, sure, it waits upon  
 Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,  
 Weeping again the King my father's wreck,  
 This music crept by me upon the waters,  
 Allaying both their fury and my passion  
 With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,  
 Or it hath drawn me rather : but 'tis gone.  
 No, it begins again.

Such is the effect on Ferdinand: now mark the contrast when we come to the King:—

O, it is monstrous, monstrous!  
 Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it;  
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced  
 The name of Prosper: it did bass my trespass.  
 Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and  
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
 And with him there lie mudded.

In the planting of love, too, Ariel beats old god Cupid all to nothing. For it is through some witchcraft of his that Ferdinand and Miranda are surprised into a mutual rapture; so that Prospero notes at once how “at the first sight they have changed eyes,” and “are both in either’s power.” All which is indeed just what Prospero wanted; yet he is himself fairly startled at the result: that fine issue of nature out-runs his thought; and the wise old gentleman takes care forthwith lest it work too fast:—

This swift business  
 I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
 Make the prize light.

I must note one more trait in Ariel. It is his fondness of mischievous sport, wherein he reminds us somewhat of Fairy Puck in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*. It is shown in the evident gust with which he relates the trick he has played on Caliban and his confederates, when they were proceeding to execute their conspiracy against the hero’s life:—

As I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;  
 So full of valour, that they smote the air  
 For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
 For kissing of their feet; yet always bending  
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;  
 At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,

Advanced their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,  
Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to th' chins.

Of Ariel's powers and functions as Prospero's prime minister, no logical forms, nothing but the Poet's art, can give any sort of an idea. No painter, I am sure, can do any thing with him ; still less can any sculptor. Gifted with the ubiquity and multiformity of the substance from which he is named, before we can catch and define him in any one shape, he has passed into another. All we can say of him on this score is, that through his agency Prospero's thoughts forthwith become things, his volitions events. And yet, strangely and diversely as Ariel's nature is elemented and composed, with touches akin to several orders of being, there is such a self-consistency about him, he is so cut out in individual distinctness, and so rounded-in with personal attributes, that contemplation freely and easily rests upon him as an object. In other words, he is by no means an abstract idea personified, or any sort of intellectual diagram, but a veritable *person* ; and we have a personal feeling towards the dear creature, and would fain knit him into the living circle of our human affections, making him a familiar playfellow of the heart, to be cherished with " praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

### Caliban.

If Caliban strikes us as a more wonderful creation than Ariel, it is probably because he has more in common with us, without being in any proper sense human. Perhaps I



cannot hit him off better than by saying that he represents, both in body and soul, a sort of intermediate nature between man and brute, with an infusion of something that belongs to neither ; as though one of the transformations imagined by the evolutionists had stuck midway in its course, where a breath or vapour of essential Evil had knit itself vitally into his texture. Caliban has all the attributes of humanity from the moral downwards, so that his nature touches and borders upon the sphere of moral life : still the result but approves his exclusion from such life, in that it brings him to recognize moral law only as making for self ; that is, he has intelligence of seeming wrong in what is done to him, but no conscience of what is wrong in his own doings. It is a most singular and significant stroke in the delineation, that sleep seems to loosen the fetters of his soul, and lift him above himself : then indeed, and then only, "the muddy vesture of decay" doth not so "grossly close him in," but that some proper spirit-notices come upon him ; as if in his passive state the voice of truth and good vibrated down to his soul, and stopped there, being unable to kindle any answering tones within : so that in his waking hours they are to him but as the memory of a dream.

Sometime a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again.

Thus Caliban is part man, part demon, part brute, each being drawn somewhat out of itself by combination with the others, and the union of all preventing him from being either ; for which cause language has no generic term that

fits him. Yet this strange, uncouth, but life-like confusion of natures Prospero has educated into a sort of poet. This, however, has nowise tamed, it has rather increased, his innate malignity and crookedness of disposition; education having of course but *educated* what was in him. Even his poetry is, for the most part, made up of the fascinations of ugliness; a sort of inverted beauty; the poetry of dissonance and deformity; the proper music of his nature being to curse, its proper laughter to snarl. Schlegel finely compares his mind to a dark cave, into which the light of knowledge falling neither illuminates nor warms it, but only serves to put in motion the poisonous vapours generated there.

Now it is by exhausting the resources of instruction on such a being that his innate and essential deficiency is best shown. For, had he the germs of a human soul, they must needs have been drawn forth by the process that has made him a poet. The magical presence of spirits has indeed cast into the caverns of his brain some faint reflection of a better world, but without calling up any answering emotions or aspirations; he having no susceptibilities to catch and take in the epiphanies that throng his whereabouts. So that, paradoxical as it may seem, he exemplifies the two-fold triumph of art over nature, and of nature over art; that is, art has triumphed in making him a poet, and nature, in still keeping him from being a man; though he has enough of the human in him to evince in a high degree the swelling of intellectual pride.

But what is most remarkable of all in Caliban is the perfect originality of his thoughts and manners. Though framed of grossness and malignity, there is nothing vulgar or commonplace about him. His whole character indeed is developed from within, not impressed from without; the effect of Pros-

pero's instructions having been to make him all the more himself; and there being perhaps no soil in his nature for conventional vices and knaveries to take root and grow in. Hence the almost classic dignity of his behaviour compared with that of the drunken sailors, who are little else than a sort of low, vulgar conventionalities organized, and as such not less true to the life than consistent with themselves. In his simplicity, indeed, he at first mistakes them for gods who "bear celestial liquor," and they wax merry enough at the "credulous monster"; but, in his vigour of thought and purpose, he soon conceives such a scorn of their childish interest in whatever trinkets and gewgaws meet their eye, as fairly drives off his fit of intoxication; and the savage of the woods, half-human though he be, seems nobility itself beside the savages of the city.

In fine, if Caliban is, so to speak, the organized sediment and dregs of the place, from which all the finer spirit has been drawn off to fashion the delicate Ariel, yet having some parts of a human mind strangely interwoven with his structure; every thing about him, all that he does and says, is suitable and correspondent to such a constitution of nature. So that all the elements and attributes of his being stand and work together in living coherence, thus rendering him no less substantive and personal to our apprehension than he is original and peculiar in himself.

### The Heroine.

Such are the objects and influences amidst which the clear, placid nature of Miranda has been developed. Of the world whence her father was driven, its crimes and follies and sufferings, she knows nothing; he having studiously kept all such notices from her, to the end, apparently, that

nothing might thwart or hinder the plastic efficacies that surrounded her. And here all the simple and original elements of her being, love, light, grace, honour, innocence, all pure feelings and tender sympathies, whatever is sweet and gentle and holy in womanhood, seem to have sprung up in her nature as from celestial seed : “ the contagion of the world’s slow stain ” has not visited her ; the chills and cankers of artificial wisdom have not touched nor come nigh her : if there were any fog or breath of evil in the place that might else dim or spot her soul, it has been sponged up by Caliban, as being more congenial with his nature ; while he is simply “ a villain she does not love to look on.” Nor is this all.

The aerial music beneath which her nature has expanded with answering sweetness seems to rest visibly upon her, linking her as it were with some superior order of beings : the spirit and genius of the place, its magic and mystery, have breathed their power into her face ; and out of them she has unconsciously woven herself a robe of supernatural grace, in which even her mortal nature seems half hidden, so that we are in doubt whether she belongs more to Heaven or to Earth. Thus both her native virtues and the efficacies of the place seem to have crept and stolen into her unperceived, by mutual attraction and assimilation twining together in one growth, and each diffusing its life and beauty over and through the others. It would seem indeed as if Wordsworth must have had Miranda in his eye, (or was he but working in the spirit of that Nature which she so rarely exemplifies?) when he wrote the following :—

The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her ; for her the willow bend ;  
Nor shall she fail to see

Even in the motions of the storm  
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form  
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her; and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

Yet, for all this, Miranda not a whit the less touches us as  
a creature of flesh and blood, —

A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death.

Nay, rather she seems all the more so, inasmuch as the character thus coheres with the circumstances, the virtues and poetries of the place being expressed in her visibly; and she would be far less real to our feelings, were not the wonders of her whereabouts thus vitally incorporated with her innate and original attributes.

It is observable that Miranda does not perceive the working of her father's art upon herself. For, when he casts a spell of drowsiness over her, so that she cannot choose but sleep, on being awaked by him she tells him, "The strangeness of your story put heaviness in me." So his art conceals itself in its very potency of operation; and seems the more like nature for being preternatural. It is another noteworthy point, that while he is telling his strange tale he thinks she is not listening attentively to his speech, partly because he is not attending to it himself, his thoughts being busy with the approaching crisis of his fortune, and drawn away to the other matters which he has in hand, and partly because in her trance of wonder at what he is relating she seems abstracted and self-withdrawn from the matter of his discourse.

His own absent-mindedness on this occasion is aptly and artfully indicated by his broken and disjointed manner of speech. That his tongue and thought are not beating time together appears in that the latter end of his sentences keeps forgetting the beginning.

These are among the fine strokes and delicate touches whereby the Poet makes, or rather permits, the character of his persons to transpire so quietly as not to excite special notice at the time. That Miranda should be so rapt at her father's tale as to seem absent and wandering, is a charming instance in point. For indeed to her the supernatural stands in the place of Nature ; and nothing is so strange and wonderful as what actually passes in the life and heart of man : miracles have been her daily food, her father being the greatest miracle of all ; which must needs make the common events and passions and perturbations of the world seem to her miraculous. All which is wrought out by the Poet with so much art and so little appearance of art, that Franz Horn is the only critic, so far as I know, that seems to have thought of it.

I must not dismiss Miranda without remarking the sweet union of womanly dignity and childlike simplicity in her character, she not knowing or not caring to disguise the innocent movements of her heart. This, too, is a natural result of her situation. The instance to which I refer is when Ferdinand, his manhood all alive with her, lets her hear his soul speak ; and she, weeping at what she is glad of, replies, —

Hence, bashful cunning !  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence ! —  
I am your wife, if you will marry me :  
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow  
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

Equally fine is the circumstance that her father opens to her the story of his life, and lets her into the secret of her noble birth and ancestry, at a time when she is suffering with those that she saw suffer, and when her eyes are jewelled with "drops that sacred pity hath engender'd"; as if on purpose that the ideas of rank and dignity may sweetly blend and coalesce in her mind with the sympathies of the woman.

### **The Prince.**

In Ferdinand is portrayed one of those happy natures, such as we sometimes meet with, who are built up all the more strongly in truth and good by contact with the vices and meannesses of the world. Courage, piety, and honour are his leading characteristics; and these virtues are so much at home in his breast, and have such an easy, natural ascendant in his conduct, that he thinks not of them, and cares only to prevent or remove the stains which affront his inward eye. The meeting of him and Miranda is replete with magic indeed, — a magic higher and more potent even than Prospero's; the riches that nestle in their bosoms at once leaping forth and running together in a stream of poetry which no words of mine can describe. So much of beauty in so few words, and those few so plain and simple, — "O, wondrous skill and sweet wit of the man!"

Shakespeare's genius is specially venerable in that he makes piety and honour go hand in hand with love. It seems to have been a fixed principle with him, if indeed it was not rather a genial instinct, that where the heart is rightly engaged, there the highest and tenderest thoughts of religion do naturally cluster and converge. For indeed the love that looks to marriage is itself a religion: its first impulse is to invest its object with poetry and consecration: to be "true to

the kindred points of Heaven and home," is both its inspiration and its law. It thus involves a sort of regeneration of the inner man, and carries in its hand the baptismal fire of a nobler and diviner life.

And so it is in this delectable instance. In Ferdinand, as in all generous natures, "love betters what is best." Its first springing in his breast stirs his heavenward thoughts and aspirations into exercise: the moment that kindles his heart towards Miranda also kindles his soul in piety to God; and he knows not how to commune in prayer with the Source of good, unless he may couple her welfare with his own, and breathe her name in his holiest service. Thus his love and piety are kindred and coefficient forces, as indeed all true love and piety essentially are. However thoughtless we may be of the Divine help and guardianship for ourselves, we can hardly choose but crave them for those to whom our souls are knit in the sacred dearness of household ties. And so with this noble pair, the same power that binds them to each other in the sacraments of love also binds them both in devout allegiance to the Author of their being; whose presence is most felt by them in the sacredness of their mutual truth.

So much for the illustration here so sweetly given of the old principle, that whatsoever lies nearest a Christian's heart, whatsoever he tenders most dearly on Earth, whatsoever draws in most intimately with the currents of his soul, that is the spontaneous subject-matter of his prayers; our purest loves thus sending us to God, as if from an instinctive feeling that, unless God be sanctified in our hearts, our hearts cannot retain their proper life.

In regard to what springs up between Ferdinand and Miranda, it is to be noted that Prospero does little but furnish



occasions. He indeed thanks the quaint and delicate Ariel for the kindling touch that so quickly puts them "both in either's power"; for it seems to him the result of a finer inspiration than his art can reach; and so he naturally attributes it to the magic of his airy minister; whereas in truth it springs from a source far deeper than the magic of either, — a pre-established harmony which the mutual recognition now first quickens into audible music. After seeing himself thus outdone by the Nature he has been wont to control, and having witnessed such a "fair encounter of two most rare affections," no wonder that Prospero longs to be a man again, like other men, and gladly returns to

The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life, our nature breeds;  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure.

### **Antonio, Sebastian, and Gonzalo.**

The strength and delicacy of imagination displayed in the characters already noticed are hardly more admirable than the truth and subtilty of observation shown in others.

In the delineation of Antonio and Sebastian, short as it is, we have a volume of wise science, which Coleridge remarks upon thus: "In the first scene of the second Act, Shakespeare has shown the tendency in bad men to indulge in scorn and contemptuous expressions, as a mode of getting rid of their own uneasy feelings of inferiority to the good, and also of rendering the transition of others to wickedness easy, by making the good ridiculous. Shakespeare never puts habitual scorn into the mouths of other than bad men, as here in the instance of Antonio and Sebastian."

Nor is there less of judgment in the means used by Prospero

for bringing them to a better mind ; provoking in them the purpose of crime, and then taking away the performance ; that so he may lead them to a knowledge of themselves, and awe or shame down their evil by his demonstrations of good. For such is the proper effect of bad designs thus thwarted, showing the authors at once the wickedness of their hearts and the weakness of their hands ; whereas, if successful in their schemes, pride of power would forestall and prevent the natural shame and remorse of guilt. And we little know what evil it lieth and lurketh in our hearts to will or to do, till occasion invites or permits ; and Prospero's art here stands in presenting the occasion till the wicked purpose is formed, and then removing it as soon as the hand is raised. In the case of Antonio and Sebastian, the workings of magic are so mixed up with those of Nature, that we cannot distinguish them ; or rather Prospero here causes the supernatural to pursue the methods of Nature.

And the same deep skill is shown in the case of the good old Lord Gonzalo, whose sense of his own infelicities seems lost in his care to minister comfort and diversion to others. Thus his virtue spontaneously opens the springs of wit and humour in him amid the terrors of the storm and shipwreck ; and he is merry while others are suffering, and merry even from sympathy with them ; and afterwards his thoughtful spirit plays with Utopian fancies ; and if "the latter end of his Commonwealth forgets the beginning," it is all the same to him, his purpose being only to beguile the anguish of supposed bereavement. It has been well said that "Gonzalo is so occupied with duty, in which alone he finds pleasure, that he scarce notices the gnat-stings of wit with which his opponents pursue him ; or, if he observes, firmly and easily repels them."

### **The Comic Matter.**

The comic portions and characters of this play are in Shakespeare's raciest vein ; yet they are perfectly unique and singular withal, being quite unlike any other of his preparations in that kind, as much so as if they were the growth of a different planet.

The presence of Trinculo and Stephano in the play has sometimes been regarded as a blemish. I cannot think it so. Their part is not only good in itself as comedy, but is in admirable keeping with the rest. Their follies give a zest and relish to the high poetries amidst which they grow. Such things go to make up the mysterious whole of human life ; and they often help on our pleasure while seeming to hinder it : we may think they were better left out, but, were they left out, we should somehow feel the want of them. Besides, this part of the work, if it does not directly yield a grateful fragrance, is vitally connected with the parts that do. For there is perhaps no one of the Poet's dramas of which it can be more justly affirmed that all the parts draw together in organic unity, so that every thing helps every other thing.

### **Concluding Remarks.**

Such are the strangely-assorted characters that make up this charming play. This harmonious working together of diverse and opposite elements,—this smooth concurrence of heterogeneous materials in one varied yet coherent impression,—by what subtle process this is brought about, is perhaps too deep a problem for Criticism to solve.

I cannot leave the theme without remarking what an atmosphere of wonder and mystery overhangs and pervades

this singular structure ; and how the whole seems steeped in glories invisible to the natural eye, yet made visible by the Poet's art : so that the effect is to lead the thoughts insensibly upwards to other worlds and other forms of being. It were difficult to name any thing else of human workmanship so thoroughly transfigured with

the gleam,  
The light that never was on sea or land,  
The consecration and the poet's dream.

The celestial and the earthly are here so commingled, — commingled, but not confounded, — that we see not where the one begins or the other ends : so that in the reading we seem transported to a region where we are strangers, yet old acquaintances ; where all things are at once new and familiar ; the unearthly visions of the spot hardly touching us with surprise, because, though wonderful indeed, there is nothing about them but what readily finds or creates some answering powers and sympathies within us. In other words, they do not surprise us, because they at once kindle us into fellowship with them. That our thoughts and feelings are thus at home with such things, and take pleasure in them, — is not this because of some innate aptitudes and affinities of our nature for a supernatural and celestial life ?

Point not these mysteries to an art  
Lodged above the starry pole ?

### Professor Dowden's Comments.

The wrong-doers of *The Tempest* are a group of persons of various degrees of criminality, from Prospero's perfidious brother, still active in plotting evil, to Alonso, whose obligations to the Duke of Milan had been of a public or princely kind. Spiritual powers are in alliance with Prospero ; and

these, by terror and the awakening of remorse, prepare Alonso for receiving the balm of Prospero's forgiveness. He looks upon his son as lost, and recognizes in his son's loss the punishment of his own guilt. "The powers delaying, not forgetting," have incensed the sea and shores against the sinful men; nothing can deliver them except "heart-sorrow, and a clear life ensuing." Goethe, in the opening of the Second Part of *Faust*, has represented the ministry of external nature fulfilling functions with reference to the human conscience precisely the reverse of those ascribed to it in *The Tempest*. Faust, escaped from the prison-scene and the madness of Margarete, is lying on a flowery grass-plot, weary, restless, striving to sleep. The Ariel of Goethe calls upon his attendant elvish spirits to prepare the soul of Faust for renewed energy by bathing him in the dew of Lethe's stream, by assuaging his pain, by driving back remorse. To dismiss from his conscience the sense of the wrong he has done to a dead woman, is the initial step in the further education and development of Faust. Shakespeare's Ariel, breathing through the elements and the powers of Nature, quickens the remorse of the King for a crime of twelve years since.

The enemies of Prospero are now completely in his power. How shall he deal with them? They had perfidiously taken advantage of his unworldly and unpractical habits of life; they had thrust him away from his dukedom; they had exposed him with his three-years'-old daughter in a rotten boat to the mercy of the waves. Shall he not now avenge himself without remorse? What is Prospero's decision?

Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,  
 Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
 Do I take part: the rarer action is  
 In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
 Not a frown further.

We have seen how Timon turned fiercely upon mankind, and hated the wicked race : “ I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.” The wrongs inflicted upon Prospero were cruel and more base than those from which Timon suffered. But Prospero had not lived in a summer mood of lax and prodigal benevolence : he had lived severely, “ all dedicated to closeness and the bettering of my mind.” And out of the strong comes forth sweetness. In the play of *Cymbeline*, the wrong which Posthumus has suffered from the Italian Iachimo is only less than that which Othello endures at the hands of Iago. But Iachimo, unlike Iago, is unable to sustain the burden of his guilt, and sinks under it. In the closing scene of *Cymbeline*, that in which Posthumus is himself welcomed home to the heart of Imogen, Posthumus in his turn becomes the pardoner : —

Kneel not to me :

The power that I have on you is to spare you ;  
The malice toward you to forgive you : live,  
And deal with others better.

Hermione, Imogen, Prospero, — these are, as it were, names for the gracious powers which extend forgiveness to men. From the first, Hermione, whose clear-sightedness is equal to her courage, had perceived that her husband laboured under a delusion which was cruel and calamitous to himself. From the first, she transcends all blind resentment, and has true pity for the man who wrongs her. But, if she has fortitude for her own uses, she is also able to accept for her husband the inevitable pain which is needful to restore him to his better mind. She will not shorten the term of his suffering, because that suffering is beneficent. And at the last her silent embrace carries with it — and justly — a portion of that truth she had uttered long before : —

How will this grieve you,  
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that  
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,  
You scarce can right me thoroughly then, to say  
You did mistake.

The calm and complete comprehension of the fact is a possession painful yet precious to Hermione ; and it lifts her above all vulgar confusion of heart or temper, and above all unjust resentment.

Imogen, who is the reverse of grave and massive in character, but who has an exquisite vivacity of feeling and fancy, and a heart pure, quick, and ardent, passes from the swoon of her sudden anguish to a mood of bright and keen resentment, which is free from every trace of vindictive passion, and is indeed only pain disguised. And in like manner she forgives, not with self-possession and a broad, tranquil joy in the accomplished fact, but through a pure ardour, an exquisite eagerness of love and delight. Prospero's forgiveness is solemn, judicial, and has in it something abstract and impersonal. He cannot wrong his own higher nature, he cannot wrong his nobler reason, by cherishing so unworthy a passion as the desire of vengeance. Sebastian and Antonio, from whose conscience no remorse has been elicited, are met by no comfortable pardon. They have received their lesson of failure and pain, and may possibly be convinced of the good sense and prudence of honourable dealing, even if they cannot perceive its moral obligation. Alonso, who is repentant, is solemnly pardoned. The forgiveness of Prospero is an embodiment of impartial wisdom and loving justice.

When a man has attained some high and luminous table-land of joy or of renouncement ; when he has really transcended self ; or when some one of the everlasting virtuous powers of the world, — duty, or sacrifice, or the strength of

any thing higher than oneself, — has assumed authority over him ; forthwith a strange, pathetic, ideal light is shed over all beautiful things in the lower world which has been abandoned. We see the sunlight on our neighbour's field, while we are preoccupied about the grain that is growing in our own. And when we have ceased to hug our souls to any material possession, we see the sunlight wherever it falls. In the last chapter of George Eliot's great novel, *Romola*, who has ascended into *her* clear and calm solitude of self-transcending duty, bends tenderly over the children of Tito, uttering, in words made simple for their needs, the lore she has learnt from life, and seeing on their faces the light of strange, ideal beauty. In the latest plays of Shakespeare, the sympathetic reader can discern unmistakably a certain abandonment of the common joy of the world, a certain remoteness from the usual pleasures and sadnesses of life, and at the same time, all the more, this tender bending over those who are like children, still absorbed in their individual joys and sorrows.

Over the beauty of youth and the love of youth there is shed, in these plays of Shakespeare's final period, a clear yet tender luminousness, not elsewhere to be perceived in his writings. In his earlier plays, Shakespeare writes concerning young men and maidens, their loves, their mirth, their griefs, as one who is among them, who has a lively personal interest in their concerns, who can make merry with them, treat them familiarly, and, if need be, can mock them into good sense. There is nothing in these early plays wonderful, strangely beautiful, pathetic about youth and its joys and sorrows. In the histories and tragedies, as was to be expected, more massive, broader, or more profound objects of interest engaged the Poet's attention. But, in these latest plays, the beauti-



ful pathetic light is always present. There are the sufferers, aged, experienced, tried, — Queen Catharine, Prospero, Hermione. And over against these there are the children absorbed in their happy and exquisite egoism, — Perdita and Miranda, Florizel and Ferdinand, and the boys of old Belarius.

The same means to secure ideality for these figures, so young and beautiful, is in each case (instinctively, perhaps, rather than deliberately) resorted to. They are lost children, — princes or princesses, removed from the Court, and its conventional surroundings, into some scene of rare natural beauty. There are the lost princes, Arviragus and Guiderius, among the mountains of Wales, drinking the free air, and offering their salutations to the risen Sun. There is Perdita, the shepherdess-princess, “queen of curds and cream,” sharing with old and young her flowers, lovelier and more undying than those that Proserpina let fall from Dis’s wagon. There is Miranda, (whose very name is significant of wonder,) made up of beauty, and love, and womanly pity, neither courtly nor rustic, with the breeding of an island of enchantment, where Prospero is her tutor and protector, and Caliban her servant, and the Prince of Naples her lover. In each of these plays we can see Shakespeare, as it were, tenderly bending over the joys and sorrows of youth. We recognize this rather through the total characterization, and through a feeling and a presence, than through definite incident or statement. But some of this feeling escapes in the disinterested joy and admiration of old Belarius when he gazes at the princely youths, and in Camillo’s loyalty to Florizel and Perdita ; while it obtains more distinct expression in such a word as that which Prospero utters, when from a distance he watches with pleasure Miranda’s zeal to relieve

Ferdinand from his task of log-bearing: "Poor worm, thou art infected."

It is not chiefly because Prospero is a great enchanter, now about to break his magic staff, to drown his book deeper than ever plummet sounded, to dismiss his airy spirits, and to return to the practical service of his Dukedom, that we identify him in some measure with Shakespeare himself. It is rather because the temper of Prospero, the grave harmony of his character, his self-mastery, his calm validity of will, his sensitiveness to wrong, his unfaltering justice, and, with these, a certain abandonment, a remoteness from the common joys and sorrows of the world, are characteristic of Shakespeare as discovered to us in all his latest plays. Prospero is a harmonious and fully-developed *will*. In the earlier play of fairy enchantments, *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the "human mortals" wander to and fro in a maze of error, misled by the mischievous frolic of Puck, the jester and clown of Fairyland. But here the spirits of the elements, and Caliban the gross genius of brute-matter, — needful for the service of life, — are brought under subjection to the human will of Prospero.

What is more, Prospero has entered into complete possession of himself. Shakespeare has shown us his quick sense of injury, his intellectual impatience, his occasional moment of keen irritability, in order that we may be more deeply aware of his abiding strength and self-possession, and that we may perceive how these have been grafted upon a temperament not impassive or unexcitable. And Prospero has reached not only the higher levels of moral attainment; he has also reached an altitude of thought from which he can survey the whole of human life, and see how small and yet how great it is. His heart is sensitive, he is profoundly

touched by the joy of children, with whom in the egoism of their love he passes for a thing of secondary interest ; he is deeply moved by the perfidy of his brother. His brain is readily set a-work, and can with difficulty be checked from eager and excessive energizing ; he is subject to the access of sudden and agitating thought. But Prospero masters his own sensitiveness, emotional and intellectual : —

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd ;  
Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :  
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :  
If you be pleased, retire into my cell,  
And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,  
To still my beating mind.

“Such stuff as dreams are made on.” Nevertheless, in this little life, in this dream, Prospero will maintain his dream-rights and fulfil his dream-duties. In the dream, he, a Duke, will accomplish Duke's work. Having idealized every thing, Shakespeare left every thing real. Bishop Berkeley's foot was no less able to set a pebble flying than was the lumbering foot of Dr. Johnson. Nevertheless, no material substance intervened between the soul of Berkeley and the immediate presence of the play of Divine power.

A thought which seems to run through the whole of *The Tempest*, appearing here and there like a coloured thread in some web, is the thought that the true freedom of man consists in service. Ariel, untouched by human feeling, is panting for his liberty : in the last words of Prospero are promised his enfranchisement and dismissal to the elements. Ariel reverences his great master, and serves him with bright alacrity ; but he is bound by none of our human ties, strong and tender ; and he will rejoice when Prospero is to him as

though he never were. To Caliban, a land-fish, with the duller elements of earth and water in his composition, but no portion of the higher elements, air and fire, though he receives dim intimations of a higher world, — a musical humming, or a twangling, or a voice heard in sleep ; — to Caliban, service is slavery. He hates to bear his logs ; he fears the incomprehensible power of Prospero, and obeys, and curses. The great master has usurped the rights of the brute-power Caliban. And when Stephano and Trinculo appear, ridiculously impoverished specimens of humanity, with their shallow understandings and vulgar greeds, this poor earth-monster is possessed by a sudden fanaticism for liberty ! —

'Ban, 'Ban, Ca — Caliban

Has a new master : get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom, hey-day, freedom !

His new master also sings his impassioned hymn of liberty, the *Marseillaise* of the enchanted island : —

Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em ;

Thought is free.

The leaders of the revolution, escaped from the stench and foulness of the horse-pond, King Stephano and his prime minister Trinculo, like too many leaders of the people, bring to an end their great achievement on behalf of liberty by quarrelling over booty, — the trumpery which the providence of Prospero had placed in their way. Caliban, though scarce more truly wise or instructed than before, at least discovers his particular error of the day and hour : —

What a thrice-double ass

Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,

And worship this dull fool !

It must be admitted that Shakespeare, if not, as Hartley Coleridge asserted, "a Tory and a gentleman," had within him some of the elements of English conservatism.

But, while Ariel and Caliban, each in his own way, are impatient of service, the human actors, in whom we are chiefly interested, are entering into bonds, — bonds of affection, bonds of duty, in which they find their truest freedom. Ferdinand and Miranda emulously contend in the task of bearing the burden which Prospero has imposed upon the Prince : —

I am, in my condition,  
A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king, —  
I would, not so ! — and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak :  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,  
To make me slave to it ; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

And Miranda speaks with the sacred candour from which spring the nobler manners of a world more real and glad than the world of convention and proprieties and pruderies : —

Hence, bashful cunning !  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !  
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;  
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow  
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.  
*Ferd.* My mistress, dearest,  
And I thus humble ever.  
*Mira.* My husband, then ?  
*Ferd.* Ay, with a heart as willing  
As bondage e'er of freedom.

In an earlier part of the play, this chord which runs through it had been playfully struck in the description of

Gonzalo's imaginary commonwealth, in which man is to be enfranchised from all the laborious necessities of life. Here is the ideal notional liberty, Shakespeare would say; and to attempt to realize it at once lands us in absurdities and self-contradictions : —

For no kind of traffic  
Would I admit; no name of magistrate;  
Letters should not be known; riches, poverty,  
And use of service, none; contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil;  
No occupation; all men idle, all,  
And women too, but innocent and pure;  
No sovereignty : —

*Sebas.* Yet he would be king on't.

*Anto.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning

NOTE. Professor Dowden's comments quoted in this Introduction are taken by permission from his book, "Shakspeare: A Critical Study of his Mind and Art."

# THE TEMPEST.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, King of Naples.	TRINCULO, a Jester.
SEBASTIAN, his Brother.	STEPHANO, a drunken Butler.
PROSPERO, the rightful Duke of Milan.	Master of a Ship, Boatswain, and Mariners.
ANTONIO, his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.	MIRANDA, Daughter to Prospero.
FERDINAND, Son to the King of Naples.	ARIEL, an airy Spirit.
GONZALO, an honest old Counsellor of Naples.	Other Spirits attending on Prospero.
ADRIAN, } Lords.	IRIS, }
FRANCISCO, }	CERES, }
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed Slave.	JUNO, } presented by Spirits.
	Nymphs, }
	Reapers, }

SCENE, *a Ship at Sea; afterwards an uninhabited Island.*

## ACT I.

SCENE I. — *On a Ship at sea. A Storm, with Thunder and Lightning.*

*Enter Master and Boatswain severally.*

*Mast.* Boatswain !

*Boats.* Here, master : what cheer?

*Mast.* Good,<sup>1</sup> speak to the mariners : fall to't yarely,<sup>2</sup> or we run ourselves a-ground : bestir, bestir. [*Exit.*

*Enter* Mariners.

*Boats.* Heigh, my hearts ! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts ! yare, yare ! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle. [*Exeunt* Mariners.] — Blow till thou burst thy wind,<sup>3</sup> if room enough !<sup>4</sup>

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and Others.

*Alon.* Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master ? Play the men.<sup>5</sup>

*Boats.* I pray now, keep below.

*Anto.* Where is the master, boatswain ?

*Boats.* Do you not hear him ? You mar our labour : keep your cabins ; you do assist the storm.

<sup>1</sup> Here, as in many other places, *good* is used just as we now use *well*. So a little after : "*Good*, yet remember whom thou hast aboard." Also in *Hamlet*, i. 1 : "*Good* now, sit down, and tell me," &c. In the text, however, it carries something of an evasive force ; as, "Let that go" ; or, "No matter for that."

<sup>2</sup> *Yarely* is *nimblely*, *briskly*, or *alertly*. So, in the next speech, *yare*, an imperative verb, is, *be nimble*, or *be on the alert*. The word is seldom if ever used now in any form, but was much used in the Poet's time. In North's Plutarch we have such phrases as "galleys not *yare* of steerage," and "ships light of *yarage*," and "galleys heavy of *yarage*."

<sup>3</sup> In Shakespeare's time, the wind was often represented pictorially by the figure of a man with his cheeks puffed out to their utmost tension with the act of blowing. Probably the Poet had such a figure in his mind. So in *King Lear*, iii. 2 : "Blow, winds, and *crack your cheeks* !" Also in *Pericles*, iii. 1 : "Blow, and split thyself."

<sup>4</sup> That is, "if *we have* sea-room enough." So in *Pericles*, iii. 1 : "But *sea-room*, an the brine and cloudy billow kiss the Moon, I care not."

<sup>5</sup> Act with spirit, behave like men. So in 2 Samuel, x. 12 : "Be of good courage, and let us *play the men* for our people."



*Gonza.* Nay, good, be patient.

*Boats.* When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

*Gonza.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Boats.* None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,<sup>6</sup> we will not hand a rope more; use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. — Cheerly, good hearts! — Out of our way, I say. [*Exit.*]

*Gonza.* I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning-mark upon him; his complexion<sup>7</sup> is perfect gallows. — Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable. [*Excunt.*]

*Re-enter Boatswain.*

*Boats.* Down with the top-mast!<sup>8</sup> yare; lower, lower! Bring her to try wi' th' main-course.<sup>9</sup> [*A cry within.*] A

<sup>6</sup> *Present* for *present time*. So in the Prayer-Book: "That those things may please Him which we do at this *present*." And in 1 Corinthians, xv. 6: "Of whom the greater part remain unto this *present*."

<sup>7</sup> *Complexion* was often used for *nature*, *native bent* or *aptitude*. See *The Merchant of Venice*, page 134, note 7.

<sup>8</sup> Of this order Lord Mulgrave, a sailor critic, says, "The striking the top-mast was a new invention in Shakespeare's time, which he here very properly introduces. He has placed his ship in the situation in which it was indisputably right to strike the top-mast, — where he had not sea-room."

<sup>9</sup> This appears to have been a common nautical phrase. So in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598: "And when the bark had way we cut the hauser, and so gat the sea to our friend, and *tried out* all the day *with our maine course*." Also in Smith's *Sea Grammar*, 1627: "Let us lie at *trie with our maine*

plague upon this howling ! they are louder than the weather or our office.<sup>10</sup> —

*Re-enter* SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again ! what do you here ? Shall we give o'er, and drown ? Have you a mind to sink ?

*Sebas.* A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog !

*Boats.* Work you, then.

*Anto.* Hang, cur, hang ! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drown'd<sup>11</sup> than thou art.

*Gonza.* I'll warrant him for drowning,<sup>12</sup> though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell.

*Boats.* Lay her a-hold, a-hold ! set her two courses !<sup>13</sup> off to sea again ; lay her off !

*course.*" And Sir Walter Raleigh speaks of being "obliged to lye at trye with our main course and mizen." *To lie at try* is to keep as close to the wind as possible.

<sup>10</sup> *Weather for storm.* "Their howling drowns both the roaring of the tempest and the commands of the officer," or "our official orders."

<sup>11</sup> "Less afraid *of being* drown'd." So the Poet often uses the infinitive gerundively, or like the Latin *gerund*. See *King Lear*, page 117, note 18 ; also page 205, note 28.

<sup>12</sup> *As to, or as regards, drowning.* A not uncommon use of *for*. — Gonzalo has in mind the old proverb, "He that is born to be hanged will never be drowned."

<sup>13</sup> A ship's *courses* are her largest lower sails ; "so called," says Holt, "because they contribute most to give her way through the water, and thus enable her to feel the helm, and steer her *course* better than when they are not *set* or spread to the wind." Captain Glascock, another sailor critic, comments thus : "The ship's head is to be put leeward, and the vessel to be drawn off the land under that canvas nautically denominated the two courses." *To lay a ship a-hold* is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea. So Admiral Smith, in his *Sailors' Wordbook* : "A hold : A term of our early navigators, for bringing a ship close to the wind, so as to hold or keep to it."

*Re-enter Mariners, wet.*

*Mariners.* All lost ! to prayers, to prayers ! all lost !

[*Exeunt.*

*Boats.* What, must our mouths be cold ?

*Gonza.* The King and Prince at prayers ! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

*Sebas.* I'm out of patience.

*Anto.* We're merely<sup>14</sup> cheated out of our lives by drunkards.

This wide-chopp'd rascal — would thou mightst lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides !

*Gonza.* He'll be hang'd yet,  
Though every drop of water swear against it,  
And gape at widest to glut him.<sup>15</sup>

*A confused noise within.* Mercy on us ! We split, we split ! — Farewell, my wife and children ! — Farewell, brother ! — We split, we split, we split ! [*Exit* Boatswain.

*Anto.* Let's all sink wi' th' King.<sup>16</sup> [*Exit.*

*Sebas.* Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*

*Gonza.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground ; ling, heath, broom, furze, any

<sup>14</sup> *Merely*, here, is *utterly* or *absolutely*. A frequent usage. So in *Hamlet*, i. 2: "Things rank and gross in nature possess it *merely*."

<sup>15</sup> *Glut* for *englut*; that is, *swallow up*. — *Widest* is here a monosyllable. The same with many words that are commonly two syllables.

<sup>16</sup> This double elision of *with* and *the*, so as to draw the two into one syllable, is quite frequent, especially in the Poet's later plays. So before in this scene: "Bring her to try *wi' th'* main course." Single elisions for the same purpose, such as *by th'*, *for th'*, *from th'*, *to th'*, &c., are still more frequent. So in the first speech of the next scene: "Mounting *to th'* welkin's cheek."

thing.<sup>17</sup> The wills above<sup>18</sup> be done ! but I would fain die a dry death.<sup>19</sup> *[Exit.*

SCENE II. — *The Island : before the Cell of PROSPERO.*

*Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.*

*Mira.* If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them.  
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,<sup>1</sup>  
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer ! a brave<sup>2</sup> vessel,  
Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her,

<sup>17</sup> *Ling, heath, broom, and furze* were names of plants growing on British barrens. So in Harrison's description of Britain, prefixed to Holinshed: "*Brome, heth, firze, brakes, whinnes, ling, &c.*"

<sup>18</sup> Of course, "the *wills* above" is the *will* of the *Powers* above.

<sup>19</sup> The first scene of *The Tempest* is a very striking instance of the great accuracy of Shakespeare's knowledge in a professional science, the most difficult to attain without the help of experience. He must have acquired it by conversation with some of the most skilful seamen of that time. The succession of events is strictly observed in the natural progress of the distress described; the expedients adopted are the most proper that could have been devised for a chance of safety; and it is neither to the want of skill of the seamen or the bad qualities of the ship, but solely to the power of Prospero, that the shipwreck is to be attributed. The words of command are not only strictly proper, but are only such as point the object to be attained, and no superfluous ones of detail. Shakespeare's ship was too well manned to make it necessary to tell the seamen how they were to do it, as well as what they were to do. — LORD MULGRAVE.

<sup>1</sup> *Welkin* is *sky*. We have other like expressions; as, "the cloudy cheeks of heaven," in *Richard the Second*, and "the wide cheeks o' the air," in *Coriolanus*. — The hyperbole of waves rolling sky-high occurs repeatedly. So in *The Winter's Tale*, iii. 3: "Now the ship boring the Moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yeast and froth." And in *Othello*, ii. 1: "The wind-shaked surge seems to cast water on the burning bear."

<sup>2</sup> *Brave* is *fine* or *splendid*; like the Scottish *braw*. Repeatedly so in this play, as also elsewhere.

Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
 Against my very heart ! Poor souls, they perish'd !  
 Had I been any god of power, I would  
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er <sup>3</sup>  
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and  
 The fraughting souls <sup>4</sup> within her.

*Pros.* Be collected ;  
 No more amazement : <sup>5</sup> tell your piteous heart  
 There's no harm done.

*Mira.* O, woe the day !

*Pros.* No harm.  
 I have done nothing but in care of thee, —  
 Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter, — who  
 Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing  
 Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better <sup>6</sup>  
 Than Prospero, master of a full-poor cell,  
 And thy no greater father.

*Mira.* More to know  
 Did never meddle <sup>7</sup> with my thoughts.

*Pros.* 'Tis time  
 I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,  
 And pluck my magic garment from me. — So :  
 [*Lays down his robe.*]

<sup>3</sup> *Or e'er* is *before* or *sooner than*. So in Ecclesiastes, xii. 6 : "*Or ever* the silver cord be loosed." See, also, *Hamlet*, page 62, note 31.

<sup>4</sup> *Fraught* is an old form of *freight*. Present usage would require *fraughted*. In Shakespeare's time, the active and passive forms were very often used indiscriminately. So, here, "fraughting souls" is *freighted* souls, or souls on freight.

<sup>5</sup> The sense of *amazement* was much stronger than it is now. Here it is *anguish* or *distress* of mind.

<sup>6</sup> This doubling of comparatives occurs continually in all the writers of Shakespeare's time. The same with superlatives.

<sup>7</sup> To *meddle* is, properly, to *mix*, to *mingle*.

Lie there, my art.<sup>8</sup> — Wipe thou thine eyes ; have comfort.  
The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd  
The very virtue of compassion in thee,  
I have with such prevision in mine art  
So safely order'd, that there is no soul<sup>9</sup> —  
No, not so much perdition as an hair  
Betid to any creature in the vessel  
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink. Sit down ;  
For thou must now know further.

*Mira.* You have often  
Begun to tell me what I am ; but stopp'd,  
And left me to a bootless inquisition,  
Concluding, *Stay, not yet.*

*Pros.* The hour's now come ;  
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear :  
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember  
A time before we came unto this cell ?  
I do not think thou canst ; for then thou wast not  
Out three years old.<sup>10</sup>

*Mira.* Certainly, sir, I can.

*Pros.* By what ? by any other house or person ?  
Of any thing the image tell me that  
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

*Mira.* 'Tis far off,  
And rather like a dream than an assurance  
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not

<sup>8</sup> Lord Burleigh, at night when he put off his gown, used to say, "Lie there, Lord Treasurer"; and, bidding adieu to all State affairs, disposed himself to his quiet rest. — FULLER'S *Holy State*.

<sup>9</sup> The sense is here left incomplete, and purposely, no doubt. Prospero has many like changes of construction in this part of the scene.

<sup>10</sup> Not *fully* three years old. We have a like use of *out* in iv. 1: "But play with sparrows, and be a boy right *out*."

Four or five women once that tended me?

*Pros.* Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how is it  
That this lives in thy mind? What see'st thou else  
In the dark backward and abysm<sup>11</sup> of time?  
If thou remember'st aught ere thou camest here,  
How thou camest here, thou mayst.<sup>12</sup>

*Mira.* But that I do not.

*Pros.* Twelve year since, Miranda, twelve year<sup>13</sup> since,  
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and  
A prince of power.

*Mira.* Sir, are you not my father?

*Pros.* Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and  
She said thou wast my daughter; and thy father  
Was Duke of Milan; thou his only heir,  
A princess, — no worse issued.

*Mira.* O the Heavens!  
What foul play had we, that we came from thence?  
Or blessèd was't we did?

*Pros.* Both, both, my girl:  
By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence;  
But blessedly help<sup>14</sup> hither.

*Mira.* O, my heart bleeds  
To think o' the teen<sup>15</sup> that I have turn'd you to,

<sup>11</sup> *Abysm* is an old form of *abyss*; from the old French *abisme*.

<sup>12</sup> "If thou remember'st aught *ere* thou camest here, thou mayst also remember *how* thou camest here."

<sup>13</sup> In words denoting time, space, and quantity, the singular form was often used with the plural sense. So we have *mile* and *pound* for *miles* and *pounds*. — In this line, the first *year* is two syllables, the second one. Often so with various other words, such as *hour*, *fire*, &c.

<sup>14</sup> *Holp* or *holpen* is the old preterite of *help*; occurring continually in *The Psalter*, which is an older translation of the Psalms than that in the Bible.

<sup>15</sup> *Teen* is an old word for *trouble*, *anxiety*, or *sorrow*. So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3: "Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of *teen*."

Which is from my remembrance ! Please you, further.

*Pros.* My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio, —  
I pray thee, mark me ; — that a brother should  
Be so perfidious ! — he whom, next thyself,  
Of all the world I loved, and to him put  
The manage<sup>16</sup> of my State ; as, at that time,  
Through all the signiories it was the first,<sup>17</sup>  
And Prospero the prime Duke ; being so reputed  
In dignity, and for the liberal arts  
Without a parallel : those being all my study,  
The government I cast upon my brother,  
And to my State grew stranger, being transported  
And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle, —  
Dost thou attend me ?

*Mira.*

Sir, most heedfully.

*Pros.* — Being once perfected how to grant suits,  
How to deny them ; who<sup>18</sup> t' advance, and who  
To trash for over-topping,<sup>19</sup> — new-created  
The creatures that were mine, I say, or changed 'em,  
Or else new-form'd 'em ; having both the key  
Of officer and office,<sup>20</sup> set all hearts i' the State  
To what tune pleased his ear ; that<sup>21</sup> now he was

<sup>16</sup> *Manage* for *management* or *administration*. Repeatedly so.

<sup>17</sup> *Signiory* for *lordship* or *principality*. Botero, in his *Relations of the World*, 1630, says, " Milan claims to be the first duchy in Europe."

<sup>18</sup> This use of *who* where present usage requires *whom* was not ungrammatical in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>19</sup> *To trash* for *overtopping* is to *check* the *overgrowth*, to reduce the exorbitancy. The word seems to have been a hunting-term for checking the speed of hounds when too forward ; the *trash* being a strap or rope fastened to the dog's neck, and dragging on the ground. The sense of *clogging* or *keeping back* is the right antithesis to *advance*.

<sup>20</sup> " The *key* of officer and office " is the *tuning* key ; as of a piano.

<sup>21</sup> *That* is here equivalent to *so that*, or *insomuch that*. Continually so in old poetry, and not seldom in old prose.



The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,  
And suck'd the verdure out on't. Thou attend'st not.<sup>22</sup>

*Mira.* O good sir, I do.

*Pros.* I pray thee, mark me.

I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind  
With that which, but<sup>23</sup> by being so retired,  
O'er-prized all popular rate,<sup>24</sup> in my false brother  
Awaked an evil nature ; and my trust,  
Like a good parent, did beget of him  
A falsehood, in its contrary as great  
As my trust was ; which had indeed no limit,  
A confidence sans<sup>25</sup> bound. He being thus lorded,  
Not only with what my revénue<sup>26</sup> yielded,  
But what my power might else exact, — like one  
Who having unto truth, by falsing of it,<sup>27</sup>

<sup>22</sup> The old gentleman thinks his daughter is not attending to his tale, because his own thoughts keep wandering from it ; his mind being filled with other things, — the tempest he has got up, and the consequences of it. This absence or distraction of mind aptly registers itself in the irregular and broken style of his narrative.

<sup>23</sup> This is the exceptive *but*, as it is called, and has the force of *be out*, of which it is, indeed, an old contraction. So later in this scene : "And, *but* he's something stain'd with grief," &c.; where *but* evidently has the force of *except that*.

<sup>24</sup> The meaning seems to be, "Which would have exceeded all popular estimate, but that it withdrew me from my public duties"; as if he were sensible of his error in getting so "rapt in secret studies" as to leave the State a prey to violence and usurpation.

<sup>25</sup> *Sans* is the French equivalent for *without*. The Poet uses it whenever he wants a monosyllable with that meaning.

<sup>26</sup> Shakespeare, in a few instances, has *revenue* with the accent on the first syllable, as in the vulgar pronunciation of our time. Here the accent is on the second syllable, as it should be. See *Hamlet*, page 135, note 8.

<sup>27</sup> The verb to *false* was often used for to *treat falsely*, to *falsify*, to *forge*, to *lie*. So in *Cymbeline*, ii. 3 : "And make Diana's rangers *false* them-

Made such a sinner of his memory  
 To credit<sup>28</sup> his own lie, — he did believe  
 He was indeed the Duke ; out o' the substitution,<sup>29</sup>  
 And executing the outward face of royalty,  
 With all prerogative : hence his ambition growing, —  
 Dost thou hear?<sup>30</sup>

*Mira.* Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

*Pros.* To have no screen between this part he play'd  
 And them he play'd it for,<sup>31</sup> he needs will be  
 Absolute Milan. Me,<sup>32</sup> poor man, my library  
 Was dukedom large enough : of temporal royalties  
 He thinks me now incapable ; confederates —  
 So dry he was for sway<sup>33</sup> — wi' th' King of Naples  
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage,  
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd, — alas, poor Milan ! —  
 To most ignoble stooping.

selves." And in *The Faerie Queene*, ii. i. 1 : "Whom Princes late displeasure left in bands, for *falsèd* letters." Also in i. 3, 30 : "And in his *falsèd* fancy he her takes to be the fairest wight," &c. And in Drant's Horace : "The taverner that *falseth* othes, and little reckes to lye." — The pronoun *it* may refer to *truth*, or may be used absolutely ; probably the former. The Poet has such phrases as to *prince it*, for to *act the prince*, and to *monster it* for to *be a monster*. And so the word is often used now in all sorts of speech and writing ; as to *braze it out*, and to *foot it through*. See Critical Notes.

<sup>28</sup> "As to credit" is the meaning. The Poet often omits *as* in such cases. Sometimes he omits both of the correlatives *so* and *as*.

<sup>29</sup> That is, "*in consequence* of his being my substitute or deputy."

<sup>30</sup> In this place, *hear* was probably meant as a dissyllable ; just as *year* a little before. So, at all events, the verse requires.

<sup>31</sup> This is well explained by Mr. P. A. Daniel : "Prospero was the screen behind which the traitorous Antonio governed the people of Milan ; and, to remove this screen between himself and them, he conspired his brother's overthrow."

<sup>32</sup> "For me" is the meaning. Such ellipses are frequent.

<sup>33</sup> So *thirsty* for power or rule ; no uncommon use of *dry* now.

*Mira.* O the Heavens !

*Pros.* Mark his condition, and th' event ;<sup>34</sup> then tell me,  
If this might be a brother.

*Mira.* I should sin  
To think but nobly<sup>35</sup> of my grandmother.

*Pros.* Good wombs have borne bad sons. Now the condition :

This King of Naples, being an enemy  
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit ;  
Which was, that he, in lieu o' the premises,<sup>36</sup> —  
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute, —  
Should presently<sup>37</sup> extirpate me and mine  
Out of the dukedom, and confer fair Milan,  
With all the honours, on my brother : whereon,  
A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
Fated to th' practice<sup>38</sup> did Antonio open  
The gates of Milan ; and, i' the dead of darkness,  
The ministers for th' purpose hurried thence  
Me and thy crying self.

*Mira.* Alack, for pity !  
I, not remembering how I cried on't then,  
Will cry it o'er again : it is a hint<sup>39</sup>  
That wrings mine eyes to't.

*Pros.* Hear a little further,

<sup>34</sup> *Condition* is the terms of his compact with the King of Naples ; *event*, the consequences that followed.

<sup>35</sup> "*But nobly*" is *otherwise than* nobly, of course.

<sup>36</sup> *In lieu of* is *in return for*, or *in consideration of*. Shakespeare never uses the phrase in its present meaning, *instead of*.

<sup>37</sup> *Presently* is *immediately* or *forthwith*. A frequent usage.

<sup>38</sup> *Plot*, *stratagem*, *contrivance* are old meanings of *practice*.

<sup>39</sup> *Hint* for *cause* or *theme*. A frequent usage. So again in ii. 1 : "Our hint of woe is common."

And then I'll bring thee to the present business  
Which now's upon's ; without the which this story  
Were most impertinent.<sup>40</sup>

*Mira.* Wherefore did they not  
That hour destroy us ?

*Pros.* Well demanded, wench : <sup>41</sup>  
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not —  
So dear the love my people bore me — set  
A mark so bloody on the business ; but  
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.  
In few,<sup>42</sup> they hurried us aboard a bark,  
Bore us some leagues to sea ; where they prepared  
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast ; the very rats  
Instinctively had quit it : there they hoist us,<sup>43</sup>  
To cry to th' sea that roar'd to us ; to sigh  
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong.

*Mira.* Alack, what trouble  
Was I then to you !

*Pros.* O, a cherubin  
Thou wast that did preserve me ! Thou didst smile,  
Infusèd with a fortitude from Heaven,  
When I have degg'd<sup>44</sup> the sea with drops full salt,

<sup>40</sup> *Impertinent* is *irrelevant*, or *out of place* ; not *pertinent* ; the old meaning of the word. The Poet never uses *irrelevant*.

<sup>41</sup> *Wench* was a common term of affectionate familiarity.

<sup>42</sup> That is, in few *words*, in *short*. Often so.

<sup>43</sup> *Hoist* for *hoisted* ; as, a little before, *quit* for *quitted*. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 4 : " 'Tis the sport to have the engineer *hoist* with his own petar." The Poet has many preterites so formed. And the same usage occurs in *The Psalter* ; as in the 93d Psalm : "The floods are risen, O Lord, the floods have *lift* up their voice."

<sup>44</sup> To *deg* is an old provincial word for to *sprinkle*. So explained in

Under my burden groan'd ; which raised in me  
An undergoing stomach,<sup>45</sup> to bear up  
Against what should ensue.

*Mira.* How came we ashore?

*Pros.* By Providence divine.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
Out of his charity, — being then appointed  
Master of this design, — did give us ; with  
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessities,  
Which since have steaded much ;<sup>46</sup> so, of his gentleness,  
Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,  
From mine own library, with volumes that  
I prize above my dukedom.

*Mira.* Would I might

But ever see that man !

*Pros.* Now I arise :<sup>47</sup>

Carr's *Glossary* : "To *deg* clothes is to sprinkle them with water previous to ironing." And in Atkinson's *Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect*, *deg* or *dagg* is explained "to sprinkle with water, to drizzle." Also, in Brockett's *Glossary of North-Country Words* : "*Dag*, a drizzling rain, dew upon the grass." — The foregoing quotations are from the Clarendon edition. See Critical Notes.

<sup>45</sup> An *undergoing stomach* is an *enduring courage*. Shakespeare uses *stomach* repeatedly for *courage*.

<sup>46</sup> Have stood us in good stead, or done us much service.

<sup>47</sup> These words have been a great puzzle to the editors, and various explanations of them have been given. Staunton prints them as addressed to Ariel, and thinks this removes the difficulty. So taken, the words are meant to give Ariel notice that the speaker is now ready for his services in charming Miranda to sleep. But this does not seem to me very likely, as it makes Prospero give Ariel a second notice, in his next speech. So I rather adopt the explanation of Mr. William Aldis Wright, who thinks Prospero means that "the crisis in his own fortunes has come"; that he is now about to emerge from the troubles of which he has been speaking; and that he re-

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.  
 Here in this island we arrived ; and here  
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit<sup>48</sup>  
 Than other princesses can, that have more time  
 For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

*Mira.* Heavens thank you for't ! And now, I pray you,  
 sir, —  
 For still 'tis beating in my mind, — your reason  
 For raising this sea-storm ?

*Pros.* Know thus far forth :  
 By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune —  
 Now my dear lady — hath mine enemies  
 Brought to this shore ; and by my prescience  
 I find my zenith<sup>49</sup> doth depend upon  
 A most auspicious star, whose influence  
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes  
 Will ever after droop. Here cease more questions :  
 Thou art inclined to sleep ; 'tis a good dulness,  
 And give it way : I know thou canst not choose.<sup>50</sup> —  
[MIRANDA sleeps.]

gards this "reappearance from obscurity as a kind of resurrection, like the rising of the Sun." This view is fully approved by Mr. Joseph Crosby.

<sup>48</sup> *Profit* is here a verb : " Have *caused* thee to profit more," &c.

<sup>49</sup> The common explanation of this is, " In astrological language *zenith* is the *highest point* in one's fortunes." But I much prefer Mr. Crosby's explanation, who writes me as follows : " Note, here, the blending of ideas by the speaker : he means to say, ' My fortune depends upon a star which, being now in its zenith, is auspicious to me.' "

<sup>50</sup> In the second scene, Prospero's speeches, till the entrance of Ariel, contain the finest example I remember of retrospective narration for the purpose of exciting immediate interest, and putting the audience in possession of all the information necessary for the understanding of the plot. Observe, too, the perfect probability of the moment chosen by Prospero to open out the truth to his daughter, his own romantic bearing, and how completely any thing that might have been disagreeable to us in the magician

Come away, servant, come ! I'm ready now :  
Approach, my Ariel ; come !

*Enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* All hail, great master ! grave sir, hail ! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure ; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds : to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality.<sup>51</sup>

*Pros.* Hast thou, spirit,  
Perform'd to point<sup>52</sup> the tempest that I bade thee ?

*Ari.* To every article.  
I boarded the King's ship ; now on the beak,  
Now in the waist,<sup>53</sup> the deck, in every cabin,  
I flamed amazement : sometime I'd divide,  
And burn in many places ; on the top-mast,  
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,<sup>54</sup>  
Then meet and join. Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary<sup>55</sup>  
And sight-outrunning were not : the fire, and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune

is reconciled and shaded in the humanity and natural feelings of the father. In the very first speech of Miranda the simplicity and tenderness of her character are at once laid open ; it would have been lost in direct contact with the agitation of the first scene. — COLERIDGE.

<sup>51</sup> That is, all of his *kind*, all his *fellow-spirits*, or who are like him.

<sup>52</sup> Perform'd *exactly*, or in *every point* ; from the French *à point*.

<sup>53</sup> *Beak*, the prow of the ship ; *waist*, the part between the quarter-deck and fore-castle.

<sup>54</sup> So in the account of Robert Tomson's voyage, 1555, quoted by Mr. Hunter : "This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from mast to mast, and from top to top ; and sometimes it would be in two or three places at once." In the text, *distinctly* has the sense of *separately* ; flaming in different places at the same time.

<sup>55</sup> *Momentary* in the sense of *instantaneous*.

Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake.

*Pros.* My brave spirit !  
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil <sup>56</sup>  
Would not infect his reason ?

*Ari.* Not a soul  
But felt a fever of the mad, <sup>57</sup> and play'd  
Some tricks of desperation. All but mariners  
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all a-fire with me : the King's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring, <sup>58</sup> — then like reeds, not hair, —  
Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, *Hell is empty,*  
*And all the devils are here.*

*Pros.* Why, that's my spirit !  
But was not this nigh shore ?

*Ari.* Close by, my master.

*Pros.* But are they, Ariel, safe ?

*Ari.* Not a hair perish'd ;  
On their unstaining <sup>59</sup> garments not a blemish,  
But fresher than before : and, as thou badest me,  
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle.  
The King's son have I landed by himself ;

<sup>56</sup> *Coil* is *stir*, *tumult*, or *disturbance*.

<sup>57</sup> Such a fever as madmen feel when the frantie fit is on them.

<sup>58</sup> *Upstaring* is *sticking out* "like quills upon the fretful porpentine." So in *The Faerie Queene*, vi. II, 27 : "With ragged weedes, and *locks upstaring* hye." And in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3 : "Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, that makest my blood cold, and my hair to *stare* ?"

<sup>59</sup> *Unstaining* for *unstained* ; another instance of the indiscriminate use of active and passive forms. This usage, both in participles and adjectives, is frequent all through these plays. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, iv. 4, we have "*discontenting* father" for *discontented* father ; and in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 13, "all-obeying breath" for all-obeyed breath, that is, breath that all obey. See, also, page 49, note 4.



Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs  
In an odd angle <sup>60</sup> of the isle, and sitting,  
His arms in this sad knot.<sup>61</sup>

*Pros.* Of the King's ship  
The mariners, say, how hast thou disposed,  
And all the rest o' the fleet?

*Ari.* Safely in harbour  
Is the King's ship ; in the deep nook, where once  
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew  
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,<sup>62</sup> there she's hid :  
The mariners all under hatches stow'd ;  
Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,  
I've left asleep : and, for the rest o' the fleet  
Which I dispersed, they all have met again,  
And are upon the Mediterranean flote,<sup>63</sup>  
Bound sadly home for Naples ;  
Supposing that they saw the King's ship wreck'd,  
And his great person perish.

*Pros.* Ariel, thy charge  
Exactly is perform'd : but there's more work.

<sup>60</sup> *Odd angle* is *insignificant* or *out-of-the-way corner*.

<sup>61</sup> His arms folded up as in sorrowful meditation.

<sup>62</sup> *Still-vex'd* is *ever-troubled*. The Poet very often uses *still* in the sense of *ever* or *continually*. The Bermudas were supposed to be inhabited or haunted by witches and devils, and the sea around them to be agitated with perpetual storms. *Bermoothes* was then the common spelling of *Bermudas*. So in Fletcher's *Women Pleas'd*, i. 2: "The Devil should think of purchasing that egg-shell, to victual such a witch for the Bermoothes." Also in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*, iii. 2: "I would sooner swim to the Bermootha's on two politicians' rotten bladders."

<sup>63</sup> *Flote*, like the French *flot*, is *flood*, *wave*, or *sea*. This passage shows that the scene of the play is *not* laid in the Bermudas, as there has not been time for the rest of the fleet to sail so far. And Ariel's trip to fetch the dew mentioned above was a much greater feat than going from one part of the Bermoothes to another.

What is the time o' the day?

*Ari.* Past the mid season,

At least two glasses.<sup>64</sup>

*Pros.* The time 'twixt six and now  
Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

*Ari.* Is there more toil? Since thou dost give me pains,  
Let me remember<sup>65</sup> thee what thou hast promised,  
Which is not yet perform'd me.

*Pros.* How now ! moody?  
What is't thou canst demand?

*Ari.* My liberty.

*Pros.* Before the time be out? no more !

*Ari.* I pr'ythee,  
Remember I have done thee worthy service ;  
Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, served  
Without or grudge or grumblings : thou didst promise  
To bate me a full year.

*Pros.* Dost thou forget  
From what a torment I did free thee?

*Ari.* No.

*Pros.* Thou dost ; and think'st it much to tread the ooze  
Of the salt deep ; to run upon the sharp  
Wind of the North ; to do me business in  
The veins o' the earth when it is baked with frost.

*Ari.* I do not, sir.

*Pros.* Thou liest, malignant thing !<sup>66</sup> Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who with age and envy<sup>67</sup>

<sup>64</sup> *Two glasses is two runnings of the hour-glass.*

<sup>65</sup> *Remember for remind, or put in mind.* Often so.

<sup>66</sup> Prospero should not be supposed to say this in earnest : he is merely playing with his delicate and amiable minister.

<sup>67</sup> Here, as commonly in Shakespeare, *envy* is *malice*. And so he has *envious* repeatedly for *malicious*. The usage was common.

Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

*Ari.* No, sir.

*Pros.* Thou hast: where was she born? speak;  
tell me.

*Ari.* Sir, in Argier.<sup>68</sup>

*Pros.* O, was she so? I must  
Once in a month recount what thou hast been,  
Which thou forgett'st. This damn'd witch Sycorax,  
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from Argier,  
Thou know'st, was banish'd: for one thing she had,<sup>69</sup>  
They would not take her life. Is not this true?

*Ari.* Ay, sir.

*Pros.* This blue-eyed hag<sup>70</sup> was hither brought,  
And here was left by th' sailors. Thou, my slave,  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant;  
And, for<sup>71</sup> thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests,<sup>72</sup> she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,  
And in her most unmitigable rage,  
Into a cloven pine;<sup>73</sup> within which rift

<sup>68</sup> *Argier* is the old English name for *Algiers*.

<sup>69</sup> What this one thing was, appears in Prospero's next speech.

<sup>70</sup> *Blue-eyed* and *blue eyes* were used, not for what we so designate, but for *blueness about the eyes*. So, in *As You Like It*, iii. 2, we have "a *blue eye*, and a sunken," to denote a gaunt, haggard, and cadaverous look. And so, in the text, *blue-eyed* is used as signifying extreme ugliness. In the Poet's time, what we call *blue eyes* were commonly called *gray*, and were considered eminently beautiful.

<sup>71</sup> Here, as often, *for* is *because*. See *The Merchant*, page 96, note 6.

<sup>72</sup> *Hests* is *commands*, *orders*, or *behests*.

<sup>73</sup> *Into* and *in* were often used indiscriminately. Here, however, I suspect the sense of both words is implied: "She thrust you *into* a *splitted* pine, and there fastened you *in*."

Imprison'd thou didst painfully remain  
A dozen years ; within which space she died,  
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy groans  
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island —  
Save for the son that she did litter here,  
A freckled whelp, hag-born — not honour'd with  
A human shape.

*Ari.* Yes, Caliban her son.

*Pros.* Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,  
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st  
What torment I did find thee in : thy groans  
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
Of ever-angry bears. It was a torment  
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
Could not again undo : it was mine art,  
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape  
The pine, and let thee out.

*Ari.* I thank thee, master.

*Pros.* If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,  
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till  
Thou'st howl'd away twelve Winters.

*Ari.* Pardon, master :  
I will be correspondent<sup>74</sup> to command,  
And do my spriting gently.

*Pros.* Do so ; and after two days  
I will discharge thee.

*Ari.* That's my noble master !  
What shall I do ? say what ; what shall I do ?

*Pros.* Go make thyself like to a nymph o' the sea :  
Be subject to no sight but mine ; invisible  
To every eyeball else. Go take this shape,

<sup>74</sup> *Correspondent* for *responsive* ; that is, *obedient*, or *submissive*.

And hither come in't : hence, with diligence ! —

[*Exit* ARIEL.]

Awake, dear heart, awake ! thou hast slept well ;

Awake !

*Mira.* [*Waking.*] The strangeness of your story put  
Heaviness in me.

*Pros.* Shake it off. Come on ;  
We'll visit Caliban my slave, who never  
Yields us kind answer.

*Mira.* 'Tis a viliain, sir,  
I do not love to look on.

*Pros.* But, as 'tis,  
We cannot miss him :<sup>75</sup> he does make our fire,  
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices  
That profit us. — What, ho ! slave ! Caliban !  
Thou earth, thou ! speak.

*Cal.* [*Within.*] There's wood enough within.

*Pros.* Come forth, I say ! there's other business for thee :  
Come forth, thou tortoise ! when !<sup>76</sup> —

*Re-enter* ARIEL, *like a Water-nymph.*

Fine apparition ! My quaint<sup>77</sup> Ariel,  
Hark in thine ear.

*Ari.* My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

*Pros.* Thou poisonous slave, come forth !

*Enter* CALIBAN.

*Cal.* As wicked dew<sup>78</sup> as e'er my mother brush'd

<sup>75</sup> Cannot *do without* him, or cannot *spare* him. So in Lyly's *Euphues* :  
"Honey and wax, both so necessary that we cannot *miss* them."

<sup>76</sup> *When!* was in common use as an exclamation of impatience.

<sup>77</sup> *Ingenious, artful, adroit*, are old meanings of *quaint*.

<sup>78</sup> "*Wicked dew*" is, probably, dew that has been *cursed*, and so made  
*poisonous* or *baleful*. See Critical Notes.

With raven's feather from unwholesome fen  
Drop on you both ! a south-west blow on ye,  
And blister you all o'er !<sup>79</sup>

*Pros.* For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,  
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up ; urchins<sup>80</sup>  
Shall, for that vast<sup>81</sup> of night that they may work,  
All exercise on thee ; thou shalt be pinch'd  
As thick as honeycomb, each pinch more stinging  
Than bees that made 'em.<sup>82</sup>

*Cal.* I must eat my dinner.  
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest here first,  
Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me ; wouldst give me  
Water with berries in't ;<sup>83</sup> and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
That burn by day and night : and then I loved thee,  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile :

<sup>79</sup> The Poet repeatedly ascribes a blighting virulence to the south-west wind ; perhaps because, in England, that wind often comes charged with the breath of the Gulf-stream. So he has "the south-fog rot him !" and "all the contagion of the south light on you !"

<sup>80</sup> *Urchins* were fairies of a particular class. Hedgehogs were also called *urchins* ; and it is probable that the sprites were so named, because they were of a mischievous kind, the *urchin* being anciently deemed a very noxious animal.

<sup>81</sup> So in *Hamlet*, i. 2, "in the dead *vast* and middle of the night" ; meaning the silent void or vacancy of night, when spirits were anciently supposed to walk abroad on errands of love or sport or mischief.

<sup>82</sup> *Honeycomb* is here regarded as plural, probably in reference to the *cells* of which honeycomb is composed.

<sup>83</sup> It does not well appear what this was. Coffee was known, but, I think, not used, in England in Shakespeare's time. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1632, has the following : "The Turks have a drink called *coffa*, so named of a *berry* as black as soot, and as bitter."

Cursèd be I that did so ! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you !  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king : and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest o' the island.

*Pros.*                      Thou most lying slave,  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness, I have used thee  
Filth as thou art, with human care ; and lodged thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child. -

*Cal.* O ho, O ho ! would 't had been done !  
Thou didst prevent me ; I had peopled else  
This isle with Calibans.

*Pros.* Abhorred slave,  
Which any print of goodness wilt not take,  
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other : when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thine own meaning,<sup>84</sup> but wouldst gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known. But thy vile race,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures  
Could not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou

<sup>84</sup> Did not attach any meaning to the sounds he uttered. — Coleridge remarks upon Caliban as follows: "Caliban is all earth, all condensed and gross in feelings and images; he has the dawnings of understanding, without reason or the moral sense; and in him, as in some brute animals, this advance to the intellectual faculties, without the moral sense, is marked by the appearance of vice. For it is in the primacy of the moral being only that man is truly human; in his intellectual powers he is certainly approached by the brutes; and, man's whole system duly considered, those powers cannot be viewed as other than means to an end, that is, *morality*."

Deservedly confined into this rock,  
Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

*Cal.* You taught me language ; and my profit on't  
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid<sup>85</sup> you  
For learning me your language !

*Pros.* Hag-seed, hence !  
Fetch us in fuel ; and be quick, thou'rt best,  
To answer other business. Shrugg'st thou, malice ?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old<sup>86</sup> cramps,  
Fill all thy bones with achès,<sup>87</sup> make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

*Cal.* No, pray thee. —  
[*Aside.*] I must obey : his art is of such power,  
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,<sup>88</sup>  
And make a vassal of him.

*Pros.* So, slave ; hence !

[*Exit* CALIBAN.

<sup>85</sup> *Rid* here means *destroy* or *dispatch*. So in *Richard the Second*, v. 4 : "I am the King's friend, and will *rid* his foe." — Touching the "red plague," Halliwell quotes from *Practise of Physicke*, 1605 : "Three different kinds of plague-sore are mentioned ; sometimes it is *red*, otherwhiles yellow, and sometimes blacke, which is the very worst and most venomous."

<sup>86</sup> *Old* was much used simply as an intensive, just as *huge* often is now. The Poet has it repeatedly. See *The Merchant*, page 181, note 2.

<sup>87</sup> *Ache* was formerly pronounced like the letter *H*. The plural, *aches*, was accordingly two syllables. We have many instances of such pronunciation in the old writers. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 7 : "I had a wound here that was like a T, but now 'tis made an H." It is said that Kemble the actor undertook to revive the old pronunciation of *aches* on the stage ; but the audience would not stand it, and hissed him out of it.

<sup>88</sup> *Setebos* was the name of an American god, or rather devil, worshipped by the Patagonians. In Eden's *History of Travaile*, 1577, is an account of Magellan's voyage to the South Pole, containing a description of this god and his worshippers ; wherein the author says : "When they felt the shackles fast about their legs, they began to doubt ; but the captain did put them in



*Re-enter ARIEL invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following.*

ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands :  
Curtsied when you have, and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist,<sup>89</sup>  
Foot it featly here and there ;  
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.

Hark, hark !	{	<i>Burden dispersedly.</i>
The watch-dogs bark :		Bow-wow.
Hark, hark ! I hear		Bow-wow.
The strain of strutting chanticleer.		Cock-a-diddle-dow.

*Ferd.* Where should this music be? i' the air, or th' earth?

It sounds no more : and, sure, it waits upon  
Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,  
Weeping again the King my father's wreck,  
This music crept by me upon the waters,  
Allaying both their fury and my passion<sup>90</sup>  
With its sweet air : thence I have follow'd it,  
Or it hath drawn me rather. But 'tis gone.  
No, it begins again.

ARIEL *sings.*

Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made ;

comfort and bade them stand still. In fine, when they saw how they were deceived, they roared like bulls, and cryed upon their *great devil Setebos*, to help them."

<sup>89</sup> Soothed or charmed the raging waters into stillness or peace.

<sup>90</sup> *Passion* is here used in its proper Latin sense of *suffering*.



With grief, that's beauty's canker,<sup>96</sup> thou mightst call him  
A goodly person : he hath lost his fellows,  
And strays about to find 'em.

*Mira.* I might call him  
A thing divine ; for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] It goes on, I see,  
As my soul prompts it. — Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll free thee  
Within two days for this.

*Ferd.* Most sure, the goddess  
On whom these airs attend ! — Vouchsafe my prayer  
May know if you remain upon this island ;  
And that you will some good instruction give  
How I may bear me here : my prime request,  
Which I do last pronounce, is, — O you wonder ! —  
If you be maid<sup>97</sup> or no ?

*Mira.* No wonder, sir ;  
But certainly a maid.

*Ferd.* My language ! Heavens ! —  
I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pros.* How ! the best ?  
What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee ?

*Ferd.* A single thing,<sup>98</sup> as I am now, that wonders

<sup>96</sup> Shakespeare uses *canker* in four distinct senses, — the *canker-worm*, the *dog-rose*, a malignant sore, *cancer*, and *rust* or *tarnish*. Here it probably means the last ; as in St. James, v. 3 : "Your gold and silver is *cankered* ; and the *rust* of them shall be a witness against you."

<sup>97</sup> Ferdinand has already spoken of Miranda as a goddess : he now asks, if she be a mortal ; not a celestial being, but a maiden. Of course her answer is to be taken in the same sense as his question. The name *Miranda* literally signifies *wonderful*.

<sup>98</sup> The Poet repeatedly uses *single* for *weak* or *feeble* : here, along with

To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;  
 And that he does I weep : myself am Naples ;  
 Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld  
 The King my father wreck'd.

*Mira.* Alack, for mercy !

*Ferd.* Yes, faith, and all his lords ; the Duke of Milan  
 And his brave son<sup>99</sup> being twain.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan  
 And his more braver daughter could control thee,<sup>100</sup>  
 If now 'twere fit to do't. At the first sight  
 They have changed eyes. — Delicate Ariel,  
 I'll set thee free for this ! — A word, good sir ;  
 I fear you've done yourself some wrong :<sup>101</sup> a word.

*Mira.* Why speaks my father so ungently ? This  
 Is the third man that e'er I saw ; the first  
 That e'er I sigh'd for : pity move my father  
 To be inclined my way !

*Ferd.* O, if a virgin,  
 And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
 The Queen of Naples.

*Pros.* Soft, sir ! one word more. —  
 [*Aside.*] They're both in either's powers : but this swift  
 business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning

this, it has the further sense of *solitary* or *companionless*. Ferdinand supposes himself to be the only one saved of all that were in the ship.

<sup>99</sup> This young man, the son of Antonio, nowhere appears in the play, nor is there any other mention of him.

<sup>100</sup> To *control* was formerly used in the sense of to *refute* ; from the French *contre-roller*, to exhibit a *contrary account*. Prospero means that he could refute what Ferdinand has just said about the Duke of Milan.

<sup>101</sup> "Done wrong to your character, in claiming to be King of Naples." Or incurred the penalty of being a spy or an usurper, by assuming a title that does not belong to him.

Make the prize light.<sup>102</sup> — One word more ; I charge thee  
That thou attend me : Thou dost here usurp  
The name thou owest not ; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it  
From me, the lord on't.

*Ferd.* No, as I'm a man.

*Mira.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pros.* [*To FERD.*] Follow me. —  
Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor. — Come ;  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :  
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled : follow.

*Ferd.* No ;  
I will resist such entertainment, till  
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

*Mira.* O dear father,  
Make not too rash a trial of him, for  
He's gentle, and not fearful.<sup>103</sup>

*Pros.* What, I say,  
My fool my tutor ! — Put thy sword up, traitor ;

<sup>102</sup> In this scene, as it proceeds, is displayed the impression made by Ferdinand and Miranda on each other ; it is love at first sight, — "at the first sight they have changed eyes." Prospero's interruption of the courtship has often seemed to me to have no sufficient motive ; still, his alleged reason, "lest too light winning make the prize light," is enough for the ethereal connections of the romantic imagination, although it would not be so for the historical. — COLERIDGE.

<sup>103</sup> This clearly means that Ferdinand is brave and high-spirited, so that, if pressed too hard, he will rather die than succumb. It is a good old notion that bravery and gentleness naturally go together.

Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy conscience  
Is so possess'd with guilt : come from thy ward ;<sup>104</sup>  
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,  
And make thy weapon drop.

*Mira.* Beseech you, father !—

*Pros.* Hence ! hang not on my garments.

*Mira.* Sir, have pity ;

I'll be his surety.

*Pros.* Silence ! one word more  
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What !  
An advocate for an impostor ? hush !  
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,  
Having seen but him and Caliban : foolish wench !  
To th' most of men this is a Caliban,  
And they to him are angels.

*Mira.* My affections  
Are, then, most humble ; I have no ambition  
To see a goodlier man.

*Pros.* [*To FERD.*] Come on ; obey :  
Thy nerves<sup>105</sup> are in their infancy again,  
And have no vigour in them.

*Ferd.* So they are :  
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.  
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,  
The wreck of all my friends, and this man's threats  
To whom I am subdued, are light to me,  
Might I but through my prison once a day

<sup>104</sup> *Ward* is *posture* or *attitude of defence*. Ferdinand is standing with his sword drawn, and his body planted, ready for defending himself. So, in *1 Henry the Fourth*, ii. 4, Falstaff says, "Thou knowest my old *ward*: here I lay, and thus I bore my point."

<sup>105</sup> *Nerves* for *sineus*; the two words being used indifferently in the Poet's time. See *Hamlet*, page 80, note 20.

Behold this maid : all corners else o' the Earth  
Let liberty make use of ; space enough  
Have I in such a prison.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] It works. — [*To FERD.*] Come on. —  
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel ! — Follow me. —  
[*To ARIEL.*] Hark, what thou else shalt do me.

*Mira.* Be of comfort ; <sup>106</sup>

My father's of a better nature, sir,  
Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted  
Which now came from him.

*Pros.* [*To ARIEL.*] Thou shalt be as free  
As mountain winds : but then exactly do  
All points of my command.

*Ari.* To th' syllable.

*Pros.* Come, follow. — Speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT II.

### SCENE I. — *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter* ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO, ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and Others.*

*Gonza.* Beseech you, sir, be merry : you have cause —  
So have we all — of joy ; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
Is common ; every day some sailor's wife,  
The master of some merchant,<sup>1</sup> and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle —

<sup>106</sup> "Be of comfort" is old language for be comforted.

<sup>1</sup> It was usual to call a merchant-vessel a merchant ; as we now say a merchant-man.

I mean our preservation — few in millions  
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, peace.

*Sebas.* He receives comfort like cold porridge.

*Anto.* The visitor<sup>2</sup> will not give him o'er so.

*Sebas.* Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ; by-  
and-by it will strike.

*Gonza.* Sir, —

*Sebas.* One : — tell.<sup>3</sup>

*Gonza.* — When every grief is entertain'd that's offer'd,  
Comes to the entertainer —

*Sebas.* A dollar.

*Gonza.* Dolour comes to him, indeed : you have spoken  
truer than you purposed.

*Sebas.* You have taken it wiselier than I meant you  
should.

*Gonza.* Therefore, my lord, —

*Anto.* Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue !

*Alon.* I pr'ythee, spare me.

*Gonza.* Well, I have done : but yet —

*Sebas.* He will be talking.

*Anto.* Which, of he or Adrian,<sup>4</sup> for a good wager, first  
begins to crow ?

<sup>2</sup> He calls Gonzalo a *visitor* in allusion to the office of one who visits the sick or the afflicted, to give counsel and consolation. The caustic scoffing humour of Sebastian and Antonio, in this scene, is wisely conceived. See the Introduction, page 29.

<sup>3</sup> *Tell* is *count*, or *keep tally* ; referring to " the watch of his wit," which he was said to be " winding up," and which now begins to strike. See *King Lear*, page 115, note 10.

<sup>4</sup> This, it appears, is an old mode of speech, which is now entirely obsolete. Shakespeare has it once again in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii. 2 : " Now follow, if thou darest, to try whose right, *of thine or mine*, is most in



*Sebas.* The old cock.

*Anto.* The cockerel.

*Sebas.* Done ! The wager ?

*Anto.* A laughter.

*Sebas.* A match !

*Adri.* Though this island seem to be desert, —

*Sebas.* Ha, ha, ha ! — So, you're paid.<sup>5</sup>

*Adri.* — uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible, —

*Sebas.* Yet —

*Adri.* — yet —

*Anto.* He could not miss't.

*Adri.* — it must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.<sup>6</sup>

*Anto.* Temperance was a delicate wench.

*Sebas.* Ay, and a subtle ; as he most learnedly delivered.

*Adri.* The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

*Sebas.* As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

*Anto.* Or as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

*Gonza.* Here is every thing advantageous to life.

*Anto.* True ; save means to live.

*Sebas.* Of that there's none, or little.

*Gonza.* How lush<sup>7</sup> and lusty the grass looks ! how green !

*Anto.* The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Helena." And Walker quotes an apposite passage from Sidney's *Arcadia* : "The question arising, who should be the first to fight against Phalantus, of the black or the ill-apparelled knight," &c.

<sup>5</sup> A laugh having been agreed upon as the wager, and Sebastian having lost, he now pays with a laugh.

<sup>6</sup> By *temperance* Adrian means *temperature*, and Antonio plays upon the word ; alluding, perhaps, to the Puritan custom of bestowing the names of the cardinal virtues upon their children.

<sup>7</sup> *Lush* is juicy, succulent, — luxuriant,

*Sebas.* With an eye of green in't.<sup>8</sup>

*Anto.* He misses not much.

*Sebas.* No ; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

*Gonza.* But the rarity of it is, — which is indeed almost beyond credit, —

*Sebas.* As many vouch'd rarities are.

*Gonza.* — that our garments, being, as they were, drenched in the sea, hold, notwithstanding, their freshness and gloss, being rather new-dyed than stain'd with salt water.

*Anto.* If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say he lies?

*Sebas.* Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

*Gonza.* Methinks our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the King's fair daughter Claribel to the King of Tunis.

*Sebas.* 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

*Adri.* Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to<sup>9</sup> their Queen.

*Gonza.* Not since widow Dido's time.

*Anto.* Widow? a pox o' that ! How came that widow in? Widow Dido !

*Sebas.* What if he had said widower Æneas too? Good Lord, how you take it !

*Adri.* Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that : she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

<sup>8</sup> A *tint* or *shade* of green. So in Sandy's *Travels*: "Cloth of silver, tissued with an *eye* of green;" and Bayle says: "Red with an *eye* of blue makes a purple."

<sup>9</sup> *To* was continually used in such cases where we should use *for* or *as*. So in the Marriage Office of the Church: "Wilt thou have this woman *to* thy wedded wife?" Also, in St. Mark, xii. 23: "The seven had her *to* wife."

*Gonza.* This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

*Adri.* Carthage !

*Gonza.* I assure you, Carthage.

*Anto.* His word is more than the miraculous harp.<sup>10</sup>

*Sebas.* He hath raised the wall and houses too.

*Anto.* What impossible matter will he make easy next ?

*Sebas.* I think he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

*Anto.* And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

*Alon.* Ah !

*Anto.* Why, in good time.

*Gonza.* Sir, we were talking that our garments seem now as fresh as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

*Anto.* And the rarest that e'er came there.

*Sebas.* Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

*Anto.* O, widow Dido ! ay, widow Dido.

*Gonza.* Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it ? I mean, in a sort.

*Anto.* That sort was well fish'd for.<sup>11</sup>

*Gonza.* When I wore it at your daughter's marriage ?

*Alon.* You cram these words into mine ears against  
The stomach of my sense.<sup>12</sup> Would I had never

<sup>10</sup> Amphion, King of Thebes, was a prodigious musician : god Mercury gave him a lyre, with which he charmed the stones into their places, and thus built the walls of the city : as Wordsworth puts it, " The gift to King Amphion, that wall'd a city with its melody." Tunis is in fact supposed to be on or near the site of ancient Carthage.

<sup>11</sup> A punning allusion, probably, to one of the meanings of *sort*, which was *lot* or *portion* ; from the Latin *sors*.

<sup>12</sup> That is, " when the state of my feelings does not relish them, or has no *appetite* for them." *Stomach* for *appetite* occurs repeatedly.

Married my daughter there ! for, coming thence,  
 My son is lost ; and, in my rate,<sup>13</sup> she too,  
 Who is so far from Italy removed,  
 I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir  
 Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish  
 Hath made his meal on thee ?

*Fran.*

Sir, he may live :

I saw him beat the surges under him,  
 And ride upon their backs ; he trod the water,  
 Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
 The surge most swoln that met him : his bold head  
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
 To th' shore, that o'er his<sup>14</sup> wave-worn basis bow'd,  
 As<sup>15</sup> stooping to relieve him : I not doubt  
 He came alive to land.

*Alon.*

No, no ; he's gone.

*Sebas.* Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss,  
 That would not bless our Europe with your daughter,  
 But rather lose her to an African ;  
 Where she at least is banish'd from your eye,  
 Who<sup>16</sup> hath cause to wet the grief on't.

<sup>13</sup> *Rate* for *reckoning*, *account*, or *estimation*.

<sup>14</sup> *His* for *its*, referring to *shore*. In the Poet's time *its* was not an accepted word : it was then just creeping into use ; and he has it occasionally, especially in his later plays ; as it occurs once or twice in this play. It does not occur once in the Bible as printed in 1611.

<sup>15</sup> Here *as* is put for *as if* ; a very frequent usage with the Poet, as also with other writers of the time.

<sup>16</sup> *Who* and *which* were used indifferently both of persons and things. Here *who* refers to *eye*. And the meaning probably is, "your eye, which hath cause to sprinkle or water your grief with tears." This would of course make the grief grow stronger. "The grief *on't*" is the grief *arising from it* or *out of it* ; that is, from the loss or banishment of Claribel.

*Alon.*

Pr'ythee, peace.

*Sebas.* You were kneel'd to, and impórtuned otherwise,  
By all of us ; and the fair soul herself  
Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at  
Which end the beam should bow.<sup>17</sup> We've lost your son,  
I fear, for ever : Milan and Naples have  
More widows in them of this business' making  
Than we bring men to comfort them : the fault's  
Your own.

*Alon.* So is the dear'st o' the loss.<sup>18</sup>

*Gonza.*

My lord Sebastian

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,  
And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

*Sebas.*

Very well.

*Anto.* And most chirurgeonly.<sup>19</sup>

*Gonza.* It is foul weather in us all, good sir,  
When you are cloudy.<sup>20</sup>

*Sebas.*

Foul weather !

*Anto.*

Very foul.

*Gonza.* Had I plantation<sup>21</sup> of this isle, my lord, —

*Anto.* He'd sow't with nettle-seed.

<sup>17</sup> *Hesitated*, or *stood in doubt*, between *reluctance* and obedience, which way the balance should turn or incline. To *weigh* is to *deliberate*, and hence to pause, to be *in suspense*, or to suspend action.

<sup>18</sup> *Dear* was used of any thing that causes strong feeling, whether of pleasure or of pain ; as it *hurts* us to lose that which is *dear* to us. So that here the sense is, the *worst* or *heaviest* of the loss.

<sup>19</sup> *Chirurgeon* is the old word, which has got transformed into *surgeon*.

<sup>20</sup> The meaning is, "your *gloom* makes us all gloomy." A cloud in the face is a common metaphor both for anger and for sorrow.

<sup>21</sup> In Shakespeare's time a *plantation* meant a *colony*, and was so used of the American colonies. Here *plantation* is a "verbal noun," and means *the colonizing*.

*Sebas.*

Or docks, or mallows.

*Gonza.* — And were the King on't, what would I do?

*Sebas.* 'Scape being drunk for want of wine.

*Gonza.* I' the commonwealth I would by contraries  
Execute all things : for no kind of traffic  
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;  
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,  
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,  
Bourn, bound of land, tilth,<sup>22</sup> vineyard, none ;  
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil ;  
No occupation ; all men idle, all,  
And women too, but innocent and pure ;  
No sovereignty : —

*Sebas.* Yet he would be king on't.

*Anto.* The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

*Gonza.* — All things in common Nature should produce  
Without sweat or endeavour : treason, felony,  
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,<sup>23</sup>  
Would I not have ; but Nature should bring forth,  
Of its own kind, all foison,<sup>24</sup> all abundance,  
To feed my innocent people.

*Sebas.* No marrying 'mong his subjects?

*Anto.* None, man ; all idle, — trulls and knaves.

<sup>22</sup> *Succession* is the tenure of property by inheritance, as the son *succeeds* the father. — *Bourn* is *boundary* or *limit*. Properly it means a stream of water, river, rivulet, or brook ; these being the most natural boundaries of landed property. — *Tilth* is *tillage* : also used of land tilled, or prepared for sowing. So in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 1 : " Our corn's to reap, for yet our *tilth's* to sow."

<sup>23</sup> *Engine* was applied to any kind of *machine* : here it probably means *furniture of war*.

<sup>24</sup> *Foison* is an old word for *plenty* or *abundance* of provision, especially of the fruits of the soil. Often used so by the Poet.

*Gonza.* I would with such perfection govern, sir,  
T' excel the golden age.<sup>25</sup>

*Sebas.* God save his Majesty !

*Anto.* Long live Gonzalo !

*Gonza.* And, — do you mark me, sir ? —

*Alon.* Pr'ythee, no more : thou dost talk nothing to me.

*Gonza.* I do well believe your Highness ; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible<sup>26</sup> and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

*Anto.* 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

*Gonza.* Who in this kind of merry fooling am nothing to you :<sup>27</sup> so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

*Anto.* What a blow was there given !

*Sebas.* An it had not fallen flat-long.<sup>28</sup>

*Gonza.* You are gentlemen of brave mettle ;<sup>29</sup> you would lift the Moon out of her sphere, if she would<sup>30</sup> continue in it five weeks without changing.

<sup>25</sup> "The golden age" is that fabulous period in "the dark backward of time" when men knew nothing of sin and sorrow, and were so wise and good as to have no need of laws and government. Milton, in his *Ode on the Nativity*, has "Time will run back, and fetch the *age of gold*."

<sup>26</sup> *Sensible* for *sensitive* or *ticklish*. So in *Coriolanus*, i. 3 : "I would your cambric were *sensible* as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity." See, also, *Hamlet*, page 109, note 44.

<sup>27</sup> Nothing *in comparison* with you. So the Poet often uses *to*.

<sup>28</sup> The idea is of a sword handled so awkwardly as to hit with the side, and not with the edge.

<sup>29</sup> *Brave mettle* is *high, glorious, or magnificent spirit*. The Poet often has *mettle* in that sense. — *Sphere*, in the next line, is *orbit*.

<sup>30</sup> Our present usage requires *should*. In Shakespeare's time, the auxiliaries *could*, *should*, and *would* were often used indiscriminately, as were also *shall* and *will*. So a little further on : "Methinks I see it in thy face, what thou *shouldst* be" ; *shouldst* for *wouldst*. Again, later in this scene, "*should* not upbraid our course" ; *should* for *would*. Also, "who *shall* be of as little memory" ; *shall* for *will*.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing solemn music.*

*Sebas.* We would so, and then go a-bat-fowling.<sup>31</sup>

*Anto.* Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

*Gonza.* No, I warrant you ; I will not adventure my discretion<sup>32</sup> so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep? for I am very heavy.

*Anto.* Go sleep, and hear us not.

*[All sleep but ALON., SEBAS., and ANTO.]*

*Alon.* What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts : I find They are inclined to do so.

*Sebas.* Please you, sir,  
Do not omit the heavy offer of it :<sup>33</sup>  
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,  
It is a comforter.

*Anto.* We two, my lord,  
Will guard your person while you take your rest,  
And watch your safety.

*Alon.* Thank you. — Wondrous heavy.

*[ALONSO sleeps. Exit ARIEL.]*

*Sebas.* What a strange drowsiness possesses them !

*Anto.* It is the quality o' the climate.

*Sebas.* Why  
Doth it not, then, our eyelids sink? I find not

<sup>31</sup> *Bat-fowling* was a term used of catching birds in the night. Fielding, in *Joseph Andrews*, calls it *bird-batting*, and says "it is performed by holding a large clap-net before a lantern, and at the same time beating the bushes ; for the birds, when they are disturbed from their places of rest or roost, immediately make to the light, and so are enticed within the net."

<sup>32</sup> That is, "hazard my character for discretion, or put it in peril."

<sup>33</sup> "Do not *slight* or *neglect* the *offer of sleep* which it holds out," or "when it offers to make you sleepy." *Heavy* is here used proleptically, or *anticipatively*. See *Macbeth*, page 113, note II.



Myself disposed to sleep.

*Anto.* Nor I ; my spirits are nimble.

They fell together all, as by consent ;  
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,  
Worthy Sebastian, O, what might !<sup>34</sup> No more :  
And yet methinks I see it in thy face,  
What thou shouldst be : th' occasion speaks thee ;<sup>35</sup> and  
My strong imagination sees a crown  
Dropping upon thy head.

*Sebas.* What, art thou waking ?

*Anto.* Do you not hear me speak ?

*Sebas.* I do ; and surely

It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st  
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say ?  
This is a strange repose, to be asleep  
With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving,  
And yet so fast asleep.

*Anto.* Noble Sebastian,

Thou lett'st thy fortune sleep, — die rather ; wink'st  
Whiles thou art waking.<sup>36</sup>

*Sebas.* Thou dost snore distinctly ;

There's meaning in thy snores.

*Anto.* I am more serious than my custom : you  
Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do  
Trebles thee o'er.<sup>37</sup>

<sup>34</sup> "What might *you be!*" is probably the meaning.

<sup>35</sup> *Reveals* or *proclaims* thee. Such an opportunity kindles the devil in Sebastian, and makes his ambitious thoughts legible in his face. So in *Macbeth*, i. 5 : "Your face is as a book where men may read strange matters."

<sup>36</sup> "Closest thine eyes as if asleep while thou art awake." *While*, *whiles*, and *whilst* were used indifferently.

<sup>37</sup> "The doing of which will make thee thrice what thou art now."

*Sebas.* Well, I am standing water.<sup>38</sup>

*Anto.* I'll teach you how to flow.

*Sebas.* Do so : to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

*Anto.* O,

If you but knew how you the purpose cherish  
Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,  
You more invest it !<sup>39</sup> Ebbing men, indeed,  
Most often do so near the bottom run  
By their own fear or sloth.

*Sebas.* Pr'ythee, say on :  
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim  
A matter from thee ; and a birth indeed  
Which throes thee much to yield.<sup>40</sup>

*Anto.* Thus, sir :  
Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,  
Who shall be of as little memory<sup>41</sup>  
When he is earth'd, hath here almost persuaded —  
For he's a spirit of persuasion, only  
Professes to persuade — the King his son's alive,  
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd

<sup>38</sup> Water standing between ebb and flow, and so ready to be moved in either direction. So in *Twelfth Night*, i. 5: "'Tis with him e'en *standing water* between boy and man."

<sup>39</sup> Sebastian shows that he both takes and welcomes Antonio's suggestion, by his making it a theme of jest ; and the more he thus denudes the hint of obscurity by playing with it, the more he clothes it with his own approval. — "*Ebbing men*" are men whose fortunes are ebbing away or declining.

<sup>40</sup> "In the yielding of which you struggle very hard, and suffer much pain." — *Matter*, here, is *something of vast import*.

<sup>41</sup> *Will* be as little remembered, or as quickly forgotten, as he is apt to forget. *Weak remembrance* means *feeble memory*. Francisco is the lord referred to. — *Shall for will*, as noted a little before.

As he that sleeps here swims.

*Sebas.* I have no hope  
That he's undrown'd.

*Anto.* O, out of that no hope  
What great hope have you ! no hope that way is  
Another way so high a hope, that even  
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond, —  
But doubt discovery there.<sup>42</sup> Will you grant with me  
That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

*Sebas.* He's gone.

*Anto.* Then, tell me,  
Who's the next heir of Naples ?

*Sebas.* Claribel.

*Anto.* She that is Queen of Tunis ; she that dwells  
Ten leagues beyond man's life ;<sup>43</sup> she that from Naples  
Can have no note,<sup>44</sup> unless the Sun were post, —  
The Man-i'-the-moon's too slow, — till new-born chins  
Be rough and razorable. She 'twas for whom<sup>45</sup> we  
All were sea-swallow'd, though some cast again ;<sup>46</sup>

<sup>42</sup> Cannot pierce so much beyond as may be measured by a wink of the eye ; *wink* meaning the same as *jot* or *atom*. Probably all are familiar with the word in that sense. — The last clause is obscure, or worse : probably, if the text be right, the force of *cannot* was meant to be continued over *But doubt*. See Critical Notes.

<sup>43</sup> Beyond a lifetime of travelling. Of course this passage is a piece of intentional hyperbole ; and Sebastian shows that he takes it so, by exclaiming, " What *stuff* is this ! "

<sup>44</sup> Note for knowledge or notice. See *King Lear*, page 128, note 3.

<sup>45</sup> *For whom* is here equivalent to *because of whom*, or *on whose account*. *For* is often used so. Antonio means, apparently, to imply that, inasmuch as Claribel has been the occasion of what has befallen them, they need not scruple to cut her off from the Neapolitan throne. And he goes on to intimate that, by the recent strange events, Sebastian and himself are marked out, as by destiny, for some mighty achievement or some peerless honour.

<sup>46</sup> The image is of being swallowed by the sea, and then cast up, or cast

And, by that destiny, to perform an act  
Whereof what's past is prologue ; what to come,  
In yours and my discharge.

*Sebas.* What stuff is this ! How say you ?  
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of Tunis ;  
So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions  
There is some space.

*Ant.* A space whose every cubit  
Seems to cry out, *How shalt thou, Claribel,  
Measure us back to Naples ?*<sup>47</sup> *Keep in Tunis,  
And let Sebastian wake !* Say, this were death  
That now hath seized them ; why, they were no worse  
Than now they are. There be that can rule Naples  
As well as he that sleeps ; lords that can prate  
As amply and unnecessarily  
As this Gonzalo : I myself could make  
A chough of as deep chat.<sup>48</sup> O, that you bore  
The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this  
For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

*Sebas.* Methinks I do.

*Anto.* And how does your content  
Tender your own good fortune ?<sup>49</sup>

*Sebas.* I remember  
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

*Anto.* True :

*ashore.* — In the next line, "by that destiny" is by the same destiny through which they have so miraculously escaped drowning.

<sup>47</sup> "Measure the distance back from Naples to us ;" or "*return* to us."

<sup>48</sup> Could *produce, breed, or train* a parrot to talk as wisely. A *chough* is a bird of the jackdaw kind.

<sup>49</sup> Obscure, again. But the meaning seems to be, "How does your present *contentment*, that is, apathy or indifference, regard or look out for your own advantage or interest ?" To *tender* a thing is to *take care of* it, or be *careful for* it. See *Hamlet*, page 73, note 27.

And look how well my garments sit upon me ;  
 Much feater<sup>50</sup> than before : my brother's servants  
 Were then my fellows ; now they are my men.

*Sebas.* But, for your conscience —

*Anto.* Ay, sir ; and where lies that ? if 'twere a kibe,<sup>51</sup>  
 'Twould put me to my slipper : but I feel not  
 This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,  
 That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied<sup>52</sup> be they,  
 And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,  
 No better than the earth he lies upon,  
 If he were that which now he's like ; whom I,  
 With this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
 Can lay to bed for ever ; whiles you, doing thus,  
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
 This ancient morsel, this Sir Prudence, who  
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
 They'll take suggestion<sup>53</sup> as a cat laps milk ;  
 They'll tell<sup>54</sup> the clock to any business that  
 We say befits the hour.

*Sebas.* Thy case, dear friend,  
 Shall be my precedent ; as thou gott'st Milan,

<sup>50</sup> *Feater* is more *finely*, or more *becomingly*. — *Fellows*, in the next line, is *equals*. The word is often used in that sense.

<sup>51</sup> The Poet has *kibe* several times for the well-known heel-sore, an ulcerated chilblain.

<sup>52</sup> *Candied*, here, is *congealed*, or *crystallized*. So in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3 : " Will the cold brook, *candied with ice*, caudle thy morning taste ? "

<sup>53</sup> *Suggest* and its derivatives were often used in the sense of *to tempt*. Thus Shakespeare has such phrases as " tender youth is soon *suggested*," and " what serpent hath *suggested* thee." The meaning of the text is, " They'll fall in with any temptation to villainy "; *they* referring to the other lords present.

<sup>54</sup> *Tell*, again, for *count*. The meaning is, " They'll speak whatever words we choose to have them speak," or " put into their mouths."

I'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke  
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st ;  
And I the King shall <sup>55</sup> love thee.

*Anto.* Draw together ;  
And when I rear my hand, do you the like,  
To fall it on Gonzalo.

*Sebas.* O, but one word.

[*They converse apart.*]

*Music.* Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

*Ari.* My master through his art foresees the danger  
That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth —  
For else his project dies — to keep thee living.

[*Sings in GONZALO'S ear.*]

While you here do snoring lie,  
Open-eyed conspiracy  
His time doth take.  
If of life you keep a care,  
Shake off slumber, and beware :  
Awake ! awake !

*Anto.* Then let us both be sudden.

*Gonza.* [*Waking.*] Now, good angels  
Preserve the King ! — [*To SEBAS. and ANTO.*] Why, how  
now ! — [*To ALON.*] Ho, awake ! —  
[*To SEBAS. and ANTO.*] Why are you drawn ? wherefore  
this ghastly looking ?

*Alon.* [*Waking.*] What's the matter ?

*Sebas.* Whiles we stood here securing your repose ;  
Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing  
Like bulls, or rather lions : did't not wake you ?  
It struck mine ear most terribly.

<sup>55</sup> *Shall for will, again.* See page 86, note 41.

*Alon.* I heard nothing.

*Anto.* O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear,  
To make an earthquake ! sure, it was the roar  
Of a whole herd of lions.

*Alon.* Heard you this, Gonzalo ?

*Gonza.* Upon mine honour, sir, I heard a humming,  
And that a strange one too, which did awake me :  
I shaked you, sir, and cried : as mine eyes open'd,  
I saw their weapons drawn : there was a noise,  
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard,  
Or that we quit this place : let's draw our weapons.

*Alon.* Lead off this ground ; and let's make further search  
For my poor son.

*Gonza.* Heavens keep him from these beasts !  
For he is, sure, i' the island.

*Alon.* Lead away.

[*Exit with the others.*]

*Ari.* Prospero my lord shall know what I have done : —  
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. — *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood. A noise of Thunder heard.*

*Cal.* All the infections that the Sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
By inch-meal<sup>1</sup> a disease ! His spirits hear me,  
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
Fright me with urchin-shows,<sup>2</sup> pitch me i' the mire,

<sup>1</sup> *Inch-meal* and *limb-meal* were used just as we use *piece-meal*.

<sup>2</sup> *Urchin-shows* are *fairy-shows* ; as *urchin* was the name of a certain description of fairies. See page 66, note 80.

Nor lead me, like a fire-brand,<sup>3</sup> in the dark  
 Out of my way, unless he bid 'em : but  
 For every trifle are they set upon me ;  
 Sometime<sup>4</sup> like apes, that mow<sup>5</sup> and chatter at me,  
 And after bite me ; then like hedgehogs, which  
 Lie tumbling in my barefoot way, and mount  
 Their pricks<sup>6</sup> at my foot-fall ; sometime am I  
 All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues  
 Do hiss me into madness. Lo, now, lo !  
 Here comes a spirit of his ; and to torment me  
 For bringing wood in slowly. I'll fall flat ;  
 Perchance he will not mind me.

*Enter* TRINCULO.

*Trin.* Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off any weather at all, and another storm brewing ; I hear it sing i' the wind : yond same black cloud, yond huge one, looks like a foul bombard<sup>7</sup> that would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know not where to hide my head : yond same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls. — What have we here ? a man or a fish ? Dead or alive ? A fish : he smells like a fish ; a very ancient and fish-like smell ; a kind of not-of-the-newest poor-john.<sup>8</sup> A strange fish ! Were I in England now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted, not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of silver : there would this monster make a man ; any strange beast there

<sup>3</sup> The *ignis fatuus* was thought to be the work of naughty spirits.

<sup>4</sup> *Sometime* and *sometimes* were used indiscriminately.

<sup>5</sup> To *mow* is to *make mouths*. So Nash's *Pierce Penniless* : " Nobody at home but an ape, that sat in the porch, and made mops and *mows* at him."

<sup>6</sup> *Pricks* is the ancient word for *prickles*.

<sup>7</sup> A *bombard* is a black jack of leather, to hold beer, &c.

<sup>8</sup> *Poor-john* is an old name for *kake* salted and dried.



makes a man :<sup>9</sup> when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legg'd like a man ! and his fins like arms ! Warm, o' my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion ; hold it no longer : this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*Thunder.*] Alas, the storm is come again ! my best way is to creep under his gaberdine ;<sup>10</sup> there is no other shelter hereabout : misery acquaints a man with strange bed-fellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past. [*Creeps under CALIBAN'S garment.*]

*Enter STEPHANO, singing ; a bottle in his hand.*

Steph.        *I shall no more to sea, to sea,  
                 Here shall I die ashore ; —*

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral : well, here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*]

[*Sings.*] *The master, the swabber,<sup>11</sup> the boatswain, and I,  
                 The gunner, and his mate,  
Loved Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,  
                 But none of us cared for Kate ;  
For she had a tongue with a tang,<sup>12</sup>  
Would cry to a sailor, Go hang !  
She loved not the savour of tar nor of pitch :  
Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang !*

<sup>9</sup> Sets a man up, or *makes his fortune*. The phrase was often used thus. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iv. 2 : "If our sport had gone forward, we had all been *made men*."

<sup>10</sup> A *gaberdine* was a coarse outer garment. "A shepherd's pelt, frock, or *gaberdine*, such a coarse long jacket as our porters wear over the rest of their garments," says Cotgrave. "A kind of rough cassock or frock like an Irish mantle," says Philips.

<sup>11</sup> A *swabber* is one whose special business it is to sweep, mop, or *swab* the deck of a ship.

<sup>12</sup> *Tang* was used of what has a pungent or biting taste or flavour.

This is a scurvy tune too : but here's my comfort. [*Drinks.*

*Cal.* Do not torment me : — O !

*Steph.* What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with savages and men of Inde, ha? <sup>13</sup> I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs ; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground ; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at's nostrils.

*Cal.* The spirit torments me : — O !

*Steph.* This is some monster of the isle with four legs, who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the Devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.<sup>14</sup>

*Cal.* Do not torment me, pr'ythee :  
I'll bring my wood home faster.

*Steph.* He's in his fit now, and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle : if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit. If I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him : <sup>15</sup> he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

*Cal.* Thou dost me yet but little hurt ;  
Thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling :  
Now Prosper works upon thee.

*Steph.* Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is

<sup>13</sup> Alluding, probably, to the impostures practised by showmen, who often exhibited sham wonders pretended to be brought from America. *Inde* for *India*, East or West.

<sup>14</sup> *Neat* is an old epithet for all cattle of the bovine genus. So that *neat's-leather* is *cowhide* or *calfskin*. So in *The Winter's Tale*, i. 2: "And yet the steer, the heifer, and the calf are all called *neat*."

<sup>15</sup> A piece of vulgar irony, meaning, "I'll take as much as I can get."

that which will give language to you, cat:<sup>16</sup> open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly: [*Gives him drink.*] you cannot tell who's your friend; open your chops again. [*Gives him more drink.*

*Trin.* I should know that voice: it should be — but he is drown'd; and these are devils: — O, defend me!

*Steph.* Four legs, and two voices, — a most delicate monster? His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague: [*Gives him drink.*] — Come, — Amen!<sup>17</sup> I will pour some in thy other mouth.

*Trin.* Stephano!

*Steph.* Doth thy other mouth call me? — Mercy, mercy! This is a devil, and no monster: I will leave him; I have no long spoon.

*Trin.* Stephano! — If thou be'st Stephano, touch me, and speak to me; for I am Trinculo, — be not afeard, — thy good friend Trinculo.

*Steph.* If thou be'st Trinculo, come forth: I'll pull thee by the lesser legs: if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. [*Pulls TRINCULO out.*] Thou art very Trinculo<sup>18</sup> indeed! How camest thou to be the siege of this moon-calf?<sup>19</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Shakespeare gives his characters appropriate language: "They belch forth proverbs in their drink," "Good liquor will *make a cat speak*," and "He who eats with the devil had need of a *long spoon*."

<sup>17</sup> Stephano is frightened, and put to his religion; and *Amen!* is the best he can do towards praying.

<sup>18</sup> That is, the *real* or *veritable* Trinculo. The Poet often has *very* so.

<sup>19</sup> *Moon-calf* was an imaginary monster, supposed to be generated or misshapen through lunar influence. So in Holland's Pliny: "A false conception called *mola*, that is a moone-calf; that is to say, a lump of flesh without shape, without life." — *Siege* is an old word for *seat*. So in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 2: "Upon the very *siege* of justice."

*Trin.* I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke. But art thou not drown'd, Stephano? I hope, now, thou art not drown'd? Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

*Steph.* Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

*Cal.* [*Aside.*] These be fine things, an if<sup>20</sup> they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:  
I will kneel to him.

*Steph.* How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? swear, by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved o'erboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree with mine own hands, since I was cast ashore.

*Cal.* I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy True subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

*Steph.* Here; swear, man, how thou escapedst.

*Trin.* Swam ashore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

*Steph.* Here, kiss the book. [*Gives him drink.*] Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

*Trin.* O Stephano, hast any more of this?

*Steph.* The whole butt, man: my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. — How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

*Cal.* Hast thou not dropp'd from heaven?

<sup>20</sup> In old English, *if*, *an*, and *an if* are exactly equivalent expressions; the latter being merely a reduplication; though it sometimes has the force of *even if*. See *Hamlet*, page 89, note 34.

*Steph.* Out o' the Moon, I do assure thee : I was the Man-i'-the-moon when time was.

*Cal.* I've seen thee in her, and I do adore thee :  
My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.<sup>21</sup>

*Steph.* Come, swear to that ; kiss the book : I will furnish it anon with new contents : swear. [*Gives CALIBAN drink.*]

*Trin.* By this good light, this is a very shallow monster ! — I afeard of him ! — a very weak monster ! — *The Man-i'-the-moon !* — a most poor credulous monster ! — Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.<sup>22</sup>

*Cal.* I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island ;  
And I will kiss thy foot : I pr'ythee, be my god.

*Trin.* By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster ! when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.<sup>23</sup>

*Cal.* I'll kiss thy foot ; I'll swear myself thy subject.

*Steph.* Come on then ; down, and swear.

*Trin.* I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster ! I could find in my heart to beat him, —

*Steph.* Come, kiss. [*Gives CALIBAN drink.*]

*Trin.* — but that the poor monster's in drink : an abominable monster !

*Cal.* I'll show thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ;  
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.  
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !  
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,  
Thou wondrous man.

<sup>21</sup> So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. 1 : "This man, with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn, presenteth moonshine."

<sup>22</sup> *Well drawn* probably means that Caliban has taken a large draught of the liquor ; as we should say, a *bumper*. — "In good sooth," *sooth* is the same as *truth*. So *soothsayer* originally meant a *truth-speaker*.

<sup>23</sup> That is, will steal the liquor out of his bottle.

*Trin.* A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard !

*Cal.* I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;  
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;<sup>24</sup>  
Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how  
To snare the nimble marmozet ; I'll bring thee  
To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee  
Young staniels<sup>25</sup> from the rock. Wilt thou go with me ?

*Steph.* I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more talking. — Trinculo, the King and all our company else being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my bottle : fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by-and-by again.

*Cal.* [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell !

*Trin.* A howling monster ; a drunken monster !

*Cal.* No more dams I'll make for fish ;  
Nor fetch in firing at requiring ;  
Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish :  
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca — Caliban  
Has a new master ; get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day, hey-day, freedom ! freedom, hey-day,  
freedom !

*Steph.* O brave monster ! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>24</sup> *Pig-nuts* are probably much the same as what we call *ground-nuts*, — a small bulbous root growing wild.

<sup>25</sup> The *staniel* is a species of hawk, also called *kestrel* ; a "beautiful species," says Montagu. See Critical Notes.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Before PROSPERO's Cell.*

*Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.*

*Ferd.* There be some sports are painful, and their labour  
Delight in them sets off :<sup>1</sup> some kinds of baseness  
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task would be  
As heavy to me as 'tis odious, but  
The mistress which I serve quickens what's dead,  
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed,  
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove  
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,  
Upon a sore injunction : my sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work ; and says such baseness  
Had never like executor. I forget :  
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labour ;  
Most busy when I do it least.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The delight we take in those painful sports *offsets* or *compensates* the exertion they put us to. A similar thought occurs in *Macbeth* : "The labour we delight in physics pain."

<sup>2</sup> That is, "*I being* most busy when I am least occupied." The sense of the two lines appears to be, "The sweet thoughts attending my labour, and springing from what Miranda is thereby moved to say, make even the labour itself refreshing to me ; so that I am happiest when I work hardest, and most weary when working least." And Ferdinand "forgets" his task, or loses all sense of its irksomeness, in the pleasantness of his thoughts. The passage is not so very dark to those who have had their labour sweetened to them by thoughts of the dear ones for whom they were working. "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel ; and they seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her." See Critical Notes.

*Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO behind.*

*Mira.* Alas, now, pray you,

Work not so hard : I would the lightning had  
Burnt up those logs that you're enjoin'd to pile !  
Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,  
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father  
Is hard at study ; pray now, rest yourself :  
He's safe for these three hours.

*Ferd.* O most dear mistress,  
The Sun will set before I shall discharge  
What I must strive to do.

*Mira.* If you'll sit down,  
I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;  
I'll carry't to the pile.

*Ferd.* No, precious creature ;  
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,  
Than you should such dishonour undergo,  
While I sit lazy by.

*Mira.* It would become me  
As well as it does you : and I should do it  
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,  
And yours it is against.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] Poor worm, thou art infected !  
This visitation shows it.

*Mira.* You look wearily.

*Ferd.* No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with me  
When you are by at night. I do beseech you, —  
Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers, —  
What is your name ?

*Mira.* Miranda : — O my father,  
I've broke your hest to say so !

*Ferd.* Admired Miranda !



Indeed the top of admiration ; worth  
What's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady  
I've eyed with best regard ; and many a time  
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage  
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues  
Have I liked several women ; never any  
With so full soul, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,  
And put it to the foil :<sup>3</sup> but you, O you,  
So perfect and so peerless, are created  
Of every creature's best !

*Mira.*

I do not know

One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,  
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen  
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,  
And my dear father : how features are abroad,  
I'm skilless of ; but, by my modesty, —  
The jewel in my dower, — I would not wish  
Any companion in the world but you ;  
Nor can imagination form a shape,  
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle  
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
I therein do forget.

*Ferd.*

I am, in my condition,

A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king, —  
I would, not so ! — and would no more endure  
This wooden slavery than to suffer  
The flesh-fly blow<sup>4</sup> my mouth. Hear my soul speak :

<sup>3</sup> " Put it to the foil " means, apparently, compel it to *fight*, or to *stand on its defence* ; *foil* being often used as a general term for weapons of the sword kind. Here, as usual, *owed* is *owned*.

<sup>4</sup> The *flesh-fly* is the fly that *blows* dead flesh, that is, lays maggot-eggs upon it, and so hastens its putrefaction.

The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service ; there resides,  
To make 'me slave to it ; and for your sake  
Am I this patient log-man.

*Mira.* Do you love me ?

*Ferd.* O Heaven, O Earth, bear witness to this sound,  
And crown what I profess with kind event,  
If I speak true ! if hollowly, invert  
What best is boded me to mischief ! I,  
Beyond all limit of what else<sup>5</sup> i' the world,  
Do love, prize, honour you.

*Mira.* I am a fool  
To weep at what I'm glad of.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] Fair encounter  
Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace  
On that which breeds between them !

*Ferd.* Wherefore weep you ?

*Mira.* At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer  
What I desire to give ; and much less take  
What I shall die to want.<sup>6</sup> But this is trifling ;  
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,  
The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning !  
And prompt me, plain and holy innocence !  
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;  
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow<sup>7</sup>  
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,

<sup>5</sup> "*What* else" for *whatsoever* else. The Poet has many instances of relative pronouns thus used *indefinitely*. So in *King Lear*, v. 3: "*What* in the world he is that names me traitor, villain-like he lies." And in *Othello*, iii. 3: "*Who* steals my purse steals trash."

<sup>6</sup> Die *from wanting*, or *by wanting*. Another gerundial infinitive. We have a like expression in *Much Ado*: "You kill me *to deny* it."

<sup>7</sup> *Fellow* for *companion* or *equal*, as before. See page 89, note 50.

Whether you will or no.

*Ferd.*

My mistress, dearest,

And I thus humble ever.

*Mira.*

My husband, then?

*Ferd.* Ay, with a heart as willing

As bondage e'er of freedom :<sup>8</sup> here's my hand.

*Mira.* And mine, with my heart in't : and now farewell  
Till half an hour hence.

*Ferd.*

A thousand thousand !<sup>9</sup>

[*Exeunt FERDINAND and MIRANDA.*

*Pros.* So glad of this as they, I cannot be,  
Who am surprised withal ;<sup>10</sup> but my rejoicing  
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;  
For yet, ere supper-time, must I perform  
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*

<sup>8</sup> The abstract for the concrete. "I accept you for my wife as willingly as ever a bondman accepted of freedom."

<sup>9</sup> Meaning a thousand thousand *farewells*; this word being taken literally, like the Latin *bene vale*.—Coleridge comments on this sweet scene as follows: "The whole courting-scene, in the beginning of the third Act, is a masterpiece; and the first dawn of disobedience in the mind of Miranda to the command of her father is very finely drawn, so as to seem the working of the Scriptural command, *Thou shalt leave father and mother*, &c. O, with what exquisite purity this scene is conceived and executed! Shakespeare may sometimes be gross, but I boldly say that he is always moral and modest. Alas! in this our day, decency of manners is preserved at the expense of morality of heart, and delicacies for vice are allowed, whilst grossness against it is hypocritically, or at least morbidly, condemned."

<sup>10</sup> Prospero may well be surprised at what has shot up between his daughter and the Prince; for, though the result is just what he has planned and hoped for, it has come on far better than he has dared to expect. See Critical Notes.

SCENE II. — *Another part of the Island.*

*Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *with a bottle.*

*Steph.* Tell not me : when the butt is out, we will drink water ; not a drop before : therefore bear up, and board 'em.<sup>1</sup> — Servant-monster, drink to me.

*Trin.* Servant-monster ! the folly of this island ! They say there's but five upon this isle : we are three of them ; if th' other two be brain'd like us, the State totters.

*Steph.* Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee : thy eyes are almost set <sup>2</sup> in thy head. [CALIBAN *drinks.*

*Trin.* Where should they be set else ? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

*Steph.* My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in sack : for my part, the sea cannot drown me ; I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. — Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.<sup>3</sup>

*Trin.* Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.<sup>4</sup>

*Steph.* We'll not run, Monsieur Monster.

*Trin.* Nor go neither : but you'll lie like dogs, and yet say nothing neither.

*Steph.* Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou be'st a good moon-calf.

<sup>1</sup> "To bear up, put the helm up, and keep a vessel off her course." So says Admiral Smith.

<sup>2</sup> *Set* here means, I suppose, fixed in a vacant stare. So in *Twelfth Night*, v. 1 : "He's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago ; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning."

<sup>3</sup> *Standard*, like *ensign*, is put for the *bearer* of the standard.

<sup>4</sup> Trinculo is punning upon *standard*, and probably means that Caliban is too drunk to *stand*.

*Cal.* How does thy Honour? Let me lick thy shoe.  
I'll not serve him, he is not valiant.

*Trin.* Thou liest, most ignorant monster: I am in case to juggle a constable.<sup>5</sup> Why, thou debosh'd<sup>6</sup> fish, thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish and half a monster?

*Cal.* Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

*Trin.* Lord, quoth he. That a monster should be such a natural!<sup>7</sup>

*Cal.* Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

*Steph.* Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, — the next tree. The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

*Cal.* I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased To hearken once again the suit I made thee?

*Steph.* Marry, will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

*Enter ARIEL, invisible.*

*Cal.* As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the island.

*Ari.* Thou liest.

*Cal.* Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would my valiant master would destroy thee!  
I do not lie.

<sup>5</sup> The jester is breaking jests upon himself; his meaning being, "One so deep in drink as I am is valiant enough to quarrel with an officer of the law."

<sup>6</sup> *Debosh'd* is an old form of *debauched*. Cotgrave explains, "Deboshed, lewd, incontinent, ungracious, dissolute, naught."

<sup>7</sup> *Natural* was used for *simpleton* or *fool*. There is also a quibble intended between *monster* and *natural*, a monster being *unnatural*.

*Steph.* Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

*Trin.* Why, I said nothing.

*Steph.* Mum, then, and no more. — [*To CAL.*] Proceed.

*Cal.* I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;  
From me he got it. If thy Greatness will  
Revenge it on him, — for, I know, thou darest,  
But this thing dare not, —

*Steph.* That's most certain.

*Cal.* — Thou shalt be lord of it, and I will serve thee.

*Steph.* How now shall this be compass'd? Canst thou  
bring me to the party?

*Cal.* Yea, yea, my lord ; I'll yield him thee asleep,  
Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

*Ari.* Thou liest ; thou canst not.

*Cal.* What a pied ninny's this !<sup>8</sup> — Thou scurvy patch ! —  
I do beseech thy Greatness, give him blows,  
And take his bottle from him : when that's gone,  
He shall drink nought but brine ; for I'll not show him  
Where the quick freshes<sup>9</sup> are.

*Steph.* Trinculo, run into no further danger : interrupt the  
monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my  
mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish<sup>10</sup> of thee.

*Trin.* Why, what did I? I did nothing. I'll go further  
off.

*Steph.* Didst thou not say he lied?

*Ari.* Thou liest.

<sup>8</sup> *Pied* is *dappled* or *diversely-coloured*. Trinculo is "an allowed Fool" or jester, and wears a motley dress. *Patch* refers to the same circumstance.

<sup>9</sup> *Quick freshes* are living springs of fresh water.

<sup>10</sup> A *stock-fish* appears to have been a thing for practising upon with the fist, or with a cudgel. Ben Jonson has it in *Every Man in his Humour*, iii. 2: "'Slight, peace! thou wilt be beaten like a *stock-fish*."

*Steph.* Do I so? take thou that. [*Strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

*Trin.* I did not give thee the lie. Out o' your wits and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the Devil take your fingers!

*Cal.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Steph.* Now, forward with your tale. — Pry'thee stand further off.

*Cal.* Beat him enough: after a little time, I'll beat him too.

*Steph.* Stand further. — Come, proceed.

*Cal.* Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep: then thou mayst brain him,<sup>11</sup> Having first seized his books; or with a log Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake, Or cut his weazand<sup>12</sup> with thy knife. Remember, First to possess his books; for without them He's but a sot,<sup>13</sup> as I am, nor hath not One spirit to command: they all do hate him As rootedly as I. Burn but his books. He has brave utensils,<sup>14</sup> — for so he calls them, — Which, when he has a house, he'll deck't withal:

<sup>11</sup> That is, knock out his brains. So, in *1 Henry the Fourth*, ii. 3, Hotspur says, "Zwounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could *brain* him with his lady's fan."

<sup>12</sup> *Weazand* is *windpipe* or *throat*. So Spenser has *weazand-pipe*.

<sup>13</sup> *Sot*, from the French, was frequently used for *fool*; as our word *besotted* sometimes is. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

<sup>14</sup> Here *utensils* has the accent on the first and third syllables. Such, it seems, is the English pronunciation of the word. So Wordsworth has it; and so Milton, in *Paradise Regained*, iii. 336:—

Mules after these, camels, and dromedaries,  
And wagons, fraught with *utensils* of war.

And that most deeply to consider is  
 The beauty of his daughter ; he himself  
 Calls her a nonpareil : I ne'er saw woman,  
 But only Sycorax my dam and she ;  
 But she as far surpasseth Sycorax  
 As great'st does least.

*Steph.* Is it so brave a lass?

*Cal.* Ay, lord.

*Steph.* Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter and I  
 will be king and queen, — save our Graces ! — and Trinculo  
 and thyself shall be viceroys. — Dost thou like the plot,  
 Trinculo?

*Trin.* Excellent.

*Steph.* Give me thy hand : I am sorry I beat thee ; but,  
 while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.

*Cal.* Within this half-hour will he be asleep :  
 Wilt thou destroy him then?

*Steph.* Ay, on mine honour.

*Ari.* This will I tell my master.

*Cal.* Thou makest me merry ; I am full of pleasure :  
 Let us be jocund : will you troll the catch  
 You taught me but while-ere?<sup>15</sup>

*Steph.* At thy request, monster, I will do reason,<sup>16</sup> any  
 reason. — Come on, Trunculo, let us sing. [*Sings.*

*Flout 'em and scout 'em, and scout 'em and flout 'em ;  
 Thought is free.*

<sup>15</sup> *While-ere* is *awhile since*. Milton has another form of it in the opening of *Paradise Regained* : "I who *erewhile* the happy garden sung," &c. — A *catch* is a song in parts, where all the singers sing the same notes, but in such order as to make harmony, and where each in turn *catches* the others ; sometimes called a *round*. — To *troll* is to *roll* or *round out* glibly or volubly.

<sup>16</sup> That is, will do what is *reasonable*. See *Hamlet*, page 58, note 13.



*Cal.* That's not the tune.

[*ARIEL plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*]

*Steph.* What is this same?

*Trin.* This is the tune of our catch, play'd by the picture of Nobody.<sup>17</sup>

*Steph.* If thou be'st a man, show thyself in thy likeness : if thou be'st a devil, — take't as thou list.<sup>18</sup>

*Trin.* O, forgive me my sins !

*Steph.* He that dies pays all debts : I defy thee. — Mercy upon us !

*Cal.* Art thou afeard ?

*Steph.* No, monster, not I.

*Cal.* Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometime<sup>19</sup> a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears ; and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again.

*Steph.* This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing.

*Cal.* When Prospero is destroy'd.

*Steph.* That shall be by-and-by : I remember the story.

*Cal.* The sound is going away ; let's follow it,  
And after do our work.

<sup>17</sup> *The picture of Nobody* was a common sign, and consisted of a head upon two legs, with arms. There was also a wood-cut prefixed to an old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, which represented this personage.

<sup>18</sup> Here Stephano probably shakes his fist at the invisible musician, on the supposed devil, by way of defiance or bravado.

<sup>19</sup> *Sometime*, again, for *sometimes*. See page 92, note 4.



*Anto.* [*Aside to SEBAS.*] I am right glad that he's so out of hope.

Do not, for one repulse, forgo the purpose  
That you resolved t' effect.

*Sebas.* [*Aside to ANTO.*] The next advantage  
Will we take thoroughly.<sup>4</sup>

*Anto.* [*Aside to SEBAS.*] Let it be to-night  
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they  
Will not, nor cannot, use such vigilance  
As when they're fresh

*Sebas.* [*Aside to ANTO.*] I say, to-night: no more.  
[*Solemn and strange music.*]

*Alon.* What harmony is this? My good friends, hark!

*Gonza.* Marvellous sweet music!

*Enter PROSPERO above, invisible. Enter, below, several strange Shapes, bringing in a Banquet: they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation; and, inviting the KING, &c., to eat, they depart.*

*Alon.* Give us kind keepers, Heavens! — What were these?

*Sebas.* A living drollery.<sup>5</sup> Now I will believe  
That there are unicorns; that in Arabia  
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne;<sup>6</sup> one phoenix  
At this hour reigning there.

<sup>4</sup> *Through* and *thorough*, *thoroughly* and *thoroughly*, are but different forms of the same word, as to be *thorough* in a thing is to *go through* it. The old writers use the two forms indifferently. So in St. Matthew, iii. 12: "He will *thoroughly* purge his floor."

<sup>5</sup> Shows, called *Drolleries*, were in Shakespeare's time performed by puppets only. "A living drollery" is therefore a drollery performed not by puppets but by living personages; a *live puppet-show*.

<sup>6</sup> This imaginary bird is often referred to by the old poets; by Shakespeare repeatedly. The ancient belief is expressed by Lyly in his *Euphues*,

*Anto.* I'll believe both ;  
And what does else want credit, come to me,  
And I'll be sworn 'tis true : travellers ne'er did lie,  
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

*Gonza.* If in Naples  
I should report this now, would they believe me ?  
If I should say I saw such islanders, —  
For, certes,<sup>7</sup> these are people of the island, —  
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,  
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of  
Our human generation you shall find  
Many, nay, almost any.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] Honest lord,  
Thou hast said well ; for some of you there present  
Are worse than devils.

*Alon.* I cannot too much muse<sup>8</sup>  
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing —  
Although they want the use of tongue — a kind  
Of excellent dumb discourse.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] Praise in departing.<sup>9</sup>

*Fran.* They vanish'd strangely.

*Sebas.* No matter, since  
They've left their viands behind ; for we have stomachs. —  
Will't please you taste of what is here ?

thus : " For as there is but one Phoenix in the world, so there is but one tree in Arabia, wherein she buildeth." Also in Holland's Pliny : " I myself have heard strange things of this kind of tree ; namely, in regard of the bird Phoenix ; for it was assured unto me, that the said bird died with that tree, and revived of itself as the tree sprung again."

<sup>7</sup> *Certes* for *certainly* ; used several times by Shakespeare.

<sup>8</sup> To *muse* is to *wonder* ; to *wonder at*, in this instance.

<sup>9</sup> " Praise in departing " is said to have been a proverbial phrase meaning, praise not your entertainment too soon ; wait till the end.

*Alon.*

Not I.

*Gonza.* Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers  
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em  
Wallets of flesh?<sup>10</sup> or that there were such men  
Whose heads stood in their breasts?<sup>11</sup> which now we find,  
Each putter-out of one for five<sup>12</sup> will bring us  
Good warrant of.

*Alon.* I will stand to, and feed,  
Although my last : no matter, since I feel  
The best is past. — Brother, my lord the Duke,  
Stand to, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a harpy; claps his wings upon the table; and, by a quaint device, the banquet vanishes.*

*Ari.* You are three men of sin, whom Destiny —  
That hath to<sup>13</sup> instrument this lower world

<sup>10</sup> In the Alpine and other mountainous regions are many well-known cases of *goitre* that answer to this description. Probably, in the Poet's time, some such had been seen by travellers, but not understood.

<sup>11</sup> These were probably the same that Othello speaks of: "The Anthropagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Also in Holland's Pliny: "The Blemmyi, by report, have no heads, but mouth and eyes both in their breast."

<sup>12</sup> A sort of inverted life-insurance was practised by travellers in Shakespeare's time. Before going abroad they *put out* a sum of money, for which they were to receive two, three, four, or even five times the amount upon their return; the rate being according to the supposed danger of the expedition. Of course the sum put out fell to the depositary, in case the *putter-out* did not return. So in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, ii. 1: "I am determin'd to put forth some five thousand pound, to be paid me five for one, upon the return of myself and wife, and my dog, from the Turk's Court in Constantinople."

<sup>13</sup> *To*, again, with the force of *for* or *as*. See page 78, note 9.

And what is in't — the never-surfeited sea  
 Hath caused to belch up ; yea, and on this island  
 Where man doth not inhabit ; you 'mongst men  
 Being most unfit to live. I've made you mad ;  
 And even with such like valour men hang and drown  
 Their proper selves.

[*Seeing ALON., SEBAS., &c., draw their swords*

You fools ! I and my fellows  
 Are ministers of Fate : the elements,  
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well  
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
 Kill the still-closing waters,<sup>14</sup> as diminish  
 One dowle<sup>15</sup> that's in my plume : my fellow-ministers  
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,  
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,  
 And will not be uplifted. But remember, —  
 For that's my business to you, — that you three  
 From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;  
 Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit<sup>16</sup> it,  
 Him and his innocent child : for which foul deed  
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have  
 Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,  
 Against your peace. Thee of thy son, Alonso,  
 They have bereft ; and do pronounce, by me,  
 Lingering perdition — worse than any death  
 Can be at once — shall step by step attend  
 You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you from, —  
 Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls

<sup>14</sup> Waters that *continually* close over cuts made in them, and leave no trace thereof. See page 61, note 62.

<sup>15</sup> *Dowle* and *down* are said to have been equivalent. Here *dowle* seems rather to mean a single particle or thread of downe.

<sup>16</sup> *Requit* for *requited*, like others noted before. See page 56, note 43.

Upon your heads, — is nothing, but heart-sorrow  
And a clear life ensuing.<sup>17</sup>

*He vanishes in thunder ; then, to soft music, enter the Shapes again, and dance with mocks and moves, and carry out the table.*

*Pros. [Aside.]* Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :  
Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated  
In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life,  
And observation strange,<sup>18</sup> my meaner ministers  
Their several kinds have done.<sup>19</sup> My high charms work,  
And these mine enemies are all knit up  
In their distractions : they now are in my power ;  
And in these fits I leave them, while I visit  
Young Ferdinand, — who they suppose is drown'd, —  
And his and my loved darling. *[Exit from above.]*

*Gonza.* I' the name of something holy, sir, why stand you  
In this strange stare ?

*Alon.* O, it is monstrous, monstrous !  
Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it ;  
The winds did sing it to me ; and the thunder,  
That deep and dreadful organ pipe, pronounced  
The name of Prosper : it did bass my trespass.  
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded ; and

<sup>17</sup> " From whose wrath nothing can shield or deliver you but heart-felt repentance and an amended life, or doing works meet for repentance." *Whose* refers to *powers*, in the sixth line before.

<sup>18</sup> The sense appears to be, " with all the truth of life itself, and with rare observance of the proprieties of action."

<sup>19</sup> To do one's *kind* is to act out one's *nature*, or act *according to* one's nature ; though in this case the nature is an assumed one, that is, a *part*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, the rustic, speaking of the asp, says, " the worm will do his kind." Also in the phrase, " The cat will after *kind*."

I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
And with him there lie mudded. [Exit.

*Sebas.* But one fiend at a time,  
I'll fight their legions o'er.

*Anto.* I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

*Gonza.* All three of them are desperate : their great guilt,  
Like poison given to work a long time after,<sup>20</sup>  
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. — I do beseech you,  
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,  
And hinder them from what this ecstasy<sup>21</sup>  
May now provoke them to.

*Adri.* Follow, I pray you. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I. — *Before PROSPERO'S Cell.*

*Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.*

*Pros.* If I have too austere punish'd you,  
Your compensation<sup>1</sup> makes amends ; for I  
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,<sup>2</sup>  
Or that for which I live ; who once again  
I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations

<sup>20</sup> The natives of Africa have been supposed to possess the secret how to temper poisons with such art as not to operate till several years after they were administered.

<sup>21</sup> Shakespeare uses *ecstasy* for any alienation of mind, a fit, or madness.

<sup>1</sup> *Your compensation* is the compensation you receive. Shakespeare has many instances of like construction.

<sup>2</sup> "Thread of mine own life" probably means about the same as "my very heart-strings"; strings the breaking of which spills the life,



Were but my trials of thy love, and thou  
 Hast strangely stood the test : here, afore Heaven,  
 I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,  
 Do not smile at me that I boast her off,  
 For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise.  
 And make it halt behind her.

*Ferd.* I do believe it  
 Against an oracle.

*Pros.* Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition  
 Worthily purchased, take my daughter : but,  
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot<sup>3</sup> before  
 All sanctimonious<sup>4</sup> ceremonies may  
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,  
 No sweet aspersion<sup>5</sup> shall the Heavens let fall  
 To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,  
 Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew  
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,<sup>6</sup>  
 That you shall hate it both : therefore take heed,  
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

*Ferd.* As I hope  
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,  
 With such love as 'tis now, the murkiest even,  
 The most oppórtune place, the strong'st suggestion<sup>7</sup>  
 Our worser genius<sup>8</sup> can, shall never melt

<sup>3</sup> Alluding, no doubt, to the zone or sacred girdle which the old Romans used as the symbol and safeguard of maiden honour.

<sup>4</sup> *Sanctimonious*, here, is *sacred* or *religious*. The marriage *ritual* was supposed to have something of consecrating virtue in it.

<sup>5</sup> *Aspersion* in its primitive sense of *sprinkling*, as with genial rain or dew. — Here, again, as also just after, *shall* for *will*.

<sup>6</sup> Not with wholesome flowers, such as the bridal bed was wont to be decked with, but with *loathsome* weeds.

<sup>7</sup> *Suggestion*, again, for *temptation*. See page 89, note 53.

<sup>8</sup> *Genius*, *spirit*, and *angel* were used indifferently for what we should

Mine honour into lust ; to take away  
 The edge of that day's celebration,  
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,  
 Or Night kept chain'd below.

*Pros.* Fairly spoke.  
 Sit, then, and talk with her ; she is thine own. —  
 What, Ariel ! my industrious servant, Ariel !

*Enter* ARIEL.

*Ari.* What would my potent master ? here I am.

*Pros.* Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service  
 Did worthily perform ; and I must use you  
 In such another trick. Go bring the rabble,  
 O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place :  
 Incite them to quick motion ; for I must  
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple  
 Some vanity<sup>9</sup> of mine art : it is my promise,  
 And they expect it from me.

*Ari.* Presently ?

*Pros.* Ay, with a twink.

*Ari.* Before you can say *Come* and *Go*,  
 And breathe twice, and cry *So, so*,  
 Each one, tripping on his toe,  
 Will be here with mop and mow.<sup>10</sup>  
 Do you love me, master ? — no ?

call a man's worser or better *self*. *The Edinburgh Review*, July, 1869, has the following : " In mediæval theology, the rational soul is an angel, the lowest in the hierarchy for being clothed for a time in the perishing vesture of the body. But it is not necessarily an angel of light. It may be a good or evil genius, a guardian angel or a fallen spirit, a demon of light or darkness." See, also, *Julius Cæsar*, page 76, note 16.

<sup>9</sup> Perhaps meaning some magical show or illusion. *Display?*

<sup>10</sup> *Mop* and *mow* were very often used thus together. *To mow* is to *make mouths*, to *grimace*. Wedgwood, in his *English Etymology*, says that *mop*

*Pros.* Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach  
Till thou dost hear me call.

*Ari.* Well, I conceive. [*Exit.*]

*Pros.* Look thou be true ; do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein : the strongest oaths are straw  
To th' fire i' the blood.

*Ferd.* I warrant you, sir :  
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart  
Abates the ardour of my liver.<sup>11</sup>

*Pros.* Well. —  
Now come, my Ariel ! bring a corollary,<sup>12</sup>  
Rather than want a spirit : appear, and pertly !  
No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent. [*Soft music.*]

*Enter IRIS.*

*Iris.* Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas ;  
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,<sup>13</sup> them to keep ;  
Thy banks with peonéd and twillèd brims,<sup>14</sup>

has exactly the same derivation as *mock*, and means to *gibber*. Thus the  
ape both *mops* and *mows* ; that is, he *gibbers* or *chatters*, and *makes faces*.

<sup>11</sup> The *liver* was supposed to be the special seat of certain passions, and  
so was often put for the passions themselves.

<sup>12</sup> *Corollary* here means a surplus number ; more than enough. — *Pertly*,  
in the next line, is *nimbly*, *alertly*.

<sup>13</sup> *Stover* is fodder and provision of all sorts for cattle. Steevens says  
that in some counties it "signifies hay made of coarse rank grass, such as  
even cows will not eat while it is green."

<sup>14</sup> A writer in *The Edinburgh Review* for October, 1872, argues, and, I  
think, proves, that *peonéd* here refers to the *marsh-marigold*, which grew  
abundantly on the flat marshy banks of such still-running streams as the  
Warwickshire Avon, and which was provincially called *peony* or *piony*. He  
thus compares it with the garden peony: "The flowers, though differing in  
colour, have a remarkable similarity in general growth and shape, especially

Which spongy April at thy hest betrimms,  
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; 'and thy brown groves,  
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
 Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard ;<sup>15</sup>  
 And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,  
 Where thou thyself dost air ; — the Queen o' the Sky,  
 Whose watery arch and messenger am I,  
 Bids thee leave these, and with her sovereign Grace,  
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
 To come and sport. Her peacocks fly amain :  
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

*Enter CERES.*

*Cer.* Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter ;  
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers ;  
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
 My bosky acres<sup>16</sup> and my unshrub'd down,

in the early stage, when the fully-formed bud is ripe for blowing." — In explanation of *twill'd* the same writer has the following : "*Twills* is given by Halliwell as an older provincial word for *reeds* ; and it was applied, like *quills*, to the serried rustling sedges of river reaches and marshy levels. It was indeed while watching the masses of waving sedge cutting the water-line of the Avon, not far from Stratford church, that we first felt the peculiar force and significance of the epithet." — In the next line, April has the epithet *spongy*, probably because at that season the earth or the air *sponges* up so much water. So, in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2, we have "the *spongy* south," referring to the south or south-west *wind*, which, in England, is apt to be densely charged with moisture ; that is, *foggy* ; elsewhere called "the foggy south."

<sup>15</sup> *Lass-lorn* is *forsaken by his lass*, the sweet-heart that has *dismissed* him. — *Pole-clipt* probably means poles embraced or clasped by the vines. *Clip* was often used for *embrace*. So in *Coriolanus*, i. 6 : "Let me *clip* ye in arms as sound as when I woo'd." — *Vineyard* is here a trisyllable.

<sup>16</sup> "*Bosky acres*" are *woody* acres, fields intersected by luxuriant hedge-rows and copses. So in Milton's *Comus* : —

Rich scarf to my proud Earth ; — why hath thy Queen  
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green ?

*Iris.* A contract of true love to celebrate ;  
And some donation freely to estate •  
On the bless'd lovers.

*Cer.* Tell me, heavenly Bow,  
If Venus or her son, as thou dost know,  
Do now attend the Queen ? Since they did plot  
The means that dusky Dis my daughter got,<sup>17</sup>  
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company  
I have forsworn.

*Iris.* Of her society  
Be not afraid : I met her deity  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos,<sup>18</sup> and her son  
Dove-drawn with her. Here thought they to have done  
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,  
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid  
Till Hymen's torch be lighted : but in vain ;  
Mars's hot minion is return'd again ;<sup>19</sup>  
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,  
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,  
And be a boy right out.

I know each lane, and every alley green,  
Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood,  
And every *bosky* bourn from side to side.

<sup>17</sup> The means whereby Pluto caught and carried off Proserpina. Proserpina was the daughter of Jupiter and Ceres : Dis, King of *dusky* Hades, fell so deep in love with her, that he must needs seize her, *vi et armis*, and spirit her away to Hades, to be his Queen.

<sup>18</sup> A city in Cyprus, where Venus had a favourite country-seat.

<sup>19</sup> Has gone back to Paphos. *Minion* is *darling* or *favourite*, and refers to *Venus*. — In what follows the meaning is, that Cupid is so chagrined and mortified at being thus baffled, that he is determined to give up his business, and act the love-god no more, but be a mere boy, or a boy *outright*

*Cer.* High'st Queen of state,<sup>20</sup>  
Great Juno comes ; I know her by her gait.<sup>21</sup>

*Enter JUNO.*

*Juno.* How does my bounteous sister? Go with me  
To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
And honour'd in their issue.

SONG.

*Juno.* *Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
Long continuance, and increasing,  
Hourly joys be still upon you !  
Juno sings her blessings on you.*

*Cer.* *Earth's increase, and foison plenty,<sup>22</sup>  
Barns and garner's never empty ;  
Vines with clustering bunches growing ;  
Plants with goodly burden bowing ;  
Spring come to you at the farthest  
In the very end of harvest !<sup>23</sup>  
Scarcity and want shall shun you ;  
Ceres' blessing so is on you.*

<sup>20</sup> "High'st Queen of state" is the same as Queen of highest state, or Queen above all other queens. *State* for *throne*, or *chair* of state. So the word was often used. — The Poet has many similar inversions.

<sup>21</sup> Juno was distinguished by her *walk*, as the gods and goddesses generally were. So in *Pericles*, v. 1: "In *pace* another Juno."

<sup>22</sup> "*Foison plenty*" is, strictly speaking, redundant or tautological, as both words mean the same. But *plenty* is used as an adjective, — *plentiful* or *overflowing*. See page 82, note 24.

<sup>23</sup> "May your new Spring come, at the latest, as soon as the harvest of the old one is over!" This explanation is sustained, as Staunton points out, by Amos, ix. 13: "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth the seed." Also, in *The Faerie Queen*, iii. 6, 42: —

There is continuall Spring, and harvest there  
Continuall, both meeting in one time.

*Ferd.* This is a most majestic vision, and  
Harmonious charmingly.<sup>24</sup> May I be bold  
To think these spirits?

*Pros.* Spirits, which by mine art  
I have from their confines call'd to enact  
My present fancies.

*Ferd.* Let me live here ever ;  
So rare a wonder'd<sup>25</sup> father and a wife  
Make this place Paradise. [JUNO and CERES whisper, and  
send IRIS on employment.

*Pros.* Sweet, now, silence !  
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;  
There's something else to do : hush, and be mute,  
Or else our spell is marr'd.<sup>26</sup>

*Iris.* You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,  
With your sedge crowns and ever-harmless looks,  
Leave your crisp channels,<sup>27</sup> and on this green land

<sup>24</sup> That is, charmingly harmonious. See note 20, above,—“So bold as to think.” See page 54, note 28.

<sup>25</sup> “So rare-wonder'd a father” is the prose order of the words. The Poet has several such inversions for metre's sake. So in *King John*, iv. 1: “For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.” So new-fashion'd a robe. The meaning in the text is, so *rarely-wonderful* a father ; and the force of “so rare a wonder'd” extends over *wife*. Shakespeare has many instances of the ending *-ed* used in the same way ; as in *Macbeth*, iii. 4: “You have broke the good meeting with most *admired* disorder.” *Admired* for *admirable*, and in the sense of *wonderful*.

<sup>26</sup> It was supposed that any noise or disturbance would upset or disconcert “the might of magic spells.”

<sup>27</sup> *Crisp* is *curled*, from the curl made by a breeze on the surface of the water. The transference of an epithet to an associated object, as of *crisp* from the water to the channel in this instance, is one of Shakespeare's favourite traits of style. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5, when the lovers see tokens of the dawn that is to *sever* them, Romeo says, “what envious streaks do lace the *severing clouds* in yonder east,”

Answer our summons ; Juno does command :  
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
A contract of true love ; be not too late. —

*Enter certain Nymphs.*

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,  
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry :  
Make holiday ; your rye-straw hats put on,  
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one  
In country footing.

*Enter certain Reapers, properly habited : they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof PROSPERO starts suddenly, and speaks ; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy  
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates  
Against my life : the minute of their plot  
Is almost come. — [*To the Spirits.*] Well done ; avoid ;<sup>28</sup>  
no more !

*Ferd.* This is most strange : your father's in some passion  
That works him strongly.

*Mira.* Never till this day  
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

*Pros.* You do, my son, look in a movèd sort,<sup>29</sup>  
As if you were dismay'd : be cheerful, sir.  
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air :  
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,

<sup>28</sup> *Vacate* or *make void* the place ; that is to say, *be gone*.

<sup>29</sup> Here, as often, *sort* is *manner* or *way*. So in *Coriolanus*, i. 3. "I pray you, daughter, express yourself in a more comfortable *sort*."



The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
 Yea, all which it inherit,<sup>30</sup> shall dissolve,  
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,<sup>31</sup>  
 Leave not a rack<sup>32</sup> behind. We are such stuff  
 As dreams are made on, and our little life  
 Is rounded with a sleep.<sup>33</sup> Sir, I am vex'd ;  
 Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled :  
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :  
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell,  
 And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,  
 To still my beating mind.

*Ferd.* }  
*Mira.* } We wish you peace.

*Pros.* [*To ARIEL.*] Come with a thought !— I thank  
 ye.<sup>34</sup> [*Exeunt FERD. and MIRA.*]— Ariel, come !

*Re-enter ARIEL.*

*Ari.* Thy thoughts I cleave to : what's thy pleasure ?

*Pros.* Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with<sup>35</sup> Caliban.

<sup>30</sup> All who *possess* it. Such is often the meaning of *inherit*. So in the divine beatitude, "Blessed are the meek ; for they shall *inherit* the earth."

<sup>31</sup> *Faded*, from the Latin *vado*, is the same as *vanished*.

<sup>32</sup> *Rack* was used of the highest, and therefore lightest or thinnest clouds. So in Bacon's *Silva Silvarum* : "The winds in the upper region (which move the *clouds* above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived below) pass without noise." See, also, *Hamlet*, page 118, note 77.—The word *rack* is from *reek*, that is, *vapour* or *smoke*. See Critical Notes.

<sup>33</sup> *On for of*. Still used so, especially in colloquial speech.—*Rounded* is *finished*, *rounded off*. The sleep here meant is the sleep of death ; as in Hamlet's soliloquy : "To die, to sleep ; no more."

<sup>34</sup> "I thank ye" is addressed to Ferdinand and Miranda, in return for their "We wish you peace."

<sup>35</sup> *To meet with* was anciently the same as to *counteract* or *oppose*. So in

*Ari.* Ay, my commander : when I presented Ceres,  
I thought t' have told thee of it ; but I fear'd  
Lest I might anger thee.

*Pros.* Well, say again, where didst thou leave these varlets ?

*Ari.* I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking ;  
So full of valour, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending  
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor ;  
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their ears,  
Advanced<sup>36</sup> their eyelids, lifted up their noses  
As they smelt music : so I charm'd their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through  
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss, and thorns,  
Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them  
I' the filthy-mantled pool<sup>37</sup> beyond your cell,  
There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake  
O'erstunk their feet.<sup>38</sup>

*Pros.* This was well done, my bird.  
Thy shape invisible retain thou still :  
The trumpery in my house, go bring it hither,  
For stale<sup>39</sup> to catch these thieves.

Herbert's *Country Parson* : " He knows the temper and pulse of every one in his house, and accordingly either *meets with* their vices, or advanceth their virtues."

<sup>36</sup> *Advanced* is *raised*, as already explained. See page 70, note 93. — In the next line, " As they smelt," as *if* they smelt.

<sup>37</sup> The pool mantled with filth. *Mantle* for the scum that forms on the surface of stagnant water. So in *The Merchant*, i. 1 : " There are a sort of men whose visages do cream and *mantle* like a standing pond."

<sup>38</sup> *That for so that or insomuch that.* — The meaning of this unsavoury passage is, that " the foul lake " was so stirred up by their dancing as to give out a worse odour than the men's feet did before they got into it.

<sup>39</sup> *Stale*, in the art of fowling, signified a *bait* or *lure* to decoy birds.

*Ari.* I go, I go. [*Exit.*

*Pros.* A devil, a born devil, on whose nature  
Nurture can never stick ;<sup>40</sup> on whom my pains,  
Humanely taken, all are lost, quite lost ;  
And as with age his body uglier grows,  
So his mind cankers.<sup>41</sup> I will plague them all,  
Even to roaring. —

*Re-enter ARIEL loaden with glistering apparel, &c.*

Come, hang them on this line.<sup>42</sup>

PROSPERO and ARIEL remain, invisible. Enter CALIBAN,  
STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, all wet.

*Cal.* Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not  
Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.

<sup>40</sup> *Nurture* for education, training, or culture.

<sup>41</sup> As before observed, page 71, note 96, *canker* was used of an eating, malignant sore, like *cancer*, which is but another form of the same word ; and also of *rust*. I am not quite certain which of these senses it bears here ; probably the first. Shakespeare has the word repeatedly in both senses ; as in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 1, where the first *canker'd* means *rusted*, while the second has the sense of *cancer* : —

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,  
*Canker'd* with peace, to part your *canker'd* hate.

<sup>42</sup> Some question has been made as to what *line* means here. The word is commonly taken as meaning a *clothes-line* ; but I rather agree with the late Rev. Joseph Hunter, and with Mr. A. E. Brae, that it means a *line-tree*, which may well be supposed to be growing in the lawn before Prospero's cell, — the same that Stephano addresses a little after as " Mistress Line." For Prospero is still in the same place where he has just been making a display of his art ; and I can hardly think he has a clothes-line stretched across it. It has indeed been objected that *line*, meaning the line-tree, would not be used thus, without the adjunct *tree* or *grove* ; but Mr. Brae disposes of this objection fairly, by quoting the following from Holinshed : " We are not without the plane, the ugh, the sorfe, the chestnut, the *line*, the black cherrie, and such like."

*Steph.* Monster, your fairy, which you say is a harmless fairy, has done little better than play'd the Jack with us.<sup>43</sup>

*Trin.* Monster, I do smell all horse-stale; at which my nose is in great indignation.

*Steph.* So is mine. — Do you hear, monster? If I should take a displeasure against you, look you, —

*Trin.* Thou wert but a lost monster.

*Cal.* Nay, good my lord,<sup>44</sup> give me thy favour still. Be patient, for the prize I'll bring thee to Shall hoodwink this mischance:<sup>45</sup> therefore speak softly; All's hush'd as midnight yet.

*Trin.* Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool, —

*Steph.* There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

*Trin.* That's more to me than my wetting: yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

*Steph.* I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

*Cal.* Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet. See'st thou here? This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter. Do that good mischief which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye thy foot-licker.

*Steph.* Give me thy hand. I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

<sup>43</sup> To play the *Jack* is to play the *Knave*; or it may be to play the *Jack-o'-lantern*, by leading them astray.

<sup>44</sup> We should say "my good lord." Similar inverted phrases occur continually in old plays; such as "dread my lord," "gracious my lord," "dear my mother," "sweet my sister," "gentle my brother," &c.

<sup>45</sup> To *hoodwink* a thing is, apparently, to make one *overlook* it or *forget* it, to *blind* him to it, or put it out of his sight. So *hoodman-blind* is an old term for what we call blind-man's-buff.

*Trin.* O King Stephano ! O peer !<sup>46</sup> O worthy Stephano ! look what a wardrobe here is for thee !

*Cal.* Let it alone, thou fool ; it is but trash.

*Trin.* O, ho, monster ! we know what belongs to a frippery.<sup>47</sup> — O King Stephano !

*Steph.* Put off that gown, Trinculo ; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

*Trin.* Thy Grace shall have it.

*Cal.* The dropsy drown this fool ! — what do you mean, To dote thus on such luggage ? Let's along, And do the murder first : if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches ; Make us strange stuff.

*Steph.* Be you quiet, monster. — Mistress line, is not this my jerkin ? Now is the jerkin under the line : now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.<sup>48</sup>

*Trin.* Do, do : we steal by line and level,<sup>49</sup> an't like your Grace.

<sup>46</sup> A humorous allusion to the old ballad entitled "Take thy old Cloak about thee," a part of which is sung by Iago in *Othello*, ii. 3. I add one stanza of it : —

*King Stephen* was a worthy *peer*,  
His breeches cost him but a crown ;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
Therefore he call'd the tailor lown.

<sup>47</sup> *Frippery* was the name of a shop where old clothes were sold.

<sup>48</sup> King Stephano puns rather swiftly here. The name of the tree, as explained in note 42, suggests to him the *equinoctial line*, under which certain regions were much noted for their aptness to generate diseases that commonly made the sufferers *bald*. *Jerkin* was the name of a man's upper garment. Mr. Brae thinks there may be another quibble intended between *hair* and *air*, as clothes are hung out to be *aired*, and the jerkin was likely to lose the benefit of such *airing* ; but I should rather take *hair* as referring to the *nap* of the jerkin, which was likely to be worn off in Stephano's using ; so as to make the jerkin a *bald* jerkin in the nearer sense of having lost its *hair*.

<sup>49</sup> *Do, do*, is said, apparently, in commendation of Stephano's wit as dis-

*Steph.* I thank thee for that jest ; here's a garment for't : wit shall not go unrewarded while I am king of this country. *Steal by line and level* is an excellent pass of pate ;<sup>50</sup> there's another garment for't.

*Trin.* Monster, come, put some lime<sup>51</sup> upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

*Cal.* I will have none on't : we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles,<sup>52</sup> or to apes With foreheads villainous low.<sup>53</sup>

*Steph.* Monster, lay-to your fingers : help to bear this away,

played in his address to the jerkin. — "*Steal by line and level*" is a further punning on the same word ; the plumb-line and the level being instruments used by architects and builders. So that to steal by line and level was to *show wit* in stealing, or to steal *artistically*.

<sup>50</sup> *Pass of pate* is a *spurt* or *sally of wit* ; *pass* being, in the language of fencing, a *thrust*.

<sup>51</sup> *Lime*, or *bird-lime*, was a sticky substance used for catching birds. So in *2 Henry the Sixth*, i. 3 : "Myself have *limed* a bush for her, and placed a quire of such enticing birds, that she will light to listen to their lays." See, also, *Hamlet*, page 154, note 8.

<sup>52</sup> Caliban's barnacle is the *clakis* or *tree-goose*, as it was called, which was thought to be produced from the shell-fish, *lepas antifera*, also called barnacle. Gerard's *Herbal* has the following account of the matter : "There are in the north parts of Scotland certain trees whereon do grow shell-fishes, which, falling into the water, do become fowls, whom we call *barnakles*, in the north of England *brant-geese*, and in Lancashire *tree-geese*." Perhaps the old notion of the barnacle-goose being produced by the barnacle-fish grew from the identity of name. As Caliban prides himself on his intellectuality, he naturally has a horror of being turned into any thing so stupid as a goose.

<sup>53</sup> A low forehead was held a deformity. On the other hand, a forehead high and broad was deemed a handsome feature in man or woman. The Poet has several allusions to this old idea. So in *The Two Gentlemen*, iv. 4 : "Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high." And in Spenser's description of Belphœbe, *Faerie Queene*, ii. 3, 24 : —

Her ivorie forehead, full of bountie brave,  
Like a broad table did itselſe diſpred.

where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom : go to,<sup>54</sup> carry this.

*Trin.* And this.

*Steph.* Ay, and this.

*A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers Spirits in shape of hounds, and hunt them about ; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.*

*Pros.* Hey, Mountain, hey !

*Ari.* Silver ! there it goes, Silver !

*Pros.* Fury, Fury ! there, Tyrant, there ! hark ! hark ! —

[*CAL., STEPH., and TRIN. are driven out.*

Go charge my goblins that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions ;<sup>55</sup> shorten up their sinews  
With agèd cramps ;<sup>56</sup> and more pinch-spotted make them  
Than pard or cat-o'-mountain.<sup>57</sup>

*Ari.* Hark, they roar !

*Pros.* Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour  
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies :  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little  
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>54</sup> *Go to* is a phrase occurring very often, and of varying import, sometimes of impatience, sometimes of reproof, sometimes of encouragement. *Hush up, come on, be off*, are among its meanings.

<sup>55</sup> In certain fevers, the mucilage sometimes gets dried out of the joints, especially the knee-joints, so as to cause a creaking or grating sound when the patient walks. Of course the effect is very painful.

<sup>56</sup> *Agèd* seems to be used here with the sense of the intensive *old*, as before explained. See page 68, note 86.

<sup>57</sup> *Pard* was in common use for *leopard*, as also for *panther*. — *Cat-o'-mountain* is probably the *wild-cat*. So in Minsheu's *Spanish Dictionary*: "Gato montes : A cat of mountaine, a wilde cat." This animal, however, can hardly be called *spotted* ; it is rather striped. Perhaps the term was not confined to one species of animal.

## ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Before the Cell of PROSPERO.**Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.*

*Pros.* Now does my project gather to a head :  
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and Time  
Goes upright with his carriage.<sup>1</sup> How's the day ?

*Ari.* On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,  
You said our work should cease.

*Pros.* I did say so,  
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,  
How fares the King and's followers ?

*Ari.* Confined together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;  
Just as you left them ; all are prisoners, sir,  
In the line-grove which weather-fends your cell ;<sup>2</sup>  
They cannot budge till your release.<sup>3</sup> The King,  
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;  
And the remainder mourning over them,  
Brimful of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly  
He that you term'd *The good old lord, Gonzalo* :  
His tears run down his beard, like winter-drops  
From eaves of reeds. Your charm so strongly works 'em,

<sup>1</sup> Time does not break down or bend under its load, or what it carries ; that is, "we have time enough for what we have undertaken to do."

<sup>2</sup> "Which *defends* your cell against the weather, or the storm."

<sup>3</sup> "Till you release them," of course. The objective genitive, as it is called, where present usage admits only of the subjective genitive. The Poet has many such constructions. See page 116, note 1.



That, if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender.

*Pros.* Dost thou think so, spirit?

*Ari.* Mine would, sir, were I human.

*Pros.* And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply  
Passion as they,<sup>4</sup> be kindlier moved than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part : the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further. Go release them, Ariel :  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.

*Ari.* I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Pros.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;<sup>5</sup>  
And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
When he comes back ; you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets<sup>6</sup> make,

<sup>4</sup> *All* is here used adverbially, in the sense of *quite* ; and *passion* is the object of *relish*, and has the sense of *suffering*. The sense of the passage is sometimes defeated by setting a comma after *sharply*.

<sup>5</sup> This speech is in some measure borrowed from Medea's, in Ovid ; the expressions are, many of them, in the old translation by Golding. But the exquisite fairy imagery is Shakespeare's own.

<sup>6</sup> These *ringlets* were circles of bright-green grass, supposed to be produced by the footsteps of fairies dancing in a ring. The origin of them is still, I believe, a mystery. Alluded to in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii. i. — *Mushrooms* were also thought to be the work of fairies ; probably from their growing in rings, and springing up with such magical quickness.

Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice  
'To hear the solemn curfew ;<sup>7</sup> by whose aid —  
Weak masters though ye be<sup>8</sup> — I have be-dimm'd  
The noon-tide Sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault  
Set roaring war : to the dread-rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt : the strong-based promontory  
Have I made shake, and by the spurs<sup>9</sup> pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar : graves at my command  
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure ; and, when I have required  
Some heavenly music, — which even now I do, —  
To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

[*Solemn music.*]

*Re-enter ARIEL : after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO ; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO : they all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed ; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.*

<sup>7</sup> They rejoice, because "the curfew tolls the knell of parting day," and so signals the time for the fairies to begin their nocturnal frolics.

<sup>8</sup> *Weak*, if left to themselves, because they waste their force in sports and in frivolous or discordant aims ; but powerful when guided by wisdom, and trained to worthy ends. This passage has often seemed to me a strange prognostic of what human intelligence has since done in taming and marshalling the great forces of Nature into the service of man.

<sup>9</sup> The *spurs* are the largest and longest roots of trees.

A solemn air, as the best comforter  
 To an unsettled fancy, cure the brains,  
 Now useless, boil'd <sup>10</sup> within the skull ! — There stand,  
 For you are spell-stopp'd. —  
 Holy <sup>11</sup> Gonzalo, honourable man,  
 Mine eyes, even sociable to <sup>12</sup> the show of thine,  
 Fall fellowly drops. — The charm dissolves apace ;  
 And as the morning steals upon the night,  
 Melting the darkness, so their rising senses <sup>13</sup>  
 Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle  
 Their clearer reason. — O thou good Gonzalo,  
 My true preserver, and a loyal sir  
 To him thou follow'st ! I will pay thy graces  
 Home <sup>14</sup> both in word and deed. — Most cruelly

<sup>10</sup> *Boil'd* for *boiling* ; the passive form with the *neuter* sense : for the verb to *boil* is used as active, passive, or neuter, indifferently. We have *boil'd* just so again in *The Winter's Tale*, iii. 3 : " Would any but these *boil'd* brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather ? " — Love, madness, and melancholy are imaged by Shakespeare under the figure of *boiled* brains, or *boiling* brains, or *seething* brains. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v. 1 : " Lovers and madmen have such *seething* brains," &c. Also in *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5 : " If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be *boiled* to death with melancholy." Probably the expression grew from the heat or fever that was understood or supposed to agitate the brain in such cases.

<sup>11</sup> In Shakespeare's time, *holy*, besides the religious sense of *godly* or *sanctified*, was also used in the moral sense of *righteous* or *just*. And why not ?

<sup>12</sup> *Sociable to* is the same as *sympathetic with*. — *Fall*, in the next line, is evidently a transitive verb, equivalent to *let fall*. The usage was common. So in ii. 1, of this play : " To fall it on Gonzalo."

<sup>13</sup> *Senses* was very often used thus of the mental faculties ; as we still say of one who does not see things as they are, that he is *out of his senses*. The meaning of the passage may be given something thus : " As morning dispels the darkness, so their returning reason begins to dispel the blinding mists or fumes that are gathered about it."

<sup>14</sup> *Home* was much used as a strong intensive ; meaning *thoroughly*, or *to the utmost*. See *Hamlet*, page 152, note 2 ; and *Macbeth*, page 60, note 26.

Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter :  
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act ; —  
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. — Flesh and blood,  
 You, brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,  
 Expell'd remorse and nature ;<sup>15</sup> who, with Sebastian, —  
 Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong, —  
 Would here have kill'd your King ; I do forgive thee,  
 Unnatural though thou art. — Their understanding  
 Begins to swell ; and the approaching tide  
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,<sup>16</sup>  
 That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them  
 That yet looks on me, or would know me. — Ariel,  
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell : — [*Exit* ARIEL.  
 I will discase me,<sup>17</sup> and myself present  
 As I was sometime Milan : — quickly, spirit ;  
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

*Ari.* Where the bee sucks, there suck I :  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie, —  
 There I couch : when owls do cry,  
 On the bat's back I do fly  
 After Summer, merrily.<sup>18</sup>  
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

<sup>15</sup> Here, as commonly in Shakespeare, *remorse* is *pity* or *tenderness of heart*. *Nature* is put for *natural affection*. Often so.

<sup>16</sup> "The *reasonable shore*" is the shore of *reason*.

<sup>17</sup> "Will put off my disguise." The Poet repeatedly uses *case* for clothes ; also for *skin*. — *Sometime*, in the next line, is *formerly*. Often so.

<sup>18</sup> Ariel uses "the bat's back" as his pleasant vehicle, to pursue Summer in its progress to other regions, and thus live merrily under continual blossoms. Such appears the most natural as well as most poetical meaning

*Pros.* Why, that's my dainty Ariel ! I shall miss thee ;  
 But yet thou shalt have freedom : — so, so, so.  
 To the King's ship, invisible as thou art :  
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep  
 Under the hatches ; the master and the boatswain  
 Being awaked, enforce them to this place,  
 And presently, I pr'ythee.

*Ari.* I drink the air before me, and return  
 Or e'er your pulse twice beat. [Exit ARIEL.]

*Gonza.* All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement  
 Inhabit here : some heavenly power guide us  
 Out of this fearful country !

*Pros.* Behold, sir King,  
 The wrongèd Duke of Milan, Prospero :  
 For more assurance that a living prince  
 Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;  
 And to thee and thy company I bid  
 A hearty welcome.

*Alon.* Whêr<sup>19</sup> thou be'st he or no,  
 Or some enchanted trifle<sup>20</sup> to abuse me,  
 As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse

of this much disputed passage. As a matter of fact, however, bats do not migrate in quest of Summer, but become torpid in winter. Was the Poet ignorant of this, or did he disregard it, thinking that such beings as Ariel were not bound to observe the rules of natural history? See Critical Notes.

<sup>19</sup> The Poet often so contracts *whether*. See *Julius Cæsar*, page 43, note 19.

<sup>20</sup> *Enchanted trifle* probably means *bewitching phantom*. *Enchanted* for *enchanted*, in accordance with the usage, before noted, of active and passive forms indiscriminately. See page 60, note 59. Walker, however, thinks the meaning to be "some trifle *produced by enchantment* to abuse me."—*Abuse*, both verb and substantive, was often used in the sense of *deceive*, *delude*, or *cheat*.

Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,  
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,  
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave —  
An if this be at all<sup>21</sup> — a most strange story.  
Thy dukedom I resign<sup>22</sup> and do entreat  
Thou pardon me my wrongs.<sup>23</sup> But how should Prospero  
Be living and be here ?

*Pros.* First, noble friend,  
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot  
Be measured or confined.

*Gonza.* Whether this be  
Or be not, I'll not swear.

*Pros.* You do yet taste  
Some subtilties<sup>24</sup> o' the isle, that will not let you  
Believe things certain. — Welcome, my friends all : —  
[*Aside to SEBAS. and ANTO.*] But you, my brace of lords,  
were I so minded,  
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,  
And justify you traitors :<sup>25</sup> at this time  
I'll tell no tales.

*Sebas.* [*Aside to ANTO.*] The Devil speaks in him.

<sup>21</sup> That is, if there be any reality in all this. *An if*, again, as before explained. See page 96, note 20.

<sup>22</sup> The dukedom of Milan had been made tributary to Naples by Antonio, as the price of aid in his usurpation.

<sup>23</sup> Still another instance of the construction mentioned in note 3 of this scene. "*My wrongs*" may mean either the wrongs I have *done*, or the wrongs I have *suffered*. Here it means the former.

<sup>24</sup> *Subtilties* are quaint deceptive inventions; the word is common to ancient cookery, in which a disguised or ornamented dish is so termed. Fabyan's *Chronicle*, 1542, describes one made of pastry, "called a pelican sitting on his nest with his birds, and an image of Saint Catharine holding a book, and disputing with the doctors."

<sup>25</sup> "*Prove* you traitors," or, "justify myself for calling you such."

*Pros.*

Now,

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother  
 Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive  
 Thy rankest fault ; all of them ; and require  
 My dukedom of thee, which perforce,<sup>26</sup> I know,  
 'Thou must restore.

*Alon.*

If thou be'st Prospero,

Give us particulars of thy preservation ;  
 How thou hast met us here, who three hours since  
 Were wreck'd upon this shore ; where I have lost —  
 How sharp the point of this remembrance is ! —  
 My dear son Ferdinand.

*Pros.*I'm woe<sup>27</sup> for't, sir.*Alon.* Irreparable is the loss ; and patience

Says it is past her cure.

*Pros.*

I rather think

You have not sought her help ; of whose soft grace,  
 For the like loss I have her sovereign aid,  
 And rest myself content.

*Alon.*

You the like loss !

*Pros.* As great to me, as late ;<sup>28</sup> and, portable

To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker  
 Than you may call to comfort you ; for I  
 Have lost my daughter.

*Alon.* A daughter !

O Heavens, that they were living both in Naples,  
 The King and Queen there ! that they were, I wish

<sup>26</sup> *Perforce* is *of force*, that is, necessarily or of necessity.

<sup>27</sup> *Woe* was often used thus with an adjective sense ; *sorry*.

<sup>28</sup> "As great to me, *and* as *recent*." Or the meaning may be, "As great to me as *it is* recent." Either explanation suits, but I prefer the first. — *Portable* is *endurable*. The Poet has it repeatedly.

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed  
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

*Pros.* In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire,<sup>29</sup>  
That they devour their reason, and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, these words  
Are natural breath :<sup>30</sup> but, howsoe'er you have  
Been justled from your senses, know for certain  
That I am Prospero, and that very Duke  
Which was thrust forth of Milan ; who most strangely  
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,  
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this ;<sup>31</sup>  
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;  
This cell's my Court : here have I few attendants,  
And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.  
My dukedom since you've given me again,  
I will requite you with as good a thing ;  
At least bring forth a wonder to content ye  
As much as me my dukedom.

*The entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and  
MIRANDA playing at chess.*

*Mira.* Sweet lord, you play me false.

*Ferd.*

No, my dear'st love,

I would not for the world.

<sup>29</sup> Shakespeare commonly uses *admire* and its derivatives in the Latin sense ; that of *wonder* or *amazement*. The meaning here is, that their reason is swallowed up in wonder.

<sup>30</sup> " That these words which I am speaking are the words of a real living man."

<sup>31</sup> No more of this *now*, or *for the present*. So *yet* was often used.



*Mira.* Yes, for a score of kingdoms you should wrangle,<sup>32</sup>  
And I would call it fair play.

*Alon.* If this prove  
A vision of the island, one dear son  
Shall I twice lose.<sup>33</sup>

*Sebas.* A most high miracle !

*Ferd.* Though the seas threaten, they are merciful !  
I've cursed them without cause. [*Kneels to ALON.*

*Alon.* Now all the blessings  
Of a glad father compass thee about !  
Arise, and say how thou camest here.

*Mira.* O, wonder !  
How many goodly creatures are there here !  
How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,  
That has such people in't !

*Pros.* 'Tis new to thee.

*Alon.* What is this maid with whom thou wast at play ?  
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours :  
Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,  
And brought us thus together ?

<sup>32</sup> The sense evidently wanted here is, "you might play me false"; but how to get this out of *wrangle*, is not very apparent. Was *wrangle* used as a technical term in chess and other games ? In *King Henry V.*, i. 2, we have this: "He hath made a match with such a *wrangler*, that all the Courts of France will be disturb'd with chases." This is said with reference to the game of tennis; and *wrangler* here seems to mean *opponent* or *antagonist*. *Wrangle*, however, is from the same original as *wrong*, and its radical sense is the same. Mr. Joseph Crosby thinks the word is used here in this its radical sense. He writes me as follows: "In the North of England, *wrangdom* is a common word for *wrong*, and *wrangously* for *wrongfully*. *Wrangle* in this sentence is an explanatory parallelism of Miranda's 'play me false,' and means *wrong me*, — cheat me in the game."

<sup>33</sup> "Shall twice lose" appears to mean "shall lose a second time." He has in effect lost his son once in supposing him drowned; and will lose him again in the dispelling of the vision, if vision it should prove,

*Ferd.* Sir, she's mortal ;  
But by immortal Providence she's mine :  
I chose her when I could not ask my father  
For his advice, nor thought I had one. She  
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,  
Of whom so often I have heard renown,  
But never saw before ; of whom I have  
Received a second life ; and second father  
This lady makes him to me.

*Alon.* I am hers :  
But, O, how oddly will it sound that I  
Must ask my child forgiveness !

*Pros.* There, sir, stop :  
Let us not burden our remembrance with  
A heaviness that's gone.

*Gonza.* I've inly wept,  
Or should have spoke ere this. — Look down, you gods,  
And on this couple drop a blessèd crown !  
For it is you that have chalk'd forth the way  
Which brought us hither.

*Alon.* I say, Amen, Gonzalo !

*Gonza.* Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
Should become Kings of Naples ! O, rejoice  
Beyond a common joy ! and set it down  
With gold on lasting pillars : In one voyage  
Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis ;  
And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife  
Where he himself was lost ; Prospero, his dukedom,  
In a poor isle ; and all of us, ourselves,  
When no man was his own.<sup>34</sup>

<sup>34</sup> When no man was *in his senses*, or had self-possession.

*Alon.* [To FERD. and MIRA.] Give me your hands :  
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart  
That doth not wish you joy !

*Gonza.* Be't so ! Amen !—

*Re-enter ARIEL, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.*

O, look, sir, look, sir ! here is more of us :  
I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,  
This fellow could not drown. — Now, blasphemy,  
That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on shore ?  
Hast thou no mouth by land ? What is the news ?

*Boats.* The best news is, that we have safely found  
Our King and company ; the next, our ship —  
Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split —  
Is tight, and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when  
We first put out to sea.

*Ari.* [Aside to PROS.] Sir, all this service  
Have I done since I went.

*Pros.* [Aside to ARIEL.] My tricksy<sup>35</sup> spirit !

*Alon.* These are not natural events ; they strengthen  
From strange to stranger. — Say, how came you hither ?

*Boats.* If I did think, sir, I were well awake,  
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead of sleep,  
And — how we know not — all clapp'd under hatches ;  
Where, but even now, with strange and several noises  
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,  
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,  
We were awaked ; straightway, at liberty :  
When we, in all her trim, freshly beheld

<sup>35</sup> Ariel seems to be called *tricksy*, because his execution has the celerity of magic, or of a juggler's tricks : "clever, adroit, dexterous," says Dyce.

Our royal, good, and gallant ship ; our master  
 Capering to eye her : <sup>36</sup> on a trice, so please you,  
 Even in a dream, were we divided from them,  
 And were brought moping <sup>37</sup> hither.

*Ari.* [*Aside to PROS.*] Was't well done ?

*Pros.* [*Aside to ARI.*] Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt  
 be free.

*Alon.* This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod ;  
 And there is in this business more than Nature  
 Was ever conduct of : <sup>38</sup> some oracle  
 Must rectify our knowledge.

*Pros.* Sir, my liege,  
 Do not infest your mind with beating on <sup>39</sup>  
 The strangeness of this business ; at pick'd leisure,  
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve <sup>40</sup> you —  
 Which to you shall seem probable — of every  
 These happen'd accidents : till when, be cheerful,  
 And think of each thing well. — [*Aside to ARIEL.*] Come  
 hither, spirit :  
 Set Caliban and his companions free ;  
 Untie the spell. [*Exit ARI.*] — How fares my gracious sir ?  
 There are yet missing of your company  
 Some few odd lads that you remember not.

<sup>36</sup> "Capering to eye her" is leaping or dancing with joy at seeing her.  
 Still another instance of the infinitive used gerundively.

<sup>37</sup> To mope is to be dull or stupid ; originally, dim-sighted.

<sup>38</sup> Conduct for conductor ; that is, guide or leader. Often so.

<sup>39</sup> We have a like expression in use now, — "Still hammering at it."

<sup>40</sup> In Shakespeare, to resolve often means to satisfy, or to explain satisfactorily. — Single appears to be used adverbially here, its force going with the predicate ; and the last which refers to resolve : "I will explain to you — and the explanation shall seem to you natural and likely — all these incidents, severally, or in detail, as they have happened."

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

*Steph.* Every man shift for all the rest,<sup>41</sup> and let no man take care for himself ; for all is but fortune. — Coragio, bully-monster, coragio !

*Trin.* If these be true spies which I wear in my head, here's a goodly sight.

*Cal.* O Setebos, these be brave spirits indeed !  
How fine my master is ! I am afraid  
He will chastise me.

*Sebas.* Ha, ha !  
What things are these, my Lord Antonio ?  
Will money buy 'em ?

*Anto.* Very like ; one of them  
Is a plain fish, and, no doubt, marketable.

*Pros.* Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,  
Then say if they be true. This mis-shaped knave, —  
His mother was a witch ; and one so strong  
That could control the Moon, make flows and ebbs,  
And deal in her command without her power.<sup>42</sup>  
These three have robb'd me ; and this demi-devil —  
For he's a bastard one — had plotted with them  
To take my life : two of these fellows you  
Must know and own ; this thing of darkness I  
Acknowledge mine.

<sup>41</sup> Stephano's tongue is rather tipsy still, and staggers into a misplacement of his words. He means " Let every man shift for himself."

<sup>42</sup> *Without* has here the sense of *beyond* ; a common usage in the Poet's time. So in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iv. 1 : " Where we might be *without* the peril of th' Athenian law." And in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, i. 4 : " O, now I apprehend you : your phrase was *without* me before." So that the meaning of the text is, " who could outdo the Moon in exercising the Moon's own command."

*Cal.* I shall be pinch'd to death.

*Alon.* Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

*Sebas.* He is drunk now : where had he wine?

*Alon.* And Trinculo is reeling ripe : where should they  
Find this grand liquor that hath gilded<sup>43</sup> 'em? —  
How camest thou in this pickle?

*Trin.* I have been in such a pickle since I saw you last,  
that, I fear me, will never out of my bones : I shall not fear  
fly-blowing.<sup>44</sup>

*Sebas.* Why, how now, Stephano !

*Steph.* O, touch me not ! I am not Stephano. but a  
cramp.

*Pros.* You'd be king o' the isle, sirrah?

*Steph.* I should have been a sore<sup>45</sup> one, then.

*Alon.* [*Pointing to CAL.*] This is as strange a thing as  
e'er I look'd on.

*Pros.* He is as disproportion'd in his manners  
As in his shape. — Go, sirrah, to my cell ;

<sup>43</sup> The phrase *being gilded* was a trite one for being drunk ; perhaps from the effect of liquor in colouring the face, but more likely because drinking puts one into *golden altitudes*. It has been suggested, also, that there is an allusion to the *grand elixir* of the alchemists, which was an ideal medicine for *gilding* a base metal in the sense of *transmuting it into gold* ; as also for repairing health and prolonging life in man. This, too, is probable enough ; for the Poet is fond of clustering various ideas round a single image.

<sup>44</sup> Trinculo is playing rather deeply upon *pickle* ; and one of the senses here intended is that of being pickled in salt or brine so as not to become tainted. *Fly-blows* are the maggot-eggs deposited by flies ; and to *fly-blow* is to taint with such eggs.

<sup>45</sup> A pun upon the different senses of *sore*, one of which is *harsh, severe, or oppressive*. The same equivoque occurs in *2 Henry the Sixth*, iv. 7, where Dick proposes that Cade's mouth be the source of English law, and John remarks, aside, — "Mass, 'twill be a *sore* law, then ; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet."

Take with you your companions ; as you look  
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

*Cal.* Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,  
And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool !

*Pros.* Go to ; away !

*Alon.* Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found it.

*Sebas.* Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt CAL., STEPH., and TRIN.*]

*Pros.* Sir, I invite your Highness and your train  
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest  
For this one night ; which, part of it, I'll waste  
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it  
Go quick away, — the story of my life,  
And the particular accidents gone by,  
Since I came to this isle : and in the morn  
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,  
Where I have hope to see the nuptial  
Of these our dear-belovèd solemnized ;  
And thence retire me<sup>46</sup> to my Milan, where  
Every third thought shall be my grave.

*Alon.* I long

To hear the story of your life, which must  
Take the ear strangely.

*Pros.* I'll deliver all ;  
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,  
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch  
Your royal fleet far off. — [*Aside to ARI.*] My Ariel,  
chick,

<sup>46</sup> That is, *withdraw myself*. The Poet has various instances of *retire* thus used as a transitive verb.

That is thy charge : then to the elements  
Be free, and fare thou well ! — Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt*

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EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,  
And what strength I have's mine own, —  
Which is most faint : now, 'tis true,  
I must be here confined by you,  
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,  
Since I have my dukedom got,  
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell  
In this bare island by your spell ;  
But release me from my bands,  
With the help of your good hands.<sup>47</sup>  
Gentle breath of yours my sails  
Must fill, or else my project fails,  
Which was to please : now I want  
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;  
And my ending is despair,  
Unless I be relieved by prayer ;  
Which pierces so, that it assaults  
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.  
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.

<sup>47</sup> The Epilogue is supposed to be addressed to the theatrical audience, and the speaker here solicits their applause by the clapping of their hands. Noise was a breaker of enchantments and spells ; hence the applause would release him from his bonds.



## PRINCIPLES OF ART.<sup>1</sup>



THE several forms of art, as painting, sculpture, music, architecture, the poem, the drama, all have a common root, and proceed upon certain common principles. The faculties which produce them, the laws that govern them, and the end they are meant to serve, in short their source, method, and motive, are at bottom one and the same. Art, therefore, is properly and essentially *one*: accordingly I take care to use the phrase *several forms of art*, and not *several arts*. This identity of life and law is perhaps most apparent in the well-known fact that the several forms of art, wherever they have existed at all, and in any character of originality, have all had a religious origin; have sprung up and taken their growth in and for the service of religion. The earliest poems everywhere were sacred hymns and songs, conceived and executed in recognition and honor of the Deity. Grecian sculpture, in all its primitive and progressive stages, was for the sole purpose of making statues of the gods; and when it forsook this purpose, and sophisticated itself into a preference of other ends, it went into a decline. The Greek architecture, also, had its force, motive, and law in the work of building religious temples and shrines. That the Greek drama took its origin from the same cause, is familiar to all students in dramatic his-

<sup>1</sup> From Hudson's *Life, Art, and Characters of Shakespeare*.

tory. And I have already shown that the Gothic drama in England, in its upspring and through its earlier stages, was entirely the work of the Christian Church, and was purely religious in its purpose, matter, and use. That the same holds in regard to our modern music, is too evident to need insisting on: it all sprang and grew in the service of religion; religious thought and emotion were the shaping and informing spirit of it. I have often thought that the right use of music, and perhaps that which drew it into being, could not be better illustrated than in "the sweet Singer of Israel," who, when the evil spirit got into King Saul, took harp and voice, and with his minstrelsy charmed it out. Probably, if David had undertaken to argue the evil spirit out, he would have just strengthened the possession; for the devil was then, as now, an expert logician, but could not stand a divine song.

Thus the several forms of art have had their source and principle deep in man's religious nature: all have come into being as so many projections or outgrowths of man's religious life. And it may well be questioned whether, without the motives and inspirations of religion, the human soul ever was, or ever can be, strong and free enough to produce any shape of art. In other words, it is only as the mind stands dressed in and for religion that the creative faculty of art gets warmed and quickened into operation. So that religion is most truly the vivifying power of art in all its forms; and all works of art that do not proceed from a religious life in the mind are but imitations, and can never be anything more. Moreover the forms of art have varied in mode, style, and character, according to the particular genius and spirit of the religion under which they grew.

There is a most intimate correspondence between the two. This is manifestly true of the Old Egyptian and Grecian art. And it is equally true of Christian art, save as this has been more or less modified by imitation of those earlier works, and in so far as this imitative process has got the better of original inspiration, the result has always been a falling from the right virtue of art. For the Christian mind can never overtake the Greek mind in that style of art which was original and proper to the latter. Nothing but the peculiar genius of the Greek mythology could ever freely and spontaneously organize or incarnate itself in a body of that shape. The genius of Christianity requires and naturally prompts a different body. Nor can the soul of the latter ever be made to take on the body of the former, but under the pressure of other than the innate and organic law of the thing. For every true original artist is much more possessed by the genius of his work than possessing it. Unless, indeed, a man be inspired by a power stronger than his individual understanding or any conscious purpose, his hand can never reach the cunning of any process truly creative. And so in all cases the temper and idiom of a people's religious culture will give soul and expression to their art; or, if they have no religious culture, then there will not be soul-power enough in them to produce any art at all.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On this subject Schlegel has some of the wisest and happiest sayings that I have met with. For example: "All truly creative poetry must proceed from the inward life of a people, and from religion, the root of that life." And again: "Were it possible for man to rehouse all religion, including that which is unconscious, or independent of the will, he would become a mere surface without any internal substance. When this centre is disturbed, the whole system of the mental faculties and feelings takes a new shape." Once

As I am on the subject of art considered as the offspring of religion, or the religious imagination, I am moved to add a brief episode in that direction. And I the rather do so, forasmuch as artistic beauty is commonly recognized as among the greatest educational forces now in operation in the Christian world. On this point a decided reaction has taken place within my remembrance. The agonistic or argumentative modes, which were for a long time in the ascendant, and which proceeded by a logical and theological presentation of Christian thought, seem to have spent themselves, insomuch as to be giving way to what may be called the poetical and imaginative forms of expression. It is not my purpose to discuss whether the change be right or for the better, but merely to note it as a fact ; for such I think it clearly is. I presume it will be granted, also, that as a general thing we need to have our places of worship and our religious services made far more beautiful than they are ; and that indeed we cannot have too much of beauty in them, so that beauty be duly steeped in the grace and truth of Christian inspiration. But art has its

more, speaking of the Greeks: " Their religion was the deification of the powers of nature and of earthly life ; but this worship, which, among other nations, clouded the imagination with hideous shapes, and hardened the heart to cruelty, assumed among the Greeks a mild, a grand, and a dignified form. Superstition, too often the tyrant of the human faculties, here seems to have contributed to their freest development. It cherished the arts by which itself was adorned, and its idols became the models of beauty. But, however highly the Greeks may have succeeded in the beautiful, and even in the moral, we cannot concede any higher character to their civilization than that of a refined and ennobling sensuality. Of course this must be understood generally. The conjectures of a few philosophers, and the irradiations of poetical inspiration, constitute an occasional exception. Man can never altogether turn aside his thoughts from infinity, and some obscure recollections will always remind him of the home he has lost."

dangers here as well as its uses : especially it is apt to degenerate from a discipline of religious virtue into a mere relaxation, losing the severity that elevates and purifies, in what is merely pretty or voluptuous or pleasing. It is therefore of the utmost consequence what style of beauty we cultivate, and how the tastes of people are set in this matter.

Now Christianity is indeed a great "beauty-making power"; but the beauty which it makes and owns is a presence to worship in, not a bauble to play with, or a show for unbaptized entertainment and pastime. It cannot be too austere discriminated from mere ornament, and from everything approaching a striking and sensational character. Its right power is a power to chasten and subdue. And it is never good for us, especially in our religious hours, to be charmed without being at the same time chastened. Accordingly the highest art always has something of the terrible in it, so that it awes you while it attracts. The sweetness that wins is tempered with the severity that humbles; the smile of love, with the sternness of reproof. And it is all the more beautiful in proportion as it knows how to bow the mind by the austere and hushing eloquence of its forms. And when I speak of art, or the creation of the beautiful, as the highest and strongest expression of man's intellectual soul, I must be understood to mean this order of the beautiful : for indeed the beauty (if it be not a sin to call it such) that sacrifices or postpones truth to pleasure is not good ;

" And that which is not good is not delicious  
To a well-govern'd and wise appetite."

In all our use of art, therefore, it stands us much in hand to know that true beauty is indeed an awful as well as a pleasant thing; and that men are not in a good way when they have ceased to feel that it is so. Nor can I deem our case a very hopeful one when we surrender ourselves to that style of beauty which pleases without chastening the soul. For it is but too certain that when art takes to gratifying such an unreligious taste, and so works its forces for the pleasing of men without touching them with awe, it becomes no better than a discipline of moral enervation. Perhaps this same law would silence much of the voluble rhetoric with which a certain school of writers are wont to discourse of the great miracle of beauty which has been given to men in the life and character of the blessed Saviour. For I must needs think that, if they duly felt the awfulness of that beauty, their fluency would be somewhat repressed; and that their eloquence would be better if they feared more and flourished less.

But the point which these remarks are chiefly meant to enforce is, that there is no true beauty of art but what takes its life from the inspirations of religious awe; and that even in our highest intellectual culture the intellect itself will needs be demoralized, unless it be toned to order by a supreme reference to the divine will. There is no true school of mental health and vigor and beauty, but what works under the presidency of the same chastening and subduing power. Our faculties of thought and knowledge must be held firmly together with a strong girdle of modesty, else they cannot possibly thrive; and to have the intellect "undevoutly free," loosened from

the bands of reverence, is a sure pledge and forecast of intellectual shallowness and deformity.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Since this was written, I have met with some capital remarks, closely bordering upon the topic, in Mr. J. C. Shairp's *Studies in Poetry and Philosophy*, a book which I cannot but regard as one of the choicest contributions to the literature of our time. The passage is in his essay on *The Moral Dynamic*, near the end:

"There are things which, because they are ultimate ends in themselves, refuse to be employed as means, and, if attempted to be so employed, lose their essential character. Religion is one, and the foremost of these things. Obedience, conformity of the finite and the imperfect will of man to the infinite and perfect will of God, this, which is the essence of religion, is an end in itself, the highest end which we can conceive. It cannot be sought as a means to an ulterior end without being at once destroyed. This is an end, or rather the end in itself, which culture and all other ends by right subserve. And here in culture, as in pleasure, the great ethic law will be found to hold, that the abandoning of it as an end, in obedience to a higher, more supreme aim, is the very condition of securing it. Stretch the idea of culture, and of the perfection it aims at, wide as you will, you cannot, while you make it your last end, rise clear of the original self-reference that lies at its root; this you cannot get rid of, unless you go out of culture, and beyond it, abandoning it as an end, and sinking it into what it really is,—a means, though perhaps the highest means, towards full and perfect duty. *No one ever really became beautiful by aiming at beauty. Beauty comes, we scarce know how, as an emanation from sources deeper than itself.* If culture, or rather the ends of culture, are to be healthy and natural growths, they must come unconsciously, as results of conformity to the will of God, sought not for any end but itself." —"It cannot indeed be denied that these two, culture or the love of beauty, religion or the love of godliness, appear in individuals, in races, in ages, as rival, often as conflicting, forces. The votary of beauty shrinks from religion as something stern and ungenial, the devout Puritan discards beauty as a snare; and even those who have hearts susceptible of both find that a practical crisis will come when a choice must be made whether of the two they will serve. The consciousness of this disunion has of late years been felt deeply, and by the most gifted minds. Painful often has the conflict been, when the natural love of beauty was leading one way, loyalty to that which is higher than beauty called another, and no practical escape was possible, except by the sacrifice of feelings which in themselves were innocent and beautiful. Only in recent times have we begun to feel strongly that both are good, that each without the other is so far imperfect, and that some reconciliation, if it were

It were something beside my purpose to unfold and illustrate in detail the common principles of art: I shall but endeavor to do this so far as may be needful for a due understanding of those principles as we have them embodied in the Shakespearian drama.

The first of those principles, as I am to view them, is what I know not better how to designate than by the term *Solidarity*. By which I mean that the several parts of a given work must all stand in mutual sympathy and intelligence; or that the details must not only have each a force and meaning of their own, but must also be helpful, directly or remotely, to the force and meaning of the others; all being drawn together and made to coalesce in unity of effect by some one governing thought or paramount idea. This gives us what the philosophers of art generally agree in calling an *organic structure*; that is, a structure in which an inward vital law shapes and determines the outward form; all the parts being, moreover, assimilated and bound each to each by the life that builds the organization, and so rendered mutually aidant, and at the same time conducive to the well-being of the whole. In a word, they must all have a purpose and a truth in common as well as each a truth and purpose of its own.

possible, is a thing to be desired. Violent has been the reaction which this new consciousness has created. In the recoil from what they call Puritanism, or religion without culture, many have given themselves up to culture without religion, or, at best, with a very diluted form of religion. They have set up for worship the golden calf of art, and danced round it to the pipe which the great Goethe played. They have promulgated what they call the gospel of art,—as Carlyle says, the windiest gospel ever yet preached, which never has saved and never will save any man from moral corruption."



To illustrate this in a small instance, and perhaps the more intelligible for being small: Critics had been wont to speak lightly, not to say sneeringly, of the sonnet, as being but an elaborate trifle that cost more than it came to. Wordsworth undertook to vindicate the thing from this unjust reproach, as he considered it; and to that end he wrote the following: —

“Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frown’d,  
Mindless of its just honors: with this key  
Shakespeare unlock’d his heart; the melody  
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch’s wound;  
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
With it Camðens sooth’d an exile’s grief;  
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
Amid the cypress with which Dante crown’d  
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,  
It cheer’d mild Spenser, call’d from Faery-land  
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp  
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew  
Soul-animating strains,— alas, too few!”

Now, here we have a place for everything, and everything in its place. There is nothing irrelevant, nothing ajar. The parts are not only each true and good and beautiful in themselves, but each is helpful to the others, and all to the author’s purpose: every allusion, every image, every word, tells in furtherance of his aim. There need nothing be added, there must nothing be taken away. The argument at every step is clear and strong. The thing begins, proceeds, and ends, just as it ought; you cannot change a word in it without injuring it: the understanding, the imagination, the ear, are all satisfied with the result. And the specimen is itself a full triumph of the sonnet, from the intellectual truth and beauty and

sweetness which are here put into it. So that, what with the argument, and what with the example, the vindication of the sonnet is perfect. Accordingly, I believe no one has spoken lightly of the thing since that specimen was given to the public.

Many have written poetry, and good poetry too, who notwithstanding have not written, and could not write, a Poem. But this sonnet is, in its measure, a genuine poem; and as such I am willing to bear the responsibility of pronouncing it faultless. Wordsworth could do the sonnet completely, and did it so in many instances: and he could do more than this; in several of his longer pieces the workmanship is perhaps equally faultless; as, for instance, in "Laodamia" and the "Ode to Duty," which, to my sense, are perfect poems in their kind. But to do thus through so complex and multitudinous a work as our higher specimens of the Gothic drama, is a very different matter,—a thing far beyond the power of a Wordsworth. To combine and carry on together various distinct lines of thought, and various individual members of character, so that each shall constantly remember and respect the others, and this through a manifold, diversified, and intricate course of action; to keep all the parts true to the terms and relations of organic unity, each coming in and stopping just where it ought, each doing its share, and no more than its share, in the common plan, so as not to hinder the life or interfere with the rights of the others; to knit them all together in a consistent and harmonious whole, with nothing of redundancy or of deficiency, nothing "overdone or come tardy off,"—the members, moreover, all mutually interacting, all

modifying and tempering one another; — this is a task which it is given to few to achieve. For the difficulty of the work increases in a sort of geometrical ratio with the number and greatness of the parts; and when we come to such a work as "Hamlet," or "Cymbeline," or "King Lear," few of us have heads long enough and strong enough to measure the difficulty of it.

Such, then, in my reckoning, is the first principle, I will not say of artistic perfection, but of all true excellence in art. And the same law, which thus requires that in a given work each earlier part shall prepare for what comes after, and each later part shall finish what went before, holds with equal force in all the forms of art; for whether the parts be rendered or delivered in space, as in painting and architecture, or in time, as in music, a poem, or a drama, makes no difference in this respect.

The second principle of art which I am to consider is *Originality*. And by this I do not mean novelty or singularity, either in the general structure or in the particular materials, but something that has reference to the method and process of the work. The construction must proceed from the heart outwards, not the other way, and proceed in virtue of the inward life, not by any surface aggregation of parts, or by any outward pressure or rule. In organic nature, every plant, and every animal, however cast in the mould of the species, and so kept from novelty or singularity, has an individual life of its own, which life is and must be original. It is a development from a germ; and the process of development is vital, and works by selection and assimilation of matter in accord-

ance with the inward nature of the thing. And so in art, a work, to be original, must grow from what the workman has inside of him, and what he sees of nature and natural fact around him, and not by imitation of what others have done before him. So growing, the work will, to be sure, take the specific form and character; nevertheless, it will have the essence of originality in the right sense of the term, because it will have originated from the author's mind, just as the offspring originates from the parent. And the result will be, not a showy, emphatic, superficial virtue, which is indeed a vice, but a solid, genuine, substantive virtue; that is, the thing will be just what it seems, and will mean just what it says. Moreover the greatness of the work, if it have any, will be more or less hidden in the order and temperance and harmony of the parts; so that the work will keep growing larger and richer to you as you become familiar with it: whereas in case of a thing made in the unoriginal way, at a distance it will seem larger than it is, and will keep shrinking and dwarfing as you draw nearer to it; and perhaps, when you get fairly into it, it will prove to be no substance at all, but only a mass of shining vapor; or, if you undertake to grasp it, your hand will just close through it, as it would through a shadow.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This law of originality I have never seen better stated than by Coleridge, in a passage justifying the form of Shakespeare's dramas against a mode of criticism which has now, happily, gone out of use. "The true ground," says he, "of the mistake lies in the confounding mechanical regularity with organic form. The form is mechanic, when on any given material we impress a pre-determined form, not necessarily arising out of the properties of the material; as when to a mass of wet clay we give whatever shape we wish it to retain when hardened. The organic form, on the other hand, is innate; it shapes,

All this, however, is nowise to be understood as inferring that a great original artist must be an independent or isolated growth, without parents and brethren, and the natural aids and inspirations of society. This never was and never can be. Art-life must be had in common, or not at all. In this, as in other things, many minds must grow up together, else none can grow up. And no form of art ever grew to perfection, or any thing near it, but that it was and long had been matter of strong national passion, or of a free and vigorous public spirit. Men are not kindled to such a height without many convergent rays of fellowship. In other words, before excellence of art in any kind can come, there has to be a large and long preparation, and this not only in the spiritual culture and development of the people, but also in the formal order and method of the thing. Accordingly great artists, so far as the history of the matter is known, have always

as it develops, itself from within, and the fullness of its development is one and the same with the perfection of its outward form. Such as the life is, such is the form. Nature, the prime genial artist, inexhaustible in diverse powers, is equally inexhaustible in forms: each exterior is the physiognomy of the being within,—its true image reflected and thrown out from the concave mirror.”—With this may well be coupled Schlegel's remarks on the same point: “Form is mechanical when it is impressed upon any piece of matter by an outward operation, as an accidental addition without regard to the nature of the thing; as, for example, when we give any form at pleasure to a soft mass, to be retained after induration. Organic form, on the contrary, is innate; it unfolds itself from within, and attains its determinate character along with the full development of the germ. Such forms are found in nature universally, wherever living powers are in action. And in art, as well as in Nature, the supreme artist, all genuine forms are organic, that is, are determined by the quality of the work. In short, the form is no other than a significant exterior, the physiognomy of a thing,—when not defaced by disturbing accidents, the *speaking* physiognomy,—which bears true witness of its hidden essence.”

lived and worked in successions and clusters, each adding something, till at length a master-mind arose, and gathered the finer efficacies of them all into one result. This is notoriously true of Greek, Venetian, Florentine, and Gothic art: Phidias, Sophocles, Titian, and Raphael had each many precursors and companions. The fact indeed is apt to be lost sight of, because the earlier and inferior essays perish, and only the finished specimens survive; so that we see them more or less isolated; whereas in truth their origin and growth were social, the fruit of a large intellectual partnership and coöperation. — It is on the same principle that nothing truly excellent either in the minds or the characters of men is reached without much of “ennobling impulse from the Past”; and that they who live too much in the present miss the right food of human elevation, contented to be, perhaps proud of being, the vulgar things they are, because ignorant of what has been before them. It is not that the present age is worse than former ages; it may even be better as a whole: but what is bad or worthless in an age dies with the age; so that only the great and good of the Past touches us; while of the present we are most touched by that which is little and mean.

The third principle of art, as I am taking them, is *Completeness*. A work of art must have within itself all that is needful for the due understanding of it, *as art*; so that the beholder will not have to go outside or beyond the work itself to learn what it means; that is, provided he have the corresponding faculties alive within him, so as to be capable of its proper force. For, if the work speaks through form and color, there must be, in answer-

ing measure, a natural or an instructed eye ; if sound is its organ, there must be a natural or an instructed ear ; if its speech is verbal, there must be, besides a natural or an instructed taste, a sufficient knowledge also of the language in which it is written. All this of course. But, apart from this, the work must be complete in and of itself, so as to be intelligible without a commentary. And any work which requires a sign or a showman to tell the beholder what it is, or to enable him to take the sense and virtue of it, is most certainly a failure.

In all this, however, I am speaking of the work simply as art, and not as it is or may be something else. For works of art, in many cases, are or have a good deal besides that. And in connection with such a work there may arise various questions, — of antiquity, philology, local custom and allusion ; in what place and at what time it was done ; whence, how, and why it came to be as it is ; where the author got any hints or materials for it, and what of antecedent or contemporary history may be gathered from it. All this is legitimate and right in its place, but has nothing to do with the character and meaning of the thing as a work of art, in which respect it must know its cue without a prompter, and be able to tell its own tale. That which holds the mirror up to nature must not need another mirror to discover or interpret its reflection to us. For instance, a building, as a building, looks to certain practical ends and uses ; and, before we can rightly understand the order and reason of it, we must know from other sources the ends and uses for which it was designed : but in so far as it is architecture, in so far as it is truly imaginative, and embodies the

author's intellectual soul, it must be able to express its own meaning, so that we can understand and feel it without any thing but what comes directly from the work itself. But perhaps the point may be better illustrated in the case of an historical drama, which may be viewed either as history or as art: and to determine its merit as history, we must go to other sources; but for ascertaining its merit as art, the work must itself give us all the knowledge we need: so that the question of its historic truth is distinct and separate from the question of its artistic truth: it may be true as history, yet false as art; or it may be historically wrong, yet artistically right; true to nature, though not true to past fact: and, however we may have to travel abroad in the historical inquiry, the virtue of the work as art must be ascertainable directly from the thing itself. This, then, is what I mean by artistic completeness; that quality in virtue of which a work justifies itself, without foreign help, by its own fullness and clearness of expression.

The fourth and last principle that I am to consider is *Disinterestedness*. This is partly an intellectual, but more a moral quality. Now one great reason why men fail so much in their mental work is because they are not willing to see and to show things as they are, but must still be making them as they would have them to be. Thus from self-love or wilfulness or vanity they work their own humors and crotchets and fancies into the matter, or overlay it with some self-pleasing quirks of peculiarity. Instead of this, the artist must lose himself, his personal aims, interests, passions, and preferences, in the enthusiasm and inspiration of his work, in the strength,



vividness, and beauty of his ideas and perceptions, and must give his whole mind and soul to the task of working these out into expression. To this end, his mind must live in constant loving sympathy and intercourse with Nature; he must work close to her life and order; must study to seize and reproduce the truth of Nature just precisely as it is, and must not think to improve her or get ahead of her; though, to be sure, out of the materials she offers, the selection and arrangement must be his own; and all the strength he can put forth this way will never enable him to come up to her stern, honest, solid facts. So, for instance, the highest virtue of good writing stands in saying a plain thing in a plain way. And in all art-work the first requisite is, that a man have, in the collective sense and reason of mankind, a firm foothold for withstanding the shifting currents and fashions and popularities of the day. The artist is indeed to work in free concert with the imaginative soul of his age: but the trouble is, that men are ever mistaking some transient specialty of mode for the abiding soul; thus tickling the folly of the time, but leaving its wisdom untouched.

If, therefore, a man goes to admiring his own skill, or airing his own powers, or imitating the choice touches of others, or heeding the breath of conventional applause; if he yields to any strain of self-complacency, or turns to practicing smiles, or to taking pleasure in his self-begotten graces and beauties and fancies, — in this giddy and vertiginous state he will be sure to fall into intellectual and artistic sin. The man, in such a case, is no more smitten with a genuine love of Art than Malvolio was with a genuine love of Virtue: like that hero of conceit, he is merely

"sick of self-love, and tastes with a distempered appetite." And his giddiness of self-love will take from him the power of seeing things as they are ; and because he sees them as they are not, therefore he will think he sees them better than they are. A man cannot find nature by gazing in a looking-glass ; and it is vanity or some undisinterested force, and not any inspiration of truth or genius, that puts a man upon doing so. And, in the condition supposed, the mind becomes a prism to sophisticate and falsify the light of truth into striking and brilliant colors, instead of being a clear and perfect lens to concentrate that light in its natural whiteness and purity. For, assuredly, the proper worth, health, strength, virtue, joy, and life of Art is to be the interpreter and discoverer of Truth, to "feel the soul of Nature, and see things as they are"; and when, instead of this, it turns to glorifying its own powers and achievements, or sets up any end apart from such discovery and interpretation, it becomes sickly, feeble, foolish, frivolous, vicious, joyless, and moribund ; and meanness, cruelty, sensuality, impiety, and irreligion are the companions of it.

It is indeed true that an artist may find one of the main spurs to his art-work in the needs, duties, and affections of his earthly being. The support of himself, of his wife, or her whom he wishes to be his wife, of his children, his parents, or remoter kin ; the desire of being independent, of having the respect of society, or of doing the charities of a Christian ; an honest, manly yearning after fame, an ambition to achieve something that "the world will not willingly let die," — all these, and yet others, may justly be among the determining motives of his pursuit, and the

thought of them may add fresh life and vigor to his efforts : nevertheless he will not succeed, nor deserve to succeed, in his art, except he have such an earnest and disinterested love for it, and such a passion for artistic truth, as will find the work its own exceeding great reward. In a word, his heart and soul must be in it *as an end*, and not merely or chiefly as a means. However prudence may suggest and shape his plans, love must preside over the execution ; and here, as elsewhere,

" Love's not love  
When it is mingled with respects that stand  
Aloof from the entire point."

These four, then, are, in my account, essential principles of art, and the only ones which it lies within my purpose to consider ; namely, Solidarity, Originality, Completeness, and Disinterestedness. And to the attaining of these there needs, especially, three things in the way of faculty, — high intellectual power, great force of will, and a very tender heart, — a strong head to perceive and grasp the truth of things, a strong will to select and order the materials for expressing it, and a strong heart, which is tenderness, to give the work a soul of beauty and sweetness and amiability. As a man combines all these strengths, and as, moreover, through the unifying power of imagination, he pours the united life and virtue of them all into his work, so will his worth and honor stand as an artist. For whence should the noblest fruitage of human thought and culture grow, but from the noblest parts and attributes of manhood, moving together in perfect concert and reciprocity ?

MORAL SPIRIT.<sup>1</sup>

I will begin by saying that soundness in moral spirit is the corner-stone of all artistic excellence. Virtue, or the loving of worthy objects, and in a worthy manner, is most assuredly the highest interest of mankind, — an interest so vital and fundamental that nothing which really conflicts with it, or even postpones it to any other regards, can possibly stand the test of any criticism rooted in the principles of human nature. To offend in this point is indeed to be guilty of all : things must be substantially right here, else there can be nothing right about them. So that, if an author's moral teaching or moral influence be essentially bad ; or even if it be materially loose and unsound, so as to unstring the mind from thinking and doing that which is right ; nay, even if it be otherwise than positively wholesome and elevating as a whole ; then I more than admit that no amount of seeming intellectual or poetical merit ought to shield his workmanship from reprobation, and this too on the score of art. But then, on the other hand, I must insist that our grounds of judgment in this matter be very large and liberal ; and that to require or to expect a poet to teach better morals than are taught by Nature and Providence argues either a disqualifying narrowness of mind in us, or else a certain moral valetudinarianism which poetry is not bound to respect. For a poet has a right to the benefit of being tried by the moral sense and reason of mankind : it is indeed to that seat of judgment that every great poet

<sup>1</sup> From Hudson's *Life, Art and Characters of Shakespeare*.

virtually appeals ; and the verdict of that tribunal must be an ultimate ruling to us as well as to him.

But one of the first things to be considered here is the natural relation of morality to art. Now I believe art cannot be better defined than as the creation or the expression of the beautiful. And truth is the first principle of all beauty. But when I say this, I of course imply that truth which the human mind is essentially constituted to receive as such. And in that truth the moral element holds, constitutionally, the foremost place. I mean that the human mind draws and cannot but draw to that point, in so far as it is true to itself : for the moral consciousness is the rightful sovereign in the soul of man, or it is nothing ; it cannot accept a lower seat without forfeiting all its rights, and disorganizing the whole intellectual house. So that a thing cannot be morally false and artistically true at the same time. And in so far as any workmanship sins in the former kind, just so far, whatever other elements of the beautiful it may have, it still lacks the very bond of order which is necessary to retain them in power ; nay, the effect of those other elements is to cultivate a taste which the whole thing fails to satisfy ; what of true beauty is present tends to awaken a craving for that part which is wanting.

Nor need we have any fear but that in the long run things will come right in this matter. In this, however, as in most things, truth is the daughter of time. The moral sense and reason is so strong a force in the calm and disinterested judgments of mankind, that it must and will prevail : its verdict may be some time in coming, but come it will, sooner or later, and will ultimately have

things all its own way. For the æsthetic conscience is probably the most impartial and inexorable of the human powers; and this, because it acts most apart from any regards of self-interest or any apprehension of consequences. The elections of taste are in a special sort exempt both from hope of profit and from fear of punishment. And man's sense of the beautiful is so much in the keeping of his moral reason, — secret keeping indeed, and all the surer for being secret, — that it cannot be bribed or seduced to a *constant* admiration of any beauty where the moral element is wanting, or even where it is excluded from its rightful place. In other words, the law of goodness or of moral rectitude is so closely interwoven with the nature and truth of things, that the human mind will not set up its rest with any workmanship in art where that law is either set at nought or discredited. Its natural and just prerogatives will assert themselves in spite of us; and their triumph is assured the moment we go to resisting them. That which appeals merely to our sense of the beautiful, and which has nothing to recommend it but as it touches that sense, must first of all have the moral element of beauty, and this too in the foremost place, else it stands no chance of a permanent hold upon us.

It is indeed true that works of art, or things claiming to be such, in which this law of natural proportion is not respected or not observed, may have a transient popularity and success: nay, their success may be the greater, or at least the louder and more emphatic, for that very disproportion: the multitude may, and in fact generally do, go after such in preference to that which is better.

And even men not exactly of the multitude, but still without the preparation either of a natural or a truly educated taste, — men in whom the sense of beauty is outvoiced by cravings for what is sensational, and who are ever mistaking the gratification of their lower passions for the satisfaction of their æsthetic conscience, — such men may be and often are won to a passing admiration of works in which the moral law of art is plainly disregarded: but they seldom tie up with them; indeed their judgment never stays long enough in one place to acquire any weight; and no man of true judgment in such things ever thinks of referring to their preference but as a thing to be avoided. With this spirit of ignorant or lawless admiration the novelty of yesterday is eclipsed by the novelty of to-day; other things being equal, the later instance of disproportion always outbids the earlier. For so this spirit is ever taking to things which are impotent to reward the attention they catch. And thus men of such taste, or rather such want of taste, naturally fall in with the genius of sensationalism; which, whatever form it takes on, soon wears that form out, and has no way to sustain itself in life but by continual transmigration. Wherever it fixes, it has to keep straining higher and higher: under its rule, what was exciting yesterday is dull and insipid to-day; while the excess of to-day necessitates a further excess to-morrow; and the inordinate craving which it fosters must still be met with stronger and stronger emphasis, till at last exhaustion brings on disgust, or the poor thing dies from blowing so hard as to split its cheeks.

It is for these reasons, no doubt, that no artist or poet

who aims at present popularity, or whose mind is possessed with the spirit of such popularity, ever achieves lasting success. For the great majority of men at any one time have always preferred, and probably always will prefer, that which is disproportioned, and especially that which violates the law of moral proportion. This, however, is not because the multitude have no true sense of the beautiful, but because that sense is too slow in their minds to prevent their being caught and carried away by that which touches them at lower points. Yet that sense is generally strong enough to keep them from standing to the objects of their present election; so that it is ever drawing them back one by one to the old truth from which the new falsehood withdrew them. Thus, however the popular current of the day may set, the judgment of the wise and good will ultimately give the law in this matter; and in that judgment the æsthetic and the moral conscience will ever be found to coincide. So that he who truly works upon the principle, "Fit audience let me find, though few," will in the long run have the multitude too: he will not indeed be their first choice, but he will be their last: their first will be ever shifting its objects, but their last will stand firm. For here we may justly apply the aphoristic saying of Burke: "Man is a most unwise and most wise being: the individual is foolish; the multitude is foolish for the moment, when they act without deliberation; but the species is wise."

I have said that in the legislation of art the moral sense and reason must not only have a voice, but a prerogative voice: I have also said that a poet must not be required to teach better morals than those of Nature and



Providence. Now the law of moral proportion in art may be defeated as well by overworking the moral element as by leaving it out or by making too little of it. In other words, redundancy of conscience is quite as bad here as deficiency; in some respects it is even worse, because its natural effect is to set us on our guard against the subtle invasions of pious fraud: besides, the deficiency we can make up for ourselves, but the evil of such suspicions is not so easily cured. For of all the things that enter into human thought, I suppose morality is the one wherein we are naturally least tolerant of special-pleading; and any thing savoring of this is apt to awaken our jealousy at once; probably from a sort of instinct that the better the cause, the less need there is, and the more danger there is too, of acting as its attorney or advocate. And the temptation to "lie for God" is one to which professed moral teachers are so exposed, that their lessons seldom have much effect: I even suspect that, in many cases if not in most, their moralizing is of so obtrusive a kind, that it rather repels than wins the confidence of the pupils.

Then too moral demonstrativeness is never the habit either of the best poets or of the best men. True virtue indeed is a very modest and retiring quality; and we naturally feel that they who have most of it have "none to speak of." Or, to take the same thing on another side, virtue is a law of action, and not a distinct object of pursuit: those about us may know what object we are pursuing, but the mind with which we pursue it is a secret to them; they are not obliged to know it; and when we undertake to force that knowledge upon them,

then it is that they just will not receive it. They will sometimes learn it from our life, never from our lips. Thus a man's moral rectitude has its proper seat inside of him, and is then most conspicuous when it stays out of sight, and when, whatever he does and wherever he goes, he carries it with him as a thing of course, and without saying or even thinking any thing about it. It may be that our moral instincts are made to work in this way, because any ambition of conscience, any pride or ostentation of virtue, any air of moral vanity or conceit, any wearing of rectitude on the outside, as if put on for effect, or "to be seen of men," if it be not essentially fictitious and false, is certainly in the most direct course of becoming so. And how much need there still is of those eloquently silent lessons in virtue which are fitted to inspire the thing without any boasting of the name, — all this may well be judged when we consider how apt men are to build their hopes on that which, as Burke says, "takes the man from his house, and sets him on a stage, — which makes him up an artificial creature, with painted, theatric sentiments, fit to be seen by the glare of candlelight."

These positions indicate, I believe, pretty clearly the right course for poetry to pursue in order to keep the just law of moral proportion in art. Ethical didacticism is quite out of place in workmanship of this kind. To go about moralizing as of set purpose, or to be specially dealing in formal precepts of duty, is not the poet's business. I repeat, that moral demonstrativeness and poetry do not go well together. A poet's conscience of virtue is better kept to himself, save as the sense and spirit thereof silently

insinuate themselves into the shapings of his hand, and so live as an undercurrent in the natural course of truth and beauty. If he has the genius and the heart to see and to represent things just as they really are, his moral teaching cannot but be good ; and the less it stands out as a special aim, the more effective it will be : but if, for any purpose, however moral, he goes to representing things otherwise than as they are, then just so far his moral teaching will miss its mark : and if he takes, as divers well-meaning persons have done, to flourishing his ethical robes in our faces, then he must be content to pass with us for something less or something more than a poet : we may still read him indeed from a mistaken sense of duty ; but we shall never be drawn to him by an unsophisticated love of the beautiful and the true.

So much for what I hold to be the natural relation of morality to art. And I have put the matter thus, on the well-known principle that the moral sensibilities are the most delicate part of our constitution ; that as such they require to be touched with the utmost care, or rather not to be touched directly at all ; and that the thrusting of instruction upon them tends to dull and deaden, not to quicken and strengthen them. For the true virtue-making power is an inspiration, not a catechism ; and the truly cunning moral teacher is he who, in the honest and free enthusiasm of moral beauty, steals that inspiration into us without our knowing it, or before we know it. The author of *Ecce Homo* tells us, and truly too, that "no heart is pure that is not passionate ; no virtue is safe that is not enthusiastic." And there is probably no vainer labor than the going about to make men good by dint of moral argu-

ments and reasoned convictions of the understanding. One noble impulse will do more towards ennobling men than a volume of ethical precepts ; and there is no sure way to put down a bad passion but by planting a good one. Set the soul on fire with moral beauty, that's the way to burn the devils out of it. So that, for making men virtuous, there is, as Gervinus says, "no more fruitless branch of literature than ethical science ; except, perhaps, those dramatic moralities into whose frigid impotence poetry will always sink when it aims at direct moral teaching."

Now, I do not at all scruple to affirm that Shakespeare's poetry will stand the test of these principles better than any other writing we have outside the Bible. His rank in the school of morals is indeed no less high than in the school of art. He is every way as worthy to be our teacher and guide in what is morally just and noble and right as in what is artistically beautiful and true. In his workmanship the law of moral proportion is observed with a fidelity that can never be too much admired ; in other words, the moral element of the beautiful not only has a place, but is in the right place, — the right place, I mean, to act the most surely and the most effectively on the springs of life, or as an inspiration of good thoughts and desires. And in the further explication or amplification of the matter I shall take for granted that the old sophism of holding Shakespeare responsible for all that is said and done by his characters is thoroughly exploded ; though it is not many years since a grave writer set him down as a denier of immortality ; because, forsooth, in "The Winter's Tale" he makes the rogue Autolycus say, "For the life to

come, I sleep out the thought of it." This mode of judging is indeed so perverse or so ignorant, that to spend any words in refuting or reproving it would be a mere waste of breath ; or, if there be any so innocent as to need help on that point, it is not to them that I write.

As to the exact features of Shakespeare's own moral character as a man ; whether or how far he was himself a model of virtuous living ; in what measure the moral beauty of his poetical conceptions lived in the substance of his practical conversations, the little that is known touching the facts of his life does not enable us to judge. The most we can say on this score is, that we have a few authentic notes of strong commendation, and nothing authentic whatever to set against them. Thus Chattle, in his apology, tells us that "divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty"; and his editors, Heminge and Condell, in their dedication claim to have no other purpose than "to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare." Ben Jonson, too, a pure and estimable man, who knew him well, and who was not apt to be over-indulgent in his judgments of men, speaks of him as "my beloved Shakespeare" and "my gentle Shakespeare"; and describes him as follows :

"Look, how the father's face  
Lives in his issue, even so the race  
Of Shakespeare's mind *and manners* brightly shines  
In his well-turnèd and true-filèd lines."

These things were said some seven years after the poet's death ; and many years later the same stanch and truthful man speaks of him as "being indeed honest, and of an open and free nature." I do not now recall any other

authentic testimonials to his moral character ; and, considering how little is known of his life, it is rather surprising that we should have so much in evidence of his virtues as a man. But it is with what he taught, not what he practiced, that we are here mainly concerned : with the latter indeed we have properly nothing to do, save as it may have influenced the former : it is enough for our purpose that he saw and spoke the right, whether he acted it or not. For, whatever his faults and infirmities and shortcomings as a man, it is certain that they did not infect his genius or taint his mind, so as to work it into any deflection from the straight and high path of moral and intellectual righteousness.

I have said that Shakespeare does not put his personal views, sentiments, and preferences, in a word, his individuality, into his characters. These stand, morally, on their own bottom ; he is but the describer of them, and so is not answerable for what they do : he holds the mirror up to them, or rather to nature in them ; they do not hold it up to him : we see them in what he says, but not him in what they say. And, of course, as we may not impute to him, morally, their vices, so neither have we any right to credit him, morally, with their virtues. All this, speaking generally, is true ; and it implies just the highest praise that can possibly be accorded to any man as a dramatic poet. But, true as it is generally, there is nevertheless enough of exception to build a strong argument upon as to his moral principles, or as to his theory of what is morally good and noble in human character.

I have already mentioned Henry the Fifth as the one of his characters into whom the poet throws something of

his own moral soul. He delivers him both as Prince Hal and as king in such a way, that we cannot but feel he has a most warm and hearty personal admiration of the man; nay, he even discovers an intense moral enthusiasm about him: in the choruses, where he ungirds his individual loves from the strict law of dramatic self-alooftness, and lets in a stream from his own full heart, he calls him "the mirror of all Christian kings," and ascribes to him such qualities, and in such a way, as show unequivocally his own cherished ideal of manhood, and in what course the current of his personal approval ran. Here, then, we have a trustworthy exhibit of the poet's moral principles; here we are left in no doubt as to what moral traits of character he in heart approved, whether his own moral character exemplified them or not. What sort of a man he represents this his favorite hero to be; how modest in his greatness, how great in his modesty; how dutiful and how devout; how brave, how gentle, how generous, how affable, how humane; how full of religious fervor, yet how bland and liberal in his piety; with "a tear for pity, and a hand open as day for melting charity"; how genuine and unaffected withal these virtues grow in him; in short, how all alive he is with the highest and purest Christian *ethos* which the old "ages of faith" could breathe into a man; — all this must stand over till I come to the plays wherein he is delineated.

Something further to the same point may be gathered, not so much from the poet's treatment of particular good characters, as from the general style of character which he evidently prefers to draw in that class, and from the peculiar complexion and grain of goodness which he

ascribes to them. Antonio the Merchant, Orlando, the Sebastian of "Twelfth Night," Horatio, Kent, Edgar, Ferdinand, Florizel, Posthumus, Pisanio are instances of what I mean. All these indeed differ very widely from each other as individuals ; but they all have this in common, that their virtues sit easy and natural upon them, as native outgrowths, not as things put on : there is no ambition, no pretension, nothing at all boastful of fictitious or pharisaical or squeamish or *egoish* in their virtues ; we never see the men hanging over them, or nursing and cossetting them, as if they were specially thoughtful and tender of them, and fearful lest they might catch cold. Then too, with all these men, the good they do, in doing it, pays itself : if they do you a kindness, they are not at all solicitous to have you know and remember it : if sufferings and hardships overtake them, if wounds and bruises be their portion, they never grumble or repine at it, as feeling that Providence has a grudge against them, or that the world is slighting them : whether they live or die, the mere conscience of rectitude suffices them, without further recompense. So that the simple happiness they find in doing what is right is to us a sufficient pledge of their perseverance in so doing. Now all this is, in its degree, just the ideal of virtue which Christian morality teaches and exemplifies. For so the right way of Christian virtue is when a man's good deeds are so much a matter of course with him, that he thinks not of himself for having done them. As bees when they have made their honey ; as birds when they have carolled their hymn ; as the vine when it has produced its clusters ; so it is with the truly good man when he has done a good act : it suffices him



that he has borne his proper fruit ; and, instead of calling on others or even himself to note what he has done, he goes right on and does other good acts, just as if nothing had happened.

But if all this be true of the poet's men, it is true in a still higher degree of his women. Here it is that the moral element of the beautiful has its fullest and fairest expression. And I am bold to say that, next to the Christian religion, humanity has no other so precious inheritance as Shakespeare's divine gallery of womanhood. Helena, Portia of Belmont, Rosalind, Viola, Portia of Rome, Isabella, Ophelia, Cordelia, Miranda, Hermione, Perdita, Desdemona, Imogen, Catharine of Arragon, — what a wealth and assemblage of moral beauty have we here ! All the other poetry and art of the world put together cannot show such a varied and surpassing treasure of womanly excellence. And how perfectly free their goodness is from anything like stress ! How true it is in respect of their virtues, that "love is an unerring light, and joy its own security" ! They are wise, witty, playful, humorous, grave, earnest, impassioned, practical, imaginative ; the most profound and beautiful thoughts drop from them as things too common and familiar to be spoken with the least emphasis : they are strong, tender, and sweet, yet never without a sufficient infusion of brisk natural acid and piquancy to keep their sweetness from palling on the taste : they are full of fresh, healthy sentiment, but never at all touched with sentimentality : the soul of romance works mightily within them, yet never betrays them into any lapses from good sense, or any substitutions of feeling for duty.

Then, too, how nobly and serenely indifferent the glorious creatures are to the fashions and opinions and criticisms of the world ! How composedly some of them walk amidst the sharpest perils and adversities, as "having the spirit to do anything that is not foul in the truth of their spirit." Full of bitterness their cup sometimes is indeed ; yet they do not mind it, — not they ! — save as the welfare and happiness of others are involved in what pinches them. Several of them are represented passing through the most ticklish and trying situations in which it is possible for female modesty to be placed, — disguised in male attire and sharing as men in the conversations of men ; yet so unassailable is their modesty, that they give themselves, apparently, no trouble about it. And, framed as they are, all this may well be so : for indeed such is their fear of God, or, which comes to the same thing, their fear of doing wrong, that it casts out all other fears ; and so their "virtue gives herself light through darkness for to wade." Nor do we wonder that, timid maidens as they are, they should "put such boldness on" ; for we see that with them

"Mighty are the soul's commandments

To support, restrain, or raise :

Foes may hang upon their path, snakes rustle near,

But nothing from their inward selves have they to fear."

It is very noteworthy, withal, how some of them are so secure in the spirit and substance of the moral law, that they do not scruple, in certain circumstances, to overrule its letter and form. Thus Isabella feigns to practice sin ; and she does so as a simple act of self-sacrifice, and because she sees that in this way a good and pious deed may be done in aid of others : she shrinks not from the social

imputation of wrong in that case, so her conscience be clear; and she can better brave the external finger of shame than the inward sense of leaving a substantial good undone. Helena, also, puts herself through a course of literal dishonors, and this too, with a perfect understanding of what she is about; yet she yields to no misgivings; not indeed on the ground that the end justifies the means, but because she knows that the soul of a just and honorable purpose, such as hers, will have power to redeem and even to sanctify the formal dishonors of its body. Much the same principle holds, again, in the case of Desdemona's falsehood, when, Emilia rushing into the room, and finding her dying, and asking, "Who has done this?" she sighs out, "Nobody, — I myself: commend me to my kind lord." I believe no natural heart can help thinking the better of Desdemona for this brave and tender untruth, for it is plainly the unaffected utterance of a deeper truth; and one must be blind indeed not to see that the dying woman's purpose is to shield her husband, so far as she can, from the retribution which she apprehends will befall him, and the thought of which wrings her pure breast more sharply than the pangs of death.

These are plain cases of virtue tried and purified in the straits of self-humiliation, virtue strained, as it were, through a close-knit fabric of difficulties and hardships, and triumphing over the wrongs that threaten its total defacement, and even turning its obstructions into a substance glorious as its own; that is, they are exceptional instances of a conscious departure from the letter and form of moral beauty for the fuller and clearer manifestation of its spirit and soul.

Nor are the virtues of Shakespeare's men and women the mere result of a certain felicity and harmony of nature, or the spontaneous movements of a happy instinct so strong in them that they do what is right without knowing or meaning it. No; his Henry the Fifth, and Horatio, and Kent, and Edgar, and Posthumus, his Helena, and Isabella, and Cordelia, and Hermione, and Imogen, and Catharine, are most truly "beings breathing thoughtful breath." Virtue is with them a discipline as well as a joy; a strong upright will is the backbone of it, and a healthy conscience is its keeper. They all have conscious reasons for what they do, and can state them with piercing eloquence, if occasion bids. For so the poet, much as he delights in that fineness of nature or that innate grace which goes right of its own accord, evidently prefers, even in women, the goodness that has passed through struggles and temptations, and has its chief seat, not in impulse, but in principle, a virtue tested, and not merely instinctive: rather say, he delights most in the virtue that proceeds by a happy consent and marriage of the two. He therefore does not place his highest characters, whether men or women, in an atmosphere so pure that average mortals cannot breathe in it: he depicts their moral nature in conflict, with the powers of good and evil striving in them for the mastery; and when the former prevail, it is because they have "a strong siding champion, Conscience," to support them. Thus through their weakness they come near enough to get hold of us, while at the same time in their strength they are enough higher than we to lift us upwards.

But Shakespeare's main peculiarity as a teacher of

goodness lies in this, that he keeps our moral sympathies in the right place without discovering his own. With the one exception of Henry the Fifth, we cannot perceive, from the delineation itself, whether he takes part with the good character or the bad; nevertheless he somehow so puts the matter that we cannot help taking part with the good. For I run no risk in saying there is not a single instance in his plays where the feelings of any natural-hearted reader fail to go along with those who are, at least relatively, the best. And as he does not make nor even let us see which side he is on, so of course we are led to take the right side, not because he does, but simply because it is the right side. Thus his moral lessons and inspirations affect us as coming, not from him, but from Nature herself; and so the authority they carry is not his, good as that may be, but hers, which is infinitely better. Thus he is ever appealing directly to the tribunal of our own inward moral forces, and at the same time speaking health and light into that tribunal. There need be, there can be, no higher proof of the perfect moral sanity of his genius than this. And for right moral effect it is just the best thing we can have, and is worth a thousand times more than all the ethical arguing and voting in the world. If it be a marvel how the poet can keep his own hand so utterly unmoved by the passion he is representing, it is surely not less admirable that he should thus, without showing any compassion himself, move our compassion in just the degree, and draw it to just the place, which the laws of moral beauty and proportion require.

## CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF SHAKESPEARE'S WRITINGS.

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It is not possible to fix with exactness the dates of the different writings of Shakespeare. Students of the poet have made careful study of the various sources of evidence relative to the time of the production of each of the works. Dates have been approximated, and it is believed that the generally accepted chronological order, based upon internal evidence partly, but also upon dates of different presentations and reference to certain plays in other writings of the time, does give one an opportunity of studying the growth of the poet's genius in such a way as to convince the student that Shakespeare, genius though he was, still obeyed the laws of mind development. His work was not an accident, but the result of definite plan and subject to the same reign of law to which the less gifted must be obedient.

### List of Shakespeare's Works.

*Poems.* — "Venus and Adonis" (finished in present form, 1593).

"Rape of Lucrece" (finished by 1594).

"The Sonnets" may be dated from 1595-1609.

*Plays.* — "Titus Andronicus" (probably the earliest work, 1588).

"Love's Labours Lost," 1589 or 1590.

"Henry VI." (first, second, and third parts; authorship questioned), 1590 to 1592.

- Plays.* — "The Comedy of Errors," before 1591.  
 "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," from 1591 to 1593.  
 "A Midsummer Night's Dream" (probably about 1594).  
 "Romeo and Juliet," 1591 or 1596.  
 "Richard III." 1593 or 1594.  
 "Richard II." (probably a little later than "Richard III.").  
 "King John," 1595 or 1596.  
 "The Merchant of Venice," 1596.  
 "The Taming of the Shrew," about 1597.  
 "Henry IV." (parts first and second), 1597 or 1598.  
 "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 1598 or 1599.  
 "Much Ado About Nothing," 1598.  
 "Henry V." 1599.  
 "As You Like It," 1599 or 1600.  
 "Twelfth Night," between Sept. 1598, and Feb. 1602.  
 "Julius Cæsar," 1600 to 1601.  
 "All's Well That Ends Well," about 1601.  
 "Hamlet," 1602.  
 "Measure for Measure," 1603 or 1604.  
 "Troilus and Cressida," probably planned early; a version acted in 1603, the whole play revised 1607.  
 "Othello," 1604.  
 "King Lear," 1605.  
 "Macbeth," 1606.  
 "Antony and Cleopatra," 1607.  
 "Coriolanus," 1608.  
 "Timon of Athens," 1607.  
 "Pericles," 1608.

(It is believed that large parts of both "Timon" and "Pericles" were not written by Shakespeare.)

- "Cymbeline," 1609 to 1610.  
 "The Tempest," 1610.  
 "The Winter's Tale," 1610 or 1611.  
 "Two Noble Kinsmen" (partly by Shakespeare), 1612.  
 "Henry VIII." 1612 or 1613.

The works of Shakespeare consist of two long poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *The Rape of Lucrece*, several shorter poems, a collection of one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, and thirty-seven five-act plays. Mr. Dowden has arranged the plays in interesting chronological groups. See his *Primer on Shakspeare*, pp. 47 and following. The following classification is less minute :

## CLASSIFICATION OF PLAYS.

- Comedies.* — "Love's Labours Lost."  
 "Comedy of Errors."  
 "Two Gentlemen of Verona."  
 "A Midsummer Night's Dream."  
 "Merchant of Venice."  
 "Taming of the Shrew."  
 "Merry Wives of Windsor."  
 "Much Ado About Nothing."  
 "As You Like It."  
 "Twelfth Night."  
 "All's Well That Ends Well."  
 "Measure for Measure."  
 "Tempest."  
 "The Winter's Tale."

## HISTORIES.

- English Series.* — "King John."  
 "Richard II."  
 "Henry IV." (two parts).  
 "Henry V."  
 "Henry VI." (three parts).  
 "Richard III."  
 "Henry VIII."  
*Roman Series.* — "Coriolanus."  
 "Julius Cæsar."  
 "Antony and Cleopatra."



## TRAGEDIES.

1. "Titus Andronicus."
2. "Romeo and Juliet."
3. "Hamlet."
4. "Troilus and Cressida."
5. "Othello."
6. "King Lear."
7. "Macbeth."
8. "Timon of Athens."
9. "Pericles."
10. "Cymbeline." <sup>1</sup>

## Sources of Shakespeare's Plays.

"Titus Andronicus," unknown; perhaps an older play retouched, called "Titus and Vespasian."

"Love's Labours Lost," unknown.

"Henry VI." Chronicles of Holinshed, Hall, and Stowe.

"Comedy of Errors," the Menaechmi of Plautus, with one or two scenes from his "Amphitryon."

"Two Gentlemen of Verona"; the story of Felismena, in the "Diana" of George Montemayor, a Portuguese poet, is very similar.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Life of Theseus" in North's "Plutarch," Chaucer's "Knight's Tale," "Wife of Bath's Tale," and "Legend of Good Women," and perhaps Golding's "Ovid."

"Romeo and Juliet," two English versions of a French version of a novel by Bandello; "Romeus and Juliet," a long poem by Arthur Brooke, published in 1562; and Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure," a translation of a French novel by Boisteau.

"Richard III.," Holinshed, and perhaps an earlier play.

"Richard II." Holinshed.

"King John," an earlier play, "The Troublesome Raigne of John, King of England."

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Dowden puts *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *Tempest*, and *Winter's Tale* in a special group of *romances*.

- "Merchant of Venice," doubtful; probably the revision of an older play, now lost, which was founded upon the "Pecorone" by the Italian, Sir Giovanni.
- "The Taming of the Shrew," probably a revision by Shakespeare of an old play.
- "Henry IV." Holinshed and an old play called "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth."
- "The Merry Wives of Windsor," believed to be based upon certain Italian novels.
- "Henry V.," Holinshed and an old play, same as "Henry IV."
- "Much Ado About Nothing," Ariosto and Bandello; fourth canto of second book of Spenser's "Faerie Queen."
- "As You Like It," "Rosalynde," a novel by Thos. Lodge; "Golden Legacie," by Euphues.
- "Twelfth Night," some Italian comedies; probably Barnaby Riche's "Apolonius and Silla."
- "Julius Cæsar," North's "Plutarch's Lives."
- "All's Well That Ends Well," story of Giletta of Narbona in Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure."
- "Hamlet": there may have been a previous play, but it is not known what relation it bore to this play; the story was told by Saxo Grammaticus, a Danish historian, who died about 1204.
- "Measure for Measure," George Whetstone's "Promus and Cassandra," a play constructed upon a novel by Giraldi Cinthio, an Italian.
- "Troilus and Cressida," the mediæval stories of Troy, such as Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida."
- "Othello," Giraldi Cinthio's "Hecatommithi."
- "King Lear," an old play and the Chronicles of Holinshed; Sidney's "Arcadia"; the "Faerie Queen" of Spenser contains the story of Lear."
- "Macbeth," Holinshed and probably an earlier play.
- "Antony and Cleopatra," North's "Plutarch's Lives."
- "Coriolanus," North's "Plutarch's Lives."
- "Timon of Athens," Paynter's "Palace of Pleasure" and a passage from the life of Antony in North's "Plutarch." Possibly Shakespeare worked over an older play.

- "Pericles," Twine's "Patterne of Painefull Adventures," and Gower's "Confessio Amantis."  
 "Cymbeline," Holinshed; a story in Boccaccio's "Decameron."  
 "The Tempest": it was affected by "A Discovery of the Bermudas," published in 1610. The scheme of Gonzalo is from Florio's "Montaigne."  
 "The Winter's Tale," a novel by Greene, "Pandosto," or the "Historie of Dorastus and Fawnia."  
 "Henry VIII." Holinshed, Hall, and Foxe's "Martyrs."

### Books of Value in Shakespearian Study.

Variorum Shakespeare . . . . .	FURNESS
Shakespeare's Lexicon . . . . .	SCHMIDT
Concordance . . . . .	BARTLETT
Shakespeare's Dramatic Art . . . . .	ULRICI
Shakespeare's Commentaries . . . . .	GERVINUS
System of Shakespeare's Dramas . . . . .	SNIDER
Shakespeare and His Time . . . . .	MORLEY
Shakespeare's Stratford . . . . .	WAITE
Life of Shakespeare . . . . .	WILDER
Home and Haunts of Shakespeare . . . . .	WILLIAMS
The Women of Shakespeare . . . . .	LOUIS LEWES
The Characteristics of Women . . . . .	MRS. JAMESON
Shakspeare (in series of Literature Primers) . . . . .	DOWDEN
Shakspeare—His Mind and Art . . . . .	DOWDEN
Shakespeare—His Life, Art and Characters . . . . .	HUDSON
Lectures on Shakespeare . . . . .	TEN BRINK
English History in Shakespeare's Plays . . . . .	WARNER
Shakespeare's Studies and other Essays . . . . .	BAYNES
Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist . . . . .	MOULTON
Young People of Shakespeare . . . . .	AMELIA E. BARR
Dramatic Art . . . . .	SCHLEGEL
The Ancient Classical Drama . . . . .	MOULTON
William Shakspeare . . . . .	BARRETT WENDELL





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